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EDITED BY ERNEST RHYS.

BYRON'S LETTERS AND JOURNALS.

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THE LETTERS
AND JOURNALS
OF
LORD BYRON.
[SELECTED.]

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
MATHILDE BLIND.

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19.4.40



LONDON:
WALTER SCOTT, 24 WARWICK LANE,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1886.

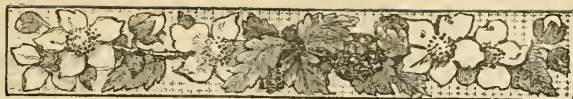
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INTRODUCTION.



PERHAPS there is nothing the public enjoys so thoroughly as getting behind the scenes. To sit on the front benches and admire the net result of genius is tame work as compared with the exciting sensation of penetrating into the green-room, and seeing with your own eyes how commonplace after all are the materials by which the most striking effects have been obtained. And this craving to get behind the work at the man who made it, to pry into the most hidden recesses of his life and character, to analyse his motives, to dissect his emotions, and condemn him to a kind of moral vivisection, seems ever on the increase. This appetite, which savours of the morbid, may, however, be due to healthier causes ; partly to the influence of the scientific method on all modern thought, and partly to the levelling tendency of democracy in literature—a tendency which must be considered of dubious value till democracy itself shall be educated by the best thought of the best minds of all ages.

Be that as it may, no books now meet with more popular favour than the lives and letters of eminent men and women. Of these there is therefore an inexhaustible supply, and the satisfaction which arises from this sort of reading, although it frequently ministers to mere vulgar curiosity and love of scandal, may, on the other hand, foster a more comprehensive sympathy by initiating the reader into the struggles and privations more or less the portion of all who do something towards increasing the intellectual or moral wealth of the world.

As the letters of great men are not, as a rule, intentionally written for publication, they are among the most valuable sources whence an authentic knowledge of their life and its surroundings may be derived. This is eminently so in the case of Lord Byron, whose correspondence is a faithful reflex of his singularly varied, brilliant, and dramatic career. Born on the 22nd of January 1788, George Gordon Byron, the inheritor of an old historic name, had the good fortune, as a letter-writer, of coming to maturity at a period precisely the most favourable to a fine epistolary style. Letters had never played so important a part in literature as in the century or two preceding his own times ; so much was this the case, that the most memorable novels of the eighteenth century, *Clarissa Harlowe*, *La Nouvelle Héloïse*, and *Werther*, had been cast in that favourite mould ; while some of the most exquisite literary workmanship is to be found in the Letters of Madame de Sevigné, of Pope, of Lady Mary Wortley Montague, etc., etc. But it was inevitable that, from having been cultivated too much as a fine art, there should be a corresponding loss of spontaneity and freshness of expression. Now, in comparing Byron's epistolary style with that of his literary predecessors on the one hand, and of his successors on the other, he seems to us to hit a happy medium between the choice diction and jewel-like periods of the Queen Anne period, and the easy, dressing-gown and slipper style which has come into fashion with the penny post. Byron's letters are always unmistakably letters, never prose poems or finished essays with a superscription, and of them he might no doubt have said, more truly than he did of *Don Juan*,

"I rattle on exactly as I'd talk
With anybody in a ride or walk."

The prose style of Byron is invariably clear, terse, and racy ; it is swift and limpid in its flow, like a full river that rolls undeviatingly to its goal, never lured aside into those exquisite little nooks and corners where flower the forget-me-nots of fancy. His is the pungent phrase, the perspicuous narrative, the piercing sarcasm ; in his descriptions he seizes salient points, broad and typical effects, massing them together

with a master hand. Though an indefatigable student of Rochefoucault, he does not seem to have acted on his favourite's axiom, that language was given us to hide our thoughts; at least, he is always at the pains to express his ideas luminously, never involving his meaning in a verbal labyrinth, in which what thought there may be struggles hopelessly entangled, with as little possibility of being extricated as an unhappy fly caught in the dexterously woven meshes of a spider's web. Words always stood as signs for things to Byron, his object being to get hold of the one that most adequately expressed the image in his mind: a manner of writing which differs entirely from the æsthetic method, where the luxuriant beauty of expression becomes of such supreme importance that it weakens, undermines, and finally destroys the sap and marrow of thought, as the enlacing ivy the tree that is its stay. A fine specimen of Byron's prose may be adduced from his "Letter on Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope," which, although a most perverse piece of literary criticism, is a splendid piece of writing:—

"The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing, and dangerous, and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the associations of the time. But what seemed the most '*poetical*' of all at the moment, were the numbers (about two hundred) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to 'cut and run' before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other isles, some for the main, and some it might be for eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the cloud of night, with their peculiarly *white* sails (the Levant sails not being of '*coarse canvas*,' but of white cotton), skimming along as quickly, but less safely, than the sea-mews which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to fluttering specks in the distance, their crowded succession, their *littleness*, as contending with the giant element, which made our stout

forty-four's *teak* timbers (she was built in India) creak again ; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more 'poetical' than the mere broad, brawling, shipless sea, and the sullen winds, could possibly have been without them."

A curious feature of Byron's letters is that not only do they reflect their writer's singularly iridescent nature, but also, to a considerable degree, the character of the person he happens to be addressing at the moment. The poet, chameleon-like, seems involuntarily to catch something of his correspondent's tone of mind, and so impressionable is his temperament, that it would be easy, as a rule, to assign his epistles to the right quarter, supposing the name of the persons they were intended for had been suppressed. Thus his manner when writing to Walter Scott is a happy blending of genuine admiration, affectionate regard, and delicate homage, as when, on addressing him after having allowed a long interval of silence to elapse, he says—"Since I left England I have scribbled to five hundred block-heads on business, etc., without difficulty, though with no great pleasure ; and yet, with a notion of addressing you a hundred times in my heart, I have not done what I ought to have done. I can only account for it on the same principle of tremulous anxiety with which one sometimes makes love to a beautiful woman of our own degree, with whom one is enamoured in good earnest," etc., etc. With Moore he is now brother in Apollo, now wit and buffoon, and sometimes, though rarely, the world-weary misanthrope. We find this Protean being entering sympathetically into the pious anxieties of a certain Mr. Sheppard, whose deceased wife, so the husband had told him, besought God for the salvation of the poet's soul ; whereupon the author of the *Vision of Judgment* writes as follows :—"I can assure you that all the fame which ever cheated humanity into higher notions of its own importance would never weigh in my mind against the pure and pious interest which a virtuous being may be pleased to take in my welfare. In this point of view, I would not exchange the prayer of the deceased in my behalf for the united glory of Homer, Cæsar, and Napoleon, could such be accumulated on a living head."

Thus, in turn, Byron is a man of the world, satirist, scoffing profligate, poet, and hero: "whom everything becomes, to chide, to laugh, to weep." And this infinite variety of humour makes his letters the most amusing and delightful in the language. Apart, too, from their literary charm, they teem with biographical interest; reflecting, as they do, the writer's varying fortunes through good report and evil; his fickle loves and restless longings; his lofty aspirations and low excesses; his reckless selfishness in sexual relations, that yet went hand in hand with a generous devotion to great causes and lofty aims.

With the deduction of seventeen years of Lord Byron's life, of which the first ten were spent with his mother in Aberdeen, and of his school-life up to the time of leaving Harrow in the autumn of 1805, we can trace in the poet's letters all the vicissitudes of his chequered and romantic career, from the time when the Cambridge undergraduate is described with bated breath by his tutor as a young man of "tumultuous passions."

Glimpses may be caught of the young master of Newstead Abbey gathering congenial companions about him in that half-ruined building, "where," he writes, "I had got a famous cellar, and monks' dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour or so for visitors, and used to sit up late, in our friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the *skull-cup* and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house in our conventual garments." But just as the poet's imaginative faculties were at once vigorously stimulated by his wanderings through Spain and Greece, so his letters gained in vivid colouring and varied interest from the moment he touched foreign soil. And it is noteworthy that although his descriptions of nature are frequently remarkable for their power and beauty, it is the actual world of men and women, their ways and vagaries, their foibles, fashions, and passions, that take hold of him. It was only much later, "when in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes," that he rushed into the arms of nature, somewhat in the mood of "a curled darling," overmuch praised and petted by a society that

suddenly turned from him with loathing and abomination ; and strove to find an outlet for the fever and discord of his soul in Alpine storm and ocean solitude.

When, on his return to England in 1811, after the publication of "Childe Harold," he, in his own phrase, awoke one morning and found himself famous ; his brilliant, witty, vivacious letters dashed off to Moore and other friends are a faithful record of the whirl of fashionable dissipation in which he was swept along, as well as of the simultaneous flow of his astonishing poetic productivity. While his "Giaours" and "Corsairs" were going through the press, he would fire off as many as three notes a day, like so many bullets, at his publisher, Murray, wherein, with sublime inconsequence, having previously assured the latter that he does "not care a lump of sugar for his poetry," he writes immediately afterwards, fuming with rage, concerning some misprint,—"*You have looked at it.* To much purpose, to allow so stupid a blunder to stand ; it is not '*courage*' but '*carnage*' ; and if you don't want me to cut my throat, see it altered."

The letters of this period naturally contain many passages about Miss Milbanke, his future wife, both before and after their ill-starred marriage, which took place on the 2nd of January 1815. In an epistle to Moore, a month after the above event, Byron says, "Since I wrote last I have been transferred to my father-in-law's, with my lady and lady's maid, etc., etc., and the treacle-moon is over, and I am awake and find myself married. My spouse and I agree to—and in—admiration. Swift says, 'No *wise* man ever married,' but for a fool I think it the most ambrosial of all possible future states. I still think one ought to marry on *lease* ; but I am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though next term were for ninety and nine years. . . . My papa, Sir Ralph, hath recently made a speech at a Durham tax-meeting ; and not only at Durham, but here several times after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself (I left him in the middle) over various decanters, which can neither interrupt him nor fall asleep, as might possibly have been the case with his audience." Very shortly after this remarkable

declaration that he would wish to renew his lease of marriage for ninety and nine years, "the pilgrim of eternity" showed many signs of restiveness, being continually haunted by visions of foreign travels—visions which, apparently, did not include his bride. This seems to have been the first apple of discord between them. But here is not the place to enter into the rights and wrongs of this much-vexed question.

In the letters belonging to the period which succeeded the rupture with his wife and with English society, the violent animosity which he now felt towards his countrymen shows itself in the most opposite ways. Sometimes we may recognise it in the sardonic pleasure with which, in letters addressed to his publisher, he dwells on the vicious connections he formed with a low and degraded class of women, expatiating on their ways with an utter disregard of social decorum, evidently in the expectation of these missives being largely circulated among friends and acquaintances. At other times, again, the same feeling finds vent in a mixture of indignation and pathos, as when he writes to Murray, in June 1819—"I afterwards went to the beautiful cemetery of Bologna, beyond the walls, and found, besides the superb burial-ground, an original of a Custode, who reminded me of the grave-digger in Hamlet. . . . He told me that he had himself planted all the cypresses in the cemetery; that he had the greatest attachment to them and his dead people; that since 1801 they had buried fifty-three thousand persons. In showing some older monuments, there was that of a Roman girl of twenty, with a bust by Bernini. She was a Princess Bartorini, dead two centuries ago; he said that, on opening the grave, they had found her hair complete, and 'as yellow as gold.' Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance:—

“ ‘MARTINI LUIGI
IMPLORA PACE.’

“ ‘LUCREZIA PICINI
IMPLORA ETERNA QUIETE.’

Can anything be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said, or ought; the dead had had enough of life: all they wanted was rest, and that they *implore!* There is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and deathlike prayer that can arise from the grave—"implora pace." I hope, whoever may survive me, and shall see me put in the foreigners' burying-ground at the Lido, within the fortress by the Adriatic, will see those two words, and no more, put over me. I trust they won't think of 'pickling and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbuss Hall.' I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my death-bed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil. I would not even feed your worms if I could help it."

In spite of the vehement bitterness of this protest, the outcast poet was destined to rest in his native earth. But at that date his feelings towards his country had softened, as in turn had that of Englishmen towards himself. In the few following years, that is from the beginning of his *liaison* with the Countess Guiccioli to the time of his departure for Greece, so noticeable a change had taken place in Lord Byron's life that Shelley, seeing him again in 1821, after an interval of some years, found him greatly improved "in genius, in temper, in moral views, in health and happiness."

All his life Byron had felt a glowing sympathy with oppressed nations, and a hatred of their oppressors. To make out, as some of his biographers have done, that his enthusiasm for Greece and active efforts in her behalf were the result of a morbid craving for producing a theatrical effect, is to misapprehend the finest side of a character, which, however mixed its elements, was largely responsive to whatever is best and most glorious in human destinies. Nothing proves more conclusively the genuine nature of his love of liberty than his staunch advocacy of Irish claims—a far more crucial test of true liberalism as applied to this English nobleman in 1820 than even his participation in Carbonari risings and revolutions in Greece. Then, his bitter

indignation at the Austrian occupation of Italy is like a smouldering fire whose flames burst forth in an hundred letters, as when he exclaims, "As for news, the Barbarians are marching on Naples, and if they lose a single battle all Italy will be up. It will be like the Spanish row, if they have any bottom. Letters opened?—to be sure they are, and that's the reason why I always put in my opinion of the German-Austrian scoundrels. There is not an Italian who loathes them more than I do, and whatever I could do to scour Italy and the earth of this infamous oppression would be done *con amore*." And again, "Here I have my hands full with tyrants and their victims. There never *was* such oppression, even in Ireland, scarcely!" Indeed, he was ready to do whatever he could, either by money, means, or person; and there can be no doubt that had war then broken out in Romagna, he would have taken part in it.

To any candid reader who will fairly study Byron's letters the expedition to Greece, so far from being the spasmodic clutching at notoriety which it has become the fashion of comfortable home-keeping book-makers to call it, was the crowning sequence of a long chain of previous efforts, all tending in the same direction. It is true that to the superficial observer the casual eddies of the poet's shifting moods might seem to indicate doubt and vacillation, whereas in reality, deep underneath, his whole life's current was steadily setting in one direction. And that was to help in the deliverance of a people to whom literature and art had owed their greatest glories; to whom he himself had owed his first burst of splendid inspiration. And what if, as is hinted, but may be doubted nevertheless, he felt that his energies were sapped, his health impaired, his days numbered? Surely so much the greater the daring and "pluck" of his enterprise. Men are not usually eager to rush into difficult and dangerous undertakings because they feel a diminution of health and strength. But in the eyes of some of his biographers this supposititious fact apparently detracts from the glory of his venture. How coolly Byron surveyed the political situation when once settled at Missolonghi, and how unmoved he was, in

spite of harassing dissensions and complications, and although his instinct seems but too truly to have foretold that the end was near, the following letter, written some two months before his death, on February 5, 1824, seems to indicate :—

“ It is perhaps best that I should advance with the troops, for if we do not do something soon we shall only have a third year of defensive operations, and another siege, and all that. We hear that the Turks are coming down in force, and sooner than usual, and as these fellows do mind me a little, it is the opinion that I should go—firstly, because they will sooner listen to a foreigner than to one of their own people, out of native jealousies ; secondly, because the Turks will sooner treat or capitulate (if such occasion should happen) with a Frank than a Greek ; and thirdly, because nobody else seems disposed to take the responsibility—Mavrocordato being very busy here, the foreign military men too young or not of authority enough to be obeyed by the natives, and the chiefs (as aforesaid) inclined to obey any one except, or rather than, one of their own body. As for me, I am willing to do what I am bidden, and to follow my instructions. I neither seek nor shun that nor anything else they may wish me to attempt. As for personal safety, besides that it ought not to be a consideration, I take it that a man is on the whole as safe in one place as another ; and, after all, he had better end with a bullet than bark in his body. If we are not taken off with the sword, we are like to march off with an ague in this mud-basket, and to conclude with a very bad pun, to the ear rather than to the eye, better *martially* than *marsh-ally* ;—the situation of Missolonghi is not unknown to you. The dykes of Holland when broken down are the deserts of Arabia for dryness in comparison.”

And with an ague, sure enough, Byron was marched off on the 19th of April 1824, at the age of thirty-six, having compressed within that comparatively short space an incredible amount of life-work, and adding by his death a fresh consecration to the Greek cause, whose success he had so much at heart. That the glory of his name did much to form public opinion on that subject, and so eventually helped in bringing about that combination of European powers at Navarino, without which Greece could not have effected her liberation, there is little cause to doubt.

Now if, bearing in mind the general tone of Byron's correspondence, we ask ourselves what are its most salient characteristics, we should answer, a manly vigour of tone, sound common sense, and unerring gifts of observation, a generous impulsiveness of disposition contrasted with a corroding cynicism, an ineradicable yearning for what is great, good, and beautiful at war with a mocking spirit of negation within; in fact, nothing short of the problem of Faust tied to Mephistopheles, moments of devoutest awe still checkmated by the fiend's reminder that man is after all but "an abortion of filth and fire." It is this painful discord of a spirit divided against itself—"imploping peace," yet ever impelled to revolt against all constituted authorities of heaven and earth—that seems the clue to Byron's defiance and despair. Yet this despair is not of the whining sort. And Carlyle never blundered more lamentably than, when sneering at the author of "Cain," he says, "A strong man of recent times fights little for any good cause anywhere, works weakly as an English lord, weakly delivers himself from such working, with weak despondency endures the cackling of plucked geese at St. James', and sitting in sunny Italy in his coach-and-four, writes over many reams of paper the following sentence with variations, 'Saw ever the world one greater and unhappier?'"

Truly it would be instructive to institute a comparison between the letters of this weak English lord and those penned by the strong Scotch peasant's son. The result, perhaps, would be surprisingly different from what might have been anticipated. Where shall we look for the expression—in all possible and impossible forms of fulminant eloquence—of the very genius of grumbling, groaning, and gnashing of teeth over private and public grievances, if not in the voluminous correspondence of the apostle of silence? Whereas in Byron, if there is a haunting world-sorrow, an all-pervading sense of the power of evil in the world, a fiery scorn for the unctuous hypocrisies of the respectable classes by whom he has been spurned, and whose vice and wickedness he unsparingly lashes in *Don Juan*—if there is all this wrath, gloom, and indignation, it has, at least, something

of an epical nature, and never meddles with trifling personal causes of complaint. How impervious Byron was to the kind of physical discomforts which would have driven the stoical Carlyle wildly frantic is shown by a curious anecdote in Trelawny's picturesque *Records of Shelley, Byron, and the Author*. On their sail to Greece, Fletcher the poet's servant, in describing his former travels with his lordship in Albania, is overheard saying of Greece :—"It's a land of lies, and lice, and fleas, and thieves. What my Lord is going there for the Lord only knows, I don't." Then seeing his master was looking, he said, "And my master can't deny what I have said is true." "No," said Byron, "to those who look at things with hog's eyes, and can see nothing else. What Fletcher says may be true ; but I didn't note it." Travellers had to rough it in those countries, lords or no lords, and Byron unquestionably underwent much hard riding, coarse living, and general discomfort, both at that time and on his last expedition, but he never as much as wasted a word on these minor evils ; whereas to Carlyle, enjoying English home comforts, the barking of dogs, the grinding of barrel-organs, not to speak of the "little creatures" so frequently mentioned in his wife's letters, became like very nightmares, making life hideous, and wringing from him pages on pages of execration and anathema. Who, one may well ask, is the strong man here? The sage, who, living to be eighty-four, fussed and fumed for over fifty years about such an ordinary complaint as dyspepsia, or the poet starving himself systematically—to keep from fattening, and so rendering his malformed feet incapable of supporting him)—and who, suffering from wasting fevers and agues, never wrote otherwise than jokingly of his bodily ailments, and who, only too truly foreboding his early death, treated *that* but as a trifling matter compared to the serious issues for which he was prepared to sacrifice life. Truly, if Byron had not the strength of endurance, he who runs may read in his letters that he had the strength to dare, to defy, to *do*—a strength which did mighty good service in times such as those in which his lines had fallen.



BYRON'S LETTERS.

To Miss PIGOT.

Burgage Manor, August 29, 1804.

“I received the arms, my dear Miss Pigot, and am very much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken. It is impossible I should have any fault to find with them. The sight of the drawings gives me great pleasure, for a double reason,—in the first place, they will ornament my books, in the next, they convince me that *you* have not entirely *forgot* me. I am, however, sorry you do not return sooner—you have already been gone an *age*. I perhaps may have taken my departure for London before you come back; but, however, I will hope not. Do not overlook my watch-riband and purse, as I wish to carry them with me. Your note was given me by Harry, at the play, whither I attended Miss L—— and Dr. S——; and now I have sat down to answer it before I go to bed. If I am at Southwell when you return,—and I sincerely hope you will soon, for I very much regret your absence—I shall be happy to hear you sing my favourite, ‘The Maid of Lodi.’ My mother, together with myself, desires to be affectionately remembered to Mrs. Pigot, and, believe me, my dear Miss Pigot, I remain your affectionate friend,

“BYRON.”

“P.S. If you think proper to send me any answer to this, I shall be extremely happy to receive it. Adieu.

"P.S. 2nd. As you say you are a novice in the art of knitting, I hope it don't give you too much trouble. Go on *slowly*, but surely. Once more, adieu."

TO MISS PIGOT

"London, August 10, 1806.

"My dear Bridget,—As I have already troubled your brother with more than he will find pleasure in deciphering, you are the next to whom I shall assign the employment of perusing this second epistle. You will perceive from my first, that no idea of Mrs. B.'s arrival had disturbed me at the time it was written; *not* so the present, since the appearance of a note from the *illustrious cause* of my *sudden decampment* has driven the 'natural ruby from my cheeks,' and completely blanched my woe-begone countenance. This gunpowder intimation of her arrival (confound her activity!) breathes less of terror and dismay than you will probably imagine, from the volcanic temperament of her ladyship; and concludes with the comfortable assurance of all *present motion* being prevented by the fatigue of her journey, for which my *blessings* are due to the rough roads and restive quadrupeds of his Majesty's highways. As I have not the smallest inclination to be chased round the country, I shall e'en make a merit of necessity; and since, like Macbeth, 'they've tied me to the stake, I cannot fly,' I shall imitate that valorous tyrant, and 'bear-like fight the course,' all escape being precluded. I can now engage with less disadvantage, having drawn the enemy from her intrenchments, though, like the *prototype* to whom I have compared myself, with an excellent chance of being knocked on the head. However, 'lay on Macduff, and d——d be he who first cries, Hold, enough.'

"I shall remain in town for, at least, a week, and expect to hear from *you* before its expiration. I presume the

printer has brought you the offspring of my *poetic mania*. Remember in the first line to read '*loud* the winds whistle,' instead of 'round,' which that blockhead Ridge has inserted by mistake, and makes nonsense of the whole stanza. Addio!—Now to encounter my *Hydra*. Yours ever."

TO MR. PIGOT.

"Piccadilly, August 16, 1806.

"I cannot exactly say with Cæsar, '*Veni, vidi, vici:*' however, the most important part of his laconic account of success applies to my present situation; for, though Mrs. Byron took the *trouble* of '*coming*' and '*seeing*,' yet your humble servant proved the *victor*. After an obstinate engagement of some hours, in which we suffered considerable damage, from the quickness of the enemy's fire, they at length retired in confusion, leaving behind the artillery, field equipage, and some prisoners: their defeat is decisive for the present campaign. To speak more intelligibly, Mrs. B. returns immediately, but I proceed, with all my laurels, to Worthing, on the Sussex Coast; to which place you will address (to be left at the post office) your next epistle. By the enclosure of a second *gingle of rhyme*, you will probably conceive my muse to be *vastly prolific*; her inserted production was brought forth a few years ago, and found by accident on Thursday among some old papers. I have recopied it, and, adding the proper date, request that it may be printed with the rest of the family. I thought your sentiments on the last bantling would coincide with mine, but it was impossible to give it any other garb, being founded on *facts*. My stay at Worthing will not exceed three weeks, and you may *possibly* behold me again at Southwell the middle of September.

"Will you desire Ridge to suspend the printing of my poems till he hears further from me, as I have determined to give them a new form entirely. This prohibition does

not extend to the two last pieces I have sent with my letters to you. You will excuse the *dull vanity* of this epistle, as my brain is a *chaos* of absurd images, and full of business, preparations, and projects.

"I shall expect an answer with impatience ;—believe me, there is nothing at this moment could give me greater delight than your letter."

TO MR. WILLIAM BANKES.

"Southwell, March 6, 1807.

"Dear Bankes,—Your critique is valuable, for many reasons : in the first place, it is the only one in which flattery has borne so slight a part ; in the *next*, I am *cloy'd* with insipid compliments. I have a better opinion of your judgment and ability than your *feelings*. Accept my most sincere thanks for your kind decision, not less welcome, because totally unexpected. With regard to a more exact estimate, I need not remind you how few of the *best poems*, in our language, will stand the test of *minute* or *verbal* criticism : it can, therefore, hardly be expected the effusions of a boy (and most of these pieces have been produced at an early period) can derive much merit either from the subject or composition. Many of them were written under great depression of spirits, and during severe indisposition :—hence the gloomy turn of the ideas. We coincide in opinion that the '*poësies érotiques*' are the most exceptionable ; they were, however, grateful to the *deities*, on whose altars they were offered—more I seek not.

"The portrait of Pomposus* was drawn at Harrow, after a *long sitting* ; this accounts for the resemblance, or rather the *caricatura*. He is *your* friend, he *never was mine*—for both our sakes I shall be silent on this head. The *collegiate* rhymes† are not personal—one of the notes may appear so, but could not be omitted. I have little doubt they will be

* See Works, p. 404.

† "Thoughts suggested by a College Examination."—See Works, p. 397.

deservedly abused—a just punishment for my unfilial treatment of so excellent an Alma Mater. I sent you no copy, lest *we* should be placed in the situation of *Gil Blas* and the *Archbishop* of Grenada; though running some hazard from the experiment, I wished your *verdict* to be unbiassed. Had my '*Libellus*' been presented previous to your letter, it would have appeared a species of bribe to purchase compliment. I feel no hesitation in saying, I was more anxious to hear your critique, however severe, than the praises of the *million*. On the same day I was honoured with the encomiums of *Mackenzie*, the celebrated author of the '*Man of Feeling*.' Whether *his* approbation or *yours* elated me most, I cannot decide.

"You will receive my *Juvenilia*,—at least all yet published. I have a large volume in manuscript, which may in part appear hereafter; at present I have neither time nor inclination to prepare it for the press. In the spring I shall return to Trinity, to dismantle my rooms, and bid you a final adieu. The *Cam* will not be much increased by my *tears* on the occasion. Your further remarks, however *caustic* or bitter, to a palate vitiated with the *sweets of adulation*, will be of service. Johnson has shown us that *no poetry* is perfect; but to correct mine would be an Herculean labour. In fact I never looked beyond the moment of composition, and published merely at the request of my friends. Notwithstanding so much has been said concerning the '*Genus irritabile vatum*,' we shall never quarrel on the subject—poetic fame is by no means the '*acme*' of my wishes.—Adieu. Yours ever,

“BYRON.”

TO MISS PIGOT.

“Cambridge, June 30, 1807.

“‘Better late than never, Pal,’ is a saying of which you know the origin, and as it is applicable on the present occasion, you will excuse its conspicuous place in the front of my epistle. I am almost superannuated here. My old

friends (with the exception of a very few) all departed, and I am preparing to follow them, but remain till Monday to be present at three *Oratorios*, two *Concerts*, a *Fair*, and a *Ball*. I find I am not only *thinner* but *taller* by an inch since my last visit. I was obliged to tell everybody my *name*, nobody having the least recollection of my *visage*, or person. Even the hero of *my Cornelian* (who is now sitting *vis-à-vis*, reading a volume of my *Poetics*) passed me in Trinity walks without recognising me in the least, and was thunderstruck at the alteration which had taken place in my countenance, etc., etc. Some say I look *better*, others *worse*, but all agree I am *thinner*,—more I do not require. I have lost two pounds in my weight since I left your *cursed, detestable, and abhorred* abode of *scandal*, where, excepting yourself and John Becher, I care not if the whole race were consigned to the *Pit* of *Acheron*, which I would visit in person rather than contaminate my *sandals* with the polluted dust of Southwell. *Seriously*, unless obliged by the *emptiness* of my purse to revisit Mrs. B., you will see me no more.

“On Monday I depart for London. I quit Cambridge with little regret, because our *set* are *vanished*, and my *musical protégé* before mentioned has left the choir, and is stationed in a mercantile house of considerable eminence in the metropolis. You may have heard me observe he is exactly to an hour two years younger than myself. I found him grown considerably, and as you will suppose, very glad to see his former *Patron*. He is nearly my height, very *thin*, very fair complexion, dark eyes, and light locks. My opinion of his mind you already know;—I hope I shall never have occasion to change it. Everybody here conceives me to be an *invalid*. The University at present is very gay from the *fêtes* of divers kinds. I supped out last night, but eat (or ate) nothing, sipped a bottle of claret, went to bed at two, and rose at eight. I have commenced early rising, and find it agrees with me. The Masters and the Fellows all very *polite*, but look a little *askance*—don't much admire *lampoons*—truth always disagreeable.

“Write, and tell me how the inhabitants of your *Menagerie* go on, and if my publication goes *off* well: do the quadrupeds *growl*? Apropos, my bull-dog is deceased—‘Flesh both of cur and man is grass.’ Address your answer to Cambridge. If I am gone, it will be forwarded. Sad news just arrived—Russians beat—a bad set, eat nothing but *oil*, consequently must melt before a *hard fire*. I get awkward in my academic habiliments for want of practice. Got up in a window to hear the oratorio at St. Mary’s, popped down in the middle of the *Messiah*, tore a *woeful* rent in the back of my best black silk gown, and damaged an egregious pair of breeches. Mem.—never tumbled from a church window during service. Adieu, dear ——! do not remember me to anybody:—to *forget* and be forgotten by the people of Southwell is all I aspire to.”

TO MISS PIGOT.

“Trin. Coll. Camb., July 5, 1807.

“Since my last letter I have determined to reside *another year* at Granta, as my rooms, etc., etc., are finished in great style, several old friends come up again, and many new acquaintances made; consequently my inclination leads me forward, and I shall return to college in October if still *alive*. My life here has been one continued routine of dissipation—out at different places every day, engaged to more dinners, etc., etc., than my *stay* would permit me to fulfil. At this moment I write with a bottle of claret in my *head* and *tears* in my *eyes*; for I have just parted with my ‘*Cornelian*,’ who spent the evening with me. As it was our last interview, I postponed my engagement to devote the hours of the *Sabbath* to friendship:—Edleston and I have separated for the present, and my mind is a chaos of hope and sorrow. To-morrow I set out for London: you will address your answer to ‘Gordon’s Hotel, Albemarle Street,’ where I *sojourn* during my visit to the metropolis.

“I rejoice to hear you are interested in my *protégé*; he

has been my *almost constant* associate since October 1805, when I entered Trinity College. His *voice* first attracted my attention, his *countenance* fixed it, and his *manners* attached me to him for ever. He departs for a *mercantile house* in *town* in October, and we shall probably not meet till the expiration of my minority, when I shall leave to his decision either entering as a *partner* through my interest, or residing with me altogether. Of course he would in his present frame of mind prefer the *latter*, but he may alter his opinion previous to that period;—however, he shall have his choice. I certainly love him more than any human being, and neither time nor distance have had the least effect on my (in general) changeable disposition. In short, we shall put *Lady E. Butler* and *Miss Ponsonby* to the blush, *Pylades* and *Orestes* out of countenance, and want nothing but a catastrophe like *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, to give *Jonathan* and *David* the 'go by.' He certainly is perhaps more attached to *me* than even I am in return. During the whole of my residence at Cambridge we met every day, summer and winter, without passing *one* tiresome moment, and separated each time with increasing reluctance. I hope you will one day see us together. He is the only being I esteem, though I *like* many.

"The Marquis of Tavistock was down the other day; I supped with him at his tutor's—entirely a Whig party. The opposition muster strong here now, and Lord Hartington, the Duke of Leinster, etc., etc., are to join us in October, so everything will be *splendid*. The *music* is all over at present. Met with another 'accidency'—upset a butter-boat in the lap of a lady—look'd very *blue*—*spectators* grinned—'curse 'em!' Apropos, sorry to say, been *drunk* every day, and not quite *sober* yet—however, touch no meat, nothing but fish, soup, and vegetables, consequently it does me no harm—sad dogs all the *Cantabs*. Mem.—*we mean* to reform next January. This place is a *monotony of endless variety*—like it—hate Southwell. Has Ridge sold well? or do the ancients demur? What ladies have bought?

“Saw a girl at St. Mary’s the image of Anne —, thought it was her—all in the wrong—the lady stared, so did I—I *blushed*, so did *not* the lady,—sad thing—wish women had *more modesty*. Talking of women, puts me in mind of my terrier Fanny—how is she? Got a headache, must go to bed, up early in the morning to travel. My *protégé* breakfasts with me; parting spoils my appetite—excepting from Southwell. Mem.—*I hate Southwell*. Yours, etc.

To Miss PIGOT.

“London, August 11, 1807.

“On Sunday next I set off for the Highlands. A friend of mine accompanies me in my carriage to Edinburgh. There we shall leave it, and proceed in a *tandem* (a species of open carriage) through the western passes to Inverary, where we shall purchase *shelties*, to enable us to view places inaccessible to *vehicular conveyances*. On the coast we shall hire a vessel, and visit the most remarkable of the Hebrides; and, if we have time and favourable weather, mean to sail as far as Iceland, only 300 miles from the northern extremity of Caledonia, to peep at *Hecla*. This last intention you will keep a secret, as my nice *mamma* would imagine I was on a Voyage of *Discovery*, and raise the accustomed *maternal warwhoop*.

“Last week I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the two bridges, Westminster and Blackfriars, a distance, including the different turns and tacks made on the way, of three miles! You see I am in excellent training in case of a *squall* at sea. I mean to collect all the Erse traditions, poems, etc., etc., and translate, or expand the subject to fill a volume, which may appear next spring under the denomination of ‘*The Highland Harp*,’ or some title equally *picturesque*. Of Bosworth Field, one book is finished, another just began. It will be a work of three or four years, and most probably never *conclude*. What would you say to some stanzas on Mount Hecla? they would be

written at least with *fire*. How is the immortal Bran? and the Phoenix of canine quadrupeds, Boatswain? I have, lately purchased a thorough-bred bull-dog, worthy to be the coadjutor of the aforesaid celestials—his name is *Smut!*—‘Bear it, ye breezes, on your *balmy* wings.’

“Write to me before I set off, I conjure you, by the fifth rib of your grandfather. Ridge goes on well with the books—I thought that worthy had not done much in the country. In town they have been very successful; Carpenter (Moore’s publisher) told me a few days ago they sold all theirs immediately, and had several inquiries made since, which, from the books being gone, they could not supply. The Duke of York, the Marchioness of Headfort, the Duchess of Gordon, etc., etc., were among the purchasers; and Crosby says, the circulation will be still more extensive in the winter, the summer season being very bad for a sale, as most people are absent from London. However, they have gone off extremely well altogether. I shall pass very near you on my journey through Newark, but cannot approach. Don’t tell this to Mrs. B., who supposes I travel a different road. If you have a letter, order it to be left at Ridge’s shop, where I shall call, or the post-office, Newark, about six or eight in the evening. If your brother would ride over, I should be devilish glad to see him—he can return the same night, or sup with us and go home the next morning—the Kingston Arms is my inn.

“Adieu, yours ever,

“BYRON.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Ravenna, 9bre 12, 1820.

“What you said of the late Charles Skinner Matthews has set me to my recollections; but I have not been able to turn up anything which would do for the proposed Memoir of his brother—even if he had previously done enough during his life to sanction the production of anecdotes so merely personal. He was, however, a very extraordinary man, and would have been a great one. No

one ever succeeded in a more surpassing degree than he did as far as he went. He was indolent, too; but whenever he stripped, he overthrew all antagonists. His conquests will be found registered at Cambridge, particularly his *Downing* one, which was hotly and highly contested, and yet easily won. Hobhouse was his most intimate friend, and can tell you more of him than any man. William Bankes also a great deal. I myself recollect more of his oddities than of his academical qualities, for we lived most together at a very idle period of *my* life. When I went up to Trinity, in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a-half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow, to which I had become attached during the two last years of my stay there; wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford (there were no rooms vacant at Christ-church); wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds, and consequently about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop. So that, although I knew Matthews, and met him often *then* at Bankes's (who was my collegiate pastor, and master, and patron), and at Rhodes, Milnes's, Price's, Dick's, Macnamara's, Farrell's, Galley Knight's, and others of that *set* of contemporaries, yet I was neither intimate with him nor with anyone else, except my old school-fellow, Edward Long (with whom I used to pass the day in riding and swimming), and William Bankes, who was good-naturedly tolerant of my ferocities.

“It was not till 1807, after I had been upwards of a year away from Cambridge, to which I had returned again to *reside* for my degree, that I became one of Matthews's familiars, by means of Hobhouse, who, after hating me for two years, because I wore a *white hat*, and a *grey coat*, and rode a *grey horse* (as he says himself), took me into his good graces because I had written some poetry. I had always lived a good deal, and got drunk occasionally, in their company—but now we became really friends in a morning. Matthews, however, was not at this period resident in College. I met *him* chiefly in London, and at uncertain

periods at Cambridge. Hobhouse, in the meantime, did great things: he founded the Cambridge 'Whig Club' (which he seems to have forgotten), and the 'Amicable Society,' which was dissolved in consequence of the members constantly quarrelling, and made himself very popular with 'us youth,' and no less formidable to all tutors, professors, and heads of Colleges. William Bankes was gone; while he stayed, he ruled the oast—or rather the *roasting*—and was father of all mischiefs.

"Matthews and I, meeting in London, and elsewhere, became great cronies. He was not good-tempered—nor am I—but with a little tact his temper was manageable, and I thought him so superior a man, that I was willing to sacrifice something to his humours, which were often, at the same time, amusing and provoking. What became of his *papers* (and he certainly had many), at the time of his death, was never known. I mention this by the way, fearing to skip it over, and *as he wrote* remarkably well, both in Latin and English. We went down to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, and *Monks'* dresses from a masquerade warehouse. We were a company of some seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour or so for visitors, and used to sit up late in our friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the *skull-cup*, and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all round the house, in our conventual garments. Matthews always denominated me 'the Abbot,' and never called me by any other name in his good humours, to the day of his death. The harmony of these our symposia was somewhat interrupted, a few days after our assembling, by Matthews's threatening to throw Hobhouse out of a *window*, in consequence of I know not what commerce of jokes ending in this epigram. Hobhouse came to me and said, that 'his respect and regard for me as host would not permit him to call out any of my guests, and that he should go to town next morning.' He did. It was in vain that I represented to him that the window was not high, and that the turt under it was particularly soft. Away he went.

“Matthews and myself had travelled down from London together, talking all the way incessantly upon one single topic. When we got to Loughborough, I know not what chasm had made us diverge for a moment to some other subject, at which he was indignant. ‘Come,’ said he ‘don’t let us break through—let us go on as we began, to our journey’s end;’ and so he continued, and was as entertaining as ever to the very end. He had previously occupied, during my year’s absence from Cambridge, my rooms in Trinity, with the furniture; and Jones, the tutor, in his odd way, had said, on putting him in, ‘Mr. Matthews, I recommend to your attention not to damage any of the movables, for Lord Byron, sir, is a young man of *tumultuous passions.*’ Matthews was delighted with this; and whenever anybody came to visit him, begged them to handle the very door with caution; and used to repeat Jones’s admonition in his tone and manner. There was a large mirror in the room, on which he remarked, ‘that he thought his friends were grown uncommonly assiduous in coming to *see him*, but he soon discovered that they only came to *see themselves.*’ Jones’s phrase of ‘*tumultuous passions,*’ and the whole scene, had put him into such good humour, that I verily believe that I owed to it a portion of his good graces.

“When at Newstead, somebody by accident rubbed against one of his white silk stockings, one day before dinner; of course the gentleman apologised. ‘Sir,’ answered Matthews, ‘it may be all very well for you, who have a great many silk stockings, to dirty other people’s; but to me, who have only this *one pair*, which I have put on in honour of the Abbot here, no apology can compensate for such carelessness; besides, the expense of washing.’ He had the same sort of droll sardonic way about everything. A wild Irishman, named Farrell, one evening beginning to say something at a large supper at Cambridge, Matthews roared out ‘Silence!’ and then, pointing to Farrell, cried out, in the words of the oracle, ‘*Orson is endowed with reason.*’ You may easily suppose

that Orson lost what reason he had acquired, on hearing this compliment. When Hobhouse published his volume of poems, the *Miscellany* (which Matthews would call the '*Miss-sell-any*'), all that could be drawn from him was that the preface was 'extremely like *Walsh*.' Hobhouse thought this at first a compliment; but we never could make out what it was, for all we know of *Walsh* is his Ode to King William, and Pope's epithet of '*knowing Walsh*.' When the Newstead party broke up for London, Hobhouse and Matthews, who were the greatest friends possible, agreed, for a whim, to *walk together* to town. They quarrelled by the way, and actually walked the latter half of their journey, occasionally passing and repassing, without speaking. When Matthews had got to Highgate, he had spent all his money but three-pence halfpenny, and determined to spend that also in a pint of beer, which I believe he was drinking before a public-house, as Hobhouse passed him (still without speaking) for the last time on their route. They were reconciled in London again.

"One of Matthews's passions was 'the Fancy;' and he sparred uncommonly well. But he always got beaten in rows, or combats with the bare fist. In swimming, too, he swam well; but with *effort* and *labour*, and *too high* out of the water; so that Scrope Davies and myself, of whom he was therein somewhat emulous, always told him that he would be drowned if ever he came to a difficult pass in the water. He was so; but surely Scrope and myself would have been most heartily glad that

" "the Dean had lived,
And our prediction proved a lie."

"His head was uncommonly handsome, very like what *Pope's* was in his youth.

"His voice, and laugh, and features are strongly resembled by his brother Henry's, if Henry be *he* of *King's College*. His passion for boxing was so great, that he actually wanted me to match him with Dogherty (whom I had backed and made the match for against Tom Belcher), and I saw them spar together at my own lodgings with the

gloves on. As he was bent upon it, I would have backed Dogherty to please him, but the match went off. It was of course to have been a private fight, in a private room.

“On one occasion, being too late to go home and dress, he was equipped by a friend (Mr. Baillie, I believe), in a magnificently fashionable and somewhat exaggerated shirt and neckcloth. He proceeded to the Opera, and took his station in Fops' Alley. During the interval between the opera and the ballet, an acquaintance took his station by him and saluted him: ‘Come round,’ said Matthews, ‘come round.’—‘Why should I come round?’ said the other; ‘you have only to turn your head—I am close to you.’—‘That is exactly what I cannot do,’ said Matthews; ‘don't you see the state I am in?’ pointing to his buckram shirt collar and inflexible cravat,—and there he stood with his head always in the same perpendicular position during the whole spectacle.

“One evening, after dining together, as we were going to the Opera, I happened to have a spare Opera ticket (as subscriber to a box), and presented it to Matthews, ‘Now, sir,’ said he to Hobhouse afterwards, ‘this I call *courteous* in the Abbot—another man would never have thought that I might do better with half a guinea than throw it to a door-keeper;—but here is a man not only asks me to dinner, but gives me a ticket for the theatre.’ These were only his oddities, for no man was more liberal, or more honourable in all his doings and dealings, than Matthews. He gave Hobhouse and me, before we set out for Constantinople, a most splendid entertainment, to which we did ample justice. One of his fancies was dining at all sorts of out-of-the-way places. Somebody popped upon him in I know not what coffee-house in the Strand—and what do you think was the attraction? Why, that he paid a shilling (I think) to *dine with his hat on*. This he called his ‘*hat house*,’ and used to boast of the comfort of being covered at meal-times.

“When Sir Henry Smith was expelled from Cambridge for a row with a tradesman named ‘Hiron,’ Matthews

solaced himself with shouting under Hiron's windows every evening,

“ ‘ Ah me ! what perils do environ
The man who meddles with *hot Hiron.*’

“ He was also of that band of profane scoffers who, under the auspices of —, used to rouse Lort Mansel (late Bishop of Bristol) from his slumbers in the lodge of Trinity; and when he appeared at the window foaming with wrath, and crying out, ‘ I know you, gentlemen, I know you ! ’ were wont to reply, ‘ We beseech thee to hear us, good *Lort* ’—‘ Good *Lort* deliver us ! ’ (*Lort* was his Christian name). As he was very free in his speculations upon all kinds of subjects, although by no means either dissolute or intemperate in his conduct, and as I was no less independent, our conversation and correspondence used to alarm our friend Hobhouse to a considerable degree.

“ You must be almost tired of my packets, which will have cost a mint of postage.

“ Salute Gifford and all my friends.

“ Yours, etc.”

As already, before his acquaintance with Mr. Matthews commenced, Lord Byron had begun to bewilder himself in the mazes of scepticism, it would be unjust to impute to this gentleman any further share in the formation of his noble friend's opinions than what arose from the natural influence of example and sympathy;—an influence which, as it was felt perhaps equally on both sides, rendered the contagion of their doctrines, in a great measure, reciprocal. In addition, too, to this community of sentiment on such subjects, they were both, in no ordinary degree, possessed by that dangerous spirit of ridicule, whose impulses even the pious cannot always restrain, and which draws the mind on, by a sort of irresistible fascination, to disport itself most wantonly on the brink of all that is most solemn and awful. It is not wonderful, therefore, that, in such society, the opinions of the noble poet should have been, at least, accelerated in that direction to which their bias already

leaned ; and though he cannot be said to have become thus confirmed in these doctrines,—as neither now, nor at any time of his life, was he a confirmed unbeliever,—he had undoubtedly learned to feel less uneasy under his scepticism, and even to mingle somewhat of boast and of levity with his expression of it. At the very first onset of his correspondence with Mr. Dallas, we find him proclaiming his sentiments on all such subjects with a flippancy and confidence far different from the tone in which he had first ventured on his doubts,—from that fervid sadness, as of a heart loth to part with its illusions, which breathes through every line of those prayers, that, but a year before, his pen had traced.

Here again, however, we should recollect, there must be a considerable share of allowance for his usual tendency to make the most and the worst of his own obliquities. There occurs, indeed, in his first letter to Mr. Dallas, an instance of this strange ambition,—the very reverse, it must be allowed, of hypocrisy,—which led him to court, rather than avoid, the reputation of profligacy, and to put, at all times, the worst face on his own character and conduct. His new correspondent having, in introducing himself to his acquaintance, passed some compliments on the tone of moral and charitable feeling which breathed through one of his poems, had added, that it “brought to his mind another noble author, who was not only a fine poet, orator, and historian, but one of the closest reasoners we have on the truth of that religion of which forgiveness is a prominent principle, the great and good Lord Lyttleton, whose fame will never die. His son,” adds Mr. Dallas, “to whom he had transmitted genius, but not virtue, sparkled for a moment and went out like a star,—and with him the title became extinct.”

TO MR. DALLAS

"Dorant's, January 21, 1808.

"Sir,—Whenever leisure and inclination permit me the pleasure of a visit, I shall feel truly gratified in a personal acquaintance with one whose mind has been long known to me in his writings.

"You are so far correct in your conjecture, that I am a member of the University of Cambridge, where I shall take my degree of A.M. this term; but were reasoning, eloquence, or virtue the objects of my search, Granta is not their metropolis, nor is the place of her situation an 'El Dorado,' far less an Utopia. The intellects of her children are as stagnant as her Cam, and their pursuits limited to the church—not of Christ, but of the nearest benefice.

"As to my reading, I believe I may aver, without hyperbole, it has been tolerably extensive in the historical department; so that few nations exist, or have existed, with whose records I am not in some degree acquainted, from Herodotus down to Gibbon. Of the classics, I know about as much as most school-boys after a discipline of thirteen years; of the law of the land as much as enables me to keep 'within the statute'—to use the poacher's vocabulary. I did study the 'Spirit of Laws' and the Law of Nations; but when I saw the latter violated every month, I gave up my attempts at so useless an accomplishment:—of geography, I have seen more land on maps than I should wish to traverse on foot;—of mathematics, enough to give me the headache without clearing the part affected;—of philosophy, astronomy, and metaphysics, more than I can comprehend;* and of common sense so little, that I mean to leave a Byronian prize at each of our 'Almæ Matres' for the first discovery,—though I rather fear that of the longitude will precede it.

* He appears to have had in his memory Voltaire's lively account of Zadig's learning: "Il savait de la métaphysique ce qu'on en a su dans tous les âges,—c'est à dire, fort peu de chose," etc.

“I once thought myself a philosopher, and talked nonsense with great decorum: I defied pain, and preached up equanimity. For some time this did very well, for no one was in *pain* for me but my friends, and none lost their patience but my hearers. At last, a fall from my horse convinced me bodily suffering was an evil; and the worst of an argument upset my maxims and my temper at the same moment: so I quitted Zeno for Aristippus, and conceive that pleasure constitutes the *το καλον*. [In morality, I prefer Confucius to the Ten Commandments, and Socrates to St. Paul, though the two latter agree in their opinion of marriage. In religion, I favour the Catholic emancipation, but do not acknowledge the Pope; and I have refused to take the sacrament, because I do not think eating bread or drinking wine from the hand of an earthly vicar will make me an inheritor of heaven.] I hold virtue, in general, or the virtues severally, to be only in the disposition, each a *feeling*, not a principle. I believe truth the prime attribute of the Deity, and death an eternal sleep, at least of the body. You have here a brief compendium of the sentiments of the *wicked* George Lord Byron; and, till I get a new suit, you will perceive I am badly clothed.

“I remain,” etc.

TO MRS. BYRON.

“8 St. James's Street, March 6, 1809.

“Dear Mother,—My last letter was written under great depression of spirits from poor Falkland's death, who has left without a shilling four children and his wife. I have been endeavouring to assist them, which, God knows, I cannot do as I could wish, from my own embarrassments and the many claims upon me from other quarters.

“What you say is all very true: come what may, *Newstead* and I *stand* or fall together. I have now lived on the spot, I have fixed my heart upon it, and no pressure,

present or future, shall induce me to barter the last vestige of our inheritance. I have that pride within me which will enable me to support difficulties. I can endure privations; but could I obtain in exchange for Newstead Abbey the first fortune in the country, I would reject the proposition. Set your mind at ease on that score; Mr. H—— [Hanson] talks like a man of business on the subject,—I feel like a man of honour, and I will not sell Newstead.

“I shall get my seat on the return of the affidavits from Carhais, in Cornwall, and will do something in the House soon: I must dash, or it is all over. My satire must be kept secret for a *month*; after that you may say what you please on the subject. Lord Carlisle has used me infamously, and refused to state any particulars of my family to the Chancellor. I have *lashed* him in my rhymes, and perhaps his lordship may regret not being more conciliatory. They tell me it will have a sale; I hope so, for the bookseller has behaved well, as far as publishing well goes.

“Believe me, etc.

“P.S.—You shall have a mortgage on one of the farms.”

TO MR. HARNESS.

“8 St. James's Street, March 18, 1809.

“There was no necessity for your excuses: if you have time and inclination to write, ‘for what we receive, the Lord make us thankful,’—if I do not hear from you, I console myself with the idea that you are much more agreeably employed.

“I send down to you by this post a certain satire lately published, and in return for the three-and-sixpence expenditure upon it, only beg that if you should guess the author, you will keep his name secret; at least for the present. London is full of the Duke's business. The Commons have been at it these last three nights, and are not yet come to a decision. I do not know if the affair will be brought

before our House, unless in the shape of an impeachment. If it makes its appearance in a debatable form, I believe I shall be tempted to say something on the subject.—I am glad to hear you like Cambridge: firstly, because, to know that you are happy is pleasant to one who wishes you all possible sublunary enjoyment; and, secondly, I admire the morality of the sentiment. *Alma Mater* was to me *injuncta noverca*; and the old beldam only gave me my M.A. degree because she could not avoid it.—You know what a farce a noble Cantab. must perform.

“I am going abroad, if possible, in the spring, and before I depart I am collecting the pictures of my most intimate schoolfellows; I have already a few, and shall want yours, or my cabinet will be incomplete. I have employed one of the first miniature painters of the day to take them, of course, at my own expense, as I never allow my acquaintance to incur the least expenditure to gratify a whim of mine. To mention this may seem indelicate; but when I tell you a friend of ours first refused to sit, under the idea that he was to disburse on the occasion, you will see that it is necessary to state the preliminaries to prevent the recurrence of any similar mistake. I shall see you in time, and will carry you to the *limner*. It will be a tax on your patience for a week; but pray excuse it, as it is possible the resemblance may be the sole trace I shall be able to preserve of our past friendship and acquaintance. Just now it seems foolish enough; but in a few years, when some of us are dead, and others are separated by inevitable circumstances, it will be a kind of satisfaction to retain in these images of the living the idea of our former selves, and to contemplate, in the resemblance of the dead, all that remains of judgment, feeling, and a host of passions. But all this will be dull enough for you, and so good night: and to end my chapter, or rather my homily, believe me, my dear H., yours most affectionately.”

TO MRS. BYRON.

Falmouth, June 22, 1809.

“Dear Mother,—I am about to sail in a few days; probably before this reaches you. Fletcher begged so hard, that I have continued him in my service. If he does not behave well abroad, I will send him back in a *transport*. I have a German servant (who has been with Mr. Wilbraham in Persia before, and was strongly recommended to me by Dr. Butler, of Harrow), Robert and William; they constitute my whole suite. I have letters in plenty:—you shall hear from me at the different ports I touch upon; but you must not be alarmed if my letters miscarry. The Continent is in a fine state—an insurrection has broken out at Paris, and the Austrians are beating Buonaparte—the Tyrolese have risen.

“There is a picture of me in oil, to be sent down to Newstead soon.—I wish the Miss Pigots had something better to do than carry my miniatures to Nottingham to copy. Now they have done it, you may ask them to copy the others, which are greater favourites than my own. As to money matters, I am ruined—at least till Rochdale is sold; and if that does not turn out well, I shall enter into the Austrian or Russian service—perhaps the Turkish, if I like their manners. The world is all before me, and I leave England without regret, and without a wish to revisit anything it contains, except *yourself*, and your present residence. “Believe me, yours ever sincerely.

“P.S.—Pray tell Mr. Rushton his son is well, and doing well; so is Murray, indeed better than I ever saw him; he will be back in about a month. I ought to add the leaving Murray to my few regrets, as his age perhaps will prevent my seeing him again. Robert I take with me; I like him, because, like myself, he seems a friendless animal.”

TO MR. HODGSON.

Falmouth, June 25, 1809.

“My dear Hodgson,—Before this reaches you, Hobhouse, two officers' wives, three children, two waiting-maids, ditto subalterns for the troops, three Portuguese esquires and domestics, in all nineteen souls, will have sailed in the Lisbon packet, with the noble Captain Kidd, a gallant commander as ever smuggled an anker of right Nantz.

“We are going to Lisbon first, because the Malta packet has sailed, d'ye see?—from Lisbon to Gibraltar, Malta, Constantinople, and ‘all that,’ as Orator Henley said, when he put the Church, and ‘all that,’ in danger.*

“This town of Falmouth, as you will partly conjecture, is no great ways from the sea. It is defended on the sea-side by tway castles, St. Maws and Pendennis, extremely well calculated for annoying every body except an enemy. St. Maws is garrisoned by an able-bodied person of fourscore, a widower. He has the whole command and sole management of six most unmanageable pieces of ordnance, admirably adapted for the destruction of Pendennis, a like tower of strength on the opposite side of the Channel. We have seen St. Maws, but Pendennis they will not let us behold, save at a distance, because Hobhouse and I are suspected of having already taken St. Maws by a coup de main.

“The town contains many Quakers and salt fish—the oysters have a taste of copper, owing to the soil of a mining country—the women (blessed be the Corporation therefor!) are flogged at the cart's tail when they pick and steal, as happened to one of the fair sex yesterday noon. She was pertinacious in her behaviour, and damned the mayor.

* Henley, in one of his publications, entitled “Oratory Transactions,” engaged “to execute singly what would sprain a dozen of modern doctors of the tribe of Issachar—to write, read, and study twelve hours a day, and yet appear as untouched by the yoke as if he never wore it—to teach in one year what schools or universities teach in five;” and he furthermore pledged himself to persevere in his bold scheme, until he had “put the Church, and all that, in danger.”

"I don't know when I can write again, because it depends on that experienced navigator, Captain Kidd, and the 'stormy winds that (don't) blow' at this season. I leave England without regret—I shall return to it without pleasure. I am like Adam, the first convict sentenced to transportation, but I have no Eve, and have eaten no apple but what was sour as a crab;—and thus ends my first chapter. Adieu. Yours," etc.

In this letter the following lively verses were enclosed:—

" Falmouth Roads, June 30, 1809.

" Huzza ! Hodgson, we are going,
 Our embargo's off at last ;
 Favourable breezes blowing
 Bend the canvas o'er the mast.
 From aloft the signal's streaming,
 Hark ! the farewell gun is fired,
 Women screeching, tars blaspheming,
 Tell us that our time's expired.
 Here's a rascal
 Come to task all,
 Prying from the Custom-house ;
 Trunks unpacking,
 Cases cracking,
 Not a corner for a mouse
 'Scapes unsearch'd amid the racket,
 Ere we sail on board the Packet.

Now our boatmen quit their mooring,
 And all hands must ply the oar ;
 Baggage from the quay is lowering,
 We're impatient—push from shore.
 ' Have a care ! that case holds liquor—
 Stop the boat—I'm sick—oh Lord ! '
 ' Sick, ma'am, damme, you'll be sicker
 Ere you've been an hour on board.'
 Thus are screaming
 Men and women,
 Gemmen, ladies, servants, Jacks ;
 Here entangling,
 All are wrangling,
 Stuck together close as wax.—
 Such the general noise and racket,
 Ere we reach the Lisbon Packet.

Now we've reach'd her, lo ! the captain,
 Gallant Kidd, commands the crew ;
 Passengers their berths are clapt in,
 Some to grumble, some to spew.
 ' Hey day ! call you that a cabin ?
 Why 'tis hardly three feet square ;
 Not enough to stow Queen Mab in—
 Who the deuce can harbour there ?'
 ' Who, sir ? plenty—
 Nobles twenty
 Did at once my vessel fill '—
 ' Did they ? Jesus,
 How you squeeze us !
 Would to God they did so still :
 Then I'd scape the heat and racket,
 Of the good ship, Lisbon Packet.'

Fletcher ! Murray ! Bob ! where are you !
 Stretch'd along the deck like logs—
 Bear a hand, you jolly tar you !
 Here's a rope's end for the dogs.
 Hobhouse muttering fearful curses,
 As the hatchway down he rolls ;
 Now his breakfast, now his verses,
 Vomits forth—and damns our souls.
 ' Here's a stanza
 On Braganza—
 Help !'—' A couplet ?'—' No, a cup
 Of warm water.'—
 ' What's the matter ?'
 ' Zounds ! my liver's coming up ;
 I shall not survive the racket
 Of this brutal Lisbon Packet.'

Now at length we're off for Turkey,
 Lord knows when we shall come back !
 Breezes foul and tempests murky
 May unship us in a crack,
 But, since life at most a jest is,
 As philosophers allow,
 Still to laugh by far the best is,
 Then laugh on—as I do now.
 Laugh at all things,
 Great and small things,
 Sick or well, at sea or shore ;

While we're quaffing,
 Let's have laughing—
 Who the devil cares for more?—
 Some good wine! and who would lack it,
 Ev'n on board the Lisbon Packet?

BYRON."

TO MR. HODGSON.

"Lisbon, July 16, 1809.

"Thus far have we pursued our route, and seen all sorts of marvellous sights, palaces, convents, etc. ;—which, being to be heard in my friend Hobhouse's forthcoming Book of Travels, I shall not anticipate by smuggling any account whatsoever to you in a private and clandestine manner. I must just observe, that the village of Cintra in Estremadura is the most beautiful, perhaps, in the world.

"I am very happy here, because I loves oranges, and talk bad Latin to the monks, who understand it, as it is like their own,—and I goes into society (with my pocket-pistols), and I swims in the Tagus all across at once, and I rides on an ass or a mule, and swears Portuguese, and have got a diarrhœa and bites from the musquitoes. But what of that? Comfort must not be expected by folks that go a pleasuring.

"When the Portuguese are pertinacious, I say, 'Carracho!'—the great oath of the grandes, that very well supplies the place of 'Damme,'—and, when dissatisfied with my neighbour, I pronounce him 'Anbra di merdo.' With these two phrases, and a third, 'Avra bouro,' which signifieth 'Get an ass,' I am universally understood to be a person of degree and a master of languages. How merrily we lives that travellers be!—if we had food and raiment. But, in sober sadness, anything is better than England, and I am infinitely amused with my pilgrimage as far as it has gone.

"To-morrow we start to ride post near 400 miles as far as Gibraltar, where we embark for Melita and Byzantium. A letter to Malta will find me, or to be forwarded, if I am

absent. Pray embrace the Drury and Dwyer, and all the Ephesians you encounter. I am writing with Butler's donative pencil, which makes my bad hand worse. Excuse illegibility.

"Hodgson! send me the news, and the deaths and defeats and capital crimes and the misfortunes of one's friends; and let us hear of literary matters, and the controversies and the criticisms. All this will be pleasant—'Suave mari magno,' etc. Talking of that, I have been sea-sick, and sick of the sea.

"Adieu. Yours faithfully," etc.

TO MR. HODGSON.

"Gibraltar, August 6, 1809.

"I have just arrived at this place after a journey through Portugal, and a part of Spain, of nearly 500 miles. We left Lisbon and travelled on horseback* to Seville and Cadiz, and thence in the Hyperion frigate to Gibraltar. The horses are excellent—we rode seventy miles a day. Eggs and wine, and hard beds, are all the accommodation we found, and, in such torrid weather, quite enough. My health is better than in England.

"Seville is a fine town, and the Sierra Morena, part of which we crossed, a very sufficient mountain; but damn description, it is always disgusting. Cadiz, sweet Cadiz!—it is the first spot in creation. The beauty of its streets and mansions is only excelled by the loveliness of its inhabitants. For, with all national prejudice, I must confess the women of Cadiz are as far superior to the English women in beauty as the Spaniards are inferior to the English in every quality that dignifies the name of man. Just as I began to know the principal persons of the city, I was obliged to sail.

* The baggage and part of the servants were sent by sea to Gibraltar.

"You will not expect a long letter after my riding so far 'on hollow pampered jades of Asia.' Talking of Asia puts me in mind of Africa, which is within five miles of my present residence. I am going over before I go on to Constantinople.

"Cadiz is a complete Cythera. Many of the grandees who have left Madrid during the troubles reside there, and I do believe it is the prettiest and cleanest town in Europe. London is filthy in the comparison. The Spanish women are all alike, their education the same. The wife of a duke is, in information, as the wife of a peasant,—the wife of a peasant, in manner, equal to a duchess. Certainly they are fascinating; but their minds have only one idea, and the business of their lives is intrigue.

"I have seen Sir John Carr at Seville and Cadiz, and, like Swift's barber, have been down on my knees to beg he would not put me into black and white.* Pray remember me to the Drurys and the Davies, and all of that stamp who are yet extant.† Send we a letter and news to Malta.

* "Once stopping at an inn at Dundalk, the Dean was so much amused with a prating barber, that rather than be alone he invited him to dinner. The fellow was rejoiced at this unexpected honour, and being dressed out in his best apparel came to the inn, first inquiring of the groom what the clergyman's name was who had so kindly invited him. 'What the vengeance,' said the servant, 'don't you know Dean Swift?' At which the barber turned pale, and running into the house fell upon his knees and entreated the Dean 'not to put him into print; for that he was a poor barber, had a large family to maintain, and if his reverence put him into black and white he should lose all his customers.' Swift laughed heartily at the poor fellow's simplicity, bade him sit down and eat his dinner in peace, for he assured him he would neither put him nor his wife in print."—*Sheridan's Life of Swift*.

† "This sort of passage," says Mr. Hodgson, in a note on his copy of this letter, "constantly occurs in his correspondence. Nor was his interest confined to mere remembrances and inquiries after health. Were it possible to state *all* he has done for numerous friends, he would appear amiable indeed. For myself, I am bound to acknowledge, in the fullest and warmest manner, his most generous and well-timed aid; and, were my poor friend Bland alive, he would as gladly bear the like testimony;—though I have most reason, of all men, to do so."

My next epistle shall be from Mount Caucasus or Mount Sion. I shall return to Spain before I see England, for I am enamoured of the country.

“Adieu, and believe me,” etc.

TO MRS. BYRON.

“Prevesa, November 12, 1809

“My dear Mother,—I have now been some time in Turkey: this place is on the coast, but I have traversed the interior of the province of Albania on a visit to the Pacha. I left Malta in the *Spider*, a brig of war, on the 21st of September, and arrived in eight days at Prevesa. I thence have been about 150 miles, as far as Tepaleen, his Highness's country palace, where I stayed three days. The name of the Pacha is *Ali*, and he is considered a man of the first abilities: he governs the whole of Albania (the ancient Illyricum), Epirus, and part of Macedonia. His son, Vely Pacha, to whom he has given me letters, governs the Morca, and has great influence in Egypt; in short, he is one of the most powerful men in the Ottoman empire. When I reached Yanina, the capital, after a journey of three days over the mountains, through a country of the most picturesque beauty, I found that Ali Pacha was with his army in Illyricum, besieging Ibrahim Pacha in the castle of Berat. He had heard that an Englishman of rank was in his dominions, and had left orders in Yanina with the commandant to provide a house, and supply me with every kind of necessary *gratis*; and, though I have been allowed to make presents to the slaves, etc., I have not been permitted to pay for a single article of household consumption.

“I rode out on the vizier's horses, and saw the palaces of himself and grandsons: they are splendid, but too much ornamented with silk and gold. I then went over the mountains through Zitza, a village with a Greek monastery (where I slept on my return), in the most beautiful situation (always excepting Cintra, in Portugal) I ever

beheld. In nine days I reached Tepaleen. Our journey was much prolonged by the torrents that had fallen from the mountains, and intersected the roads. I shall never forget the singular scene on entering Tepaleen at five in the afternoon, as the sun was going down. It brought to my mind (with some change of *dress*, however) Scott's description of Branksome Castle in his *Lay*, and the feudal system. The Albanians, in their dresses, (the most magnificent in the world, consisting of a long *white kilt*, gold worked cloak, crimson velvet gold-laced jacket and waistcoat, silver-mounted pistols and daggers), the Tartars with their high caps, the Turks in their vast pelisses and turbans, the soldiers and black slaves with the horses, the former in groups in an immense large open gallery in front of the palace, the latter placed in a kind of cloister below it, two hundred steeds ready caparisoned to move in a moment, couriers entering or passing out with the despatches, the kettle-drums beating, boys calling the hour from the minaret of the mosque, altogether, with the singular appearance of the building itself, formed a new and delightful spectacle to a stranger. I was conducted to a very handsome apartment, and my health inquired after by the vizier's secretary, 'à-la-mode Turque!'

"The next day I was introduced to Ali Pacha. I was dressed in a full suit of staff uniform, with a very magnificent sabre, etc. The vizier received me in a large room paved with marble; a fountain was playing in the centre; the apartment was surrounded by scarlet ottomans. He received me standing, a wonderful compliment from a Mussulman, and made me sit down on his right hand. I have a Greek interpreter for general use, but a physician of Ali's named Femlario, who understands Latin, acted for me on this occasion. His first question was, why, at so early an age, I left my country?—(the Turks have no idea of travelling for amusement.) He then said, the English minister, Captain Leake,* had told him I was of a great

* Lieutenant-Colonel Leake, F.R.S., author of *The Topography of Athens, Researches in Greece, Journal of a Tour in Asia Minor*, etc.

family, and desired his respects to my mother ; which I now, in the name of Ali Pacha, present to you. He said he was certain I was a man of birth, because I had small ears, curling hair, and little white hands, and expressed himself pleased with my appearance and garb. He told me to consider him as a father whilst I was in Turkey, and said he looked on me as his son. Indeed, he treated me like a child, sending me almonds and sugared sherbet, fruit, and sweetmeats twenty times a-day. He begged me to visit him often, and at night, when he was at leisure. I then, after coffee and pipes, retired for the first time. I saw him thrice afterwards. It is singular that the Turks, who have no hereditary dignities, and few great families, except the Sultans, pay so much respect to birth ; for I found my pedigree more regarded than my title.

“To-day I saw the remains of the town of Actium, near which Antony lost the world, in a small bay, where two frigates could hardly manœuvre : a broken wall is the sole remnant. On another part of the gulf stands the ruins of Nicopolis, built by Augustus in honour of his victory. Last night I was at a Greek marriage ; but this and a thousand things more I have neither time nor space to describe.

“I am going to-morrow, with a guard of fifty men, to Patras in the Morea, and thence to Athens, where I shall winter. Two days ago I was nearly lost in a Turkish ship of war, owing to the ignorance of the captain and crew, though the storm was not violent. Fletcher yelled after his wife, the Greeks called on all the saints, the Mussulmans on Alla ; the captain burst into tears and ran below deck, telling us to call on God ; the sails were split, the main-yard shivered, the wind blowing fresh, the night setting in, and all our chance was to make Corfu, which is in possession of the French, or (as Fletcher pathetically termed it) ‘a watery grave.’ I did what I could to console Fletcher, but finding him incorrigible, wrapped myself up in my Albanian capote (an immense cloak), and lay down on deck to wait the worst. I have learnt to philosophise in my

travels ; and if I had not, complaint was useless. Luckily the wind abated, and only drove us on the coast of Suli, on the mainland, where we landed, and proceeded, by the help of the natives, to Prevesa again ; but I shall not trust Turkish sailors in future, though the Pacha had ordered one of his own galliots to take me to Patras. I am therefore going as far as Missolonghi by land, and there have only to cross a small gulf to get to Patras.

“Fletcher’s next epistle will be full of marvels. We were one night lost for nine hours in the mountains in a thunder-storm, and since nearly wrecked. In both cases Fletcher was sorely bewildered, from apprehensions of famine and banditti in the first, and drowning in the second instance. His eyes were a little hurt by the lightning, or crying (I don’t know which), but are now recovered. When you write, address to me at Mr. Strané’s, English consul, Patras, Morea.

“I could tell you I know not how many incidents that I think would amuse you, but they crowd on my mind as much as they would swell my paper, and I can neither arrange them in the one, nor put them down on the other, except in the greatest confusion. I like the Albanians much ; they are not all Turks ; some tribes are Christians. But their religion makes little difference in their manner or conduct. They are esteemed the best troops in the Turkish service. I lived on my route, two days at once, and three days again, in a barrack at Salora, and never found soldiers so tolerable, though I have been in the garrisons of Gibraltar and Malta, and seen Spanish, French, Sicilian, and British troops in abundance. I have had nothing stolen, and was always welcome to their provision and milk. Not a week ago an Albanian chief (every village has its chief, who is called Primate), after helping us out of the Turkish galley in her distress, feeding us, and lodging my suite, consisting of Fletcher, a Greek, two Athenians, a Greek priest, and my companion, Mr. Hobhouse, refused any compensation but a written paper stating that I was well received ; and when I pressed him to accept a few sequins, ‘No,’ he replied ;

'I wish you to love me, not to pay me.' These are his words.

"It is astonishing how far money goes in this country. While I was in the capital I had nothing to pay by the vizier's order; but since, though I have generally had sixteen horses, and generally six or seven men, the expense has not been *half* as much as staying only three weeks in Malta, though Sir A. Ball, the governor, gave me a house for nothing, and I had only *one servant*. By-the-bye, I expect Hanson to remit regularly; for I am not about to stay in this province for ever. Let him write to me at Mr. Stranè's, English consul, Patras. The fact is, the fertility of the plains is wonderful, and specie is scarce, which makes this remarkable cheapness. I am going to Athens, to study modern Greek, which differs much from the ancient, though radically similar. I have no desire to return to England, nor shall I, unless compelled by absolute want, and Hanson's neglect; but I shall not enter into Asia for a year or two, as I have much to see in Greece, and I may perhaps cross into Africa, at least the Egyptian part. Fletcher, like all Englishmen, is very much dissatisfied, though a little reconciled to the Turks by a present of eighty piastres from the vizier, which, if you consider everything, and the value of specie here, is nearly worth ten guineas English. He has suffered nothing but from cold, heat, and vermin, which those who lie in cottages and cross mountains in a cold country must undergo, and of which I have equally partaken with himself; but he is not valiant, and is afraid of robbers and tempests. I have no one to be remembered to in England, and wish to hear nothing from it, but that you are well, and a letter or two on business from Hanson, whom you may tell to write. I will write when I can, and beg you to believe me,

"Your affectionate son,

"BYRON."

TO MR. HENRY DRURY.

“Salsette frigate, May 3, 1810.

“My dear Drury,—When I left England, nearly a year ago, you requested me to write to you—I will do so. I have crossed Portugal, traversed the south of Spain, visited Sardinia, Sicily, Malta, and thence passed into Turkey, where I am still wandering. I first landed in Albania, the ancient Epirus, where we penetrated as far as Mount Tomarit—excellently treated by the chief, Ali Pacha,—and, after journeying through Illyria, Chaonia, etc., crossed the Gulf of Actium, with a guard of fifty Albanians, and passed the Achelous in our route through Acarnania and Ætolia. We stopped a short time in the Morea, crossed the Gulf of Lepanto, and landed at the foot of Parnassus;—saw all that Delphi retains, and so on to Thebes and Athens, at which last we remained ten weeks.

“His Majesty’s ship, Pylades, brought us to Smyrna; but not before we had topographised Attica, including, of course, Marathon and the Sunian promontory. From Smyrna to the Troad (which we visited when at anchor, for a fortnight, off the tomb of Antilochus) was our next stage; and now we are in the Dardanelles, waiting for a wind to proceed to Constantinople.

“This morning I *swam* from *Sestos* to *Abydos*. The immediate distance is not above a mile, but the current renders it hazardous;—so much so that I doubt whether Leander’s conjugal affection must not have been a little chilled in his passage to Paradise. I attempted it a week ago, and failed,—owing to the north wind, and the wonderful rapidity of the tide,—though I have been from my childhood a strong swimmer. But, this morning being calmer, I succeeded, and crossed the ‘broad Hellespont’ in an hour and ten minutes.

“Well, my dear sir, I have left my home, and seen part of Africa and Asia, and a tolerable portion of Europe. I have been with generals and admirals, princes and pashas, governors and ungovernables,—but I have not time or

paper to expatiate. I wish to let you know that I live with a friendly remembrance of you, and a hope to meet you again; and if I do this as shortly as possible, attribute it to any thing but forgetfulness.

"Greece, ancient and modern, you know too well to require description. Albania, indeed, I have seen more of than any Englishman (except a Mr. Leake), for it is a country rarely visited, from the savage character of the natives, though abounding in more natural beauties than the classical regions of Greece,—which, however, are still eminently beautiful, particularly Delphi and Cape Colonna in Attica. Yet these are nothing to parts of Illyria and Epirus, where places without a name, and rivers not laid down in maps, may, one day, when more known, be justly esteemed superior subjects, for the pencil and the pen, to the dry ditch of the Ilissus and the bogs of Bœotia.

"The Troad is a fine field for conjecture and snipe-shooting, and a good sportsman and an ingenious scholar may exercise their feet and faculties to great advantage upon the spot;—or, if they prefer riding, lose their way (as I did) in a cursed quagmire of the Scamander, who wriggles about as if the Dardan virgins still offered their wonted tribute. The only vestige of Troy, or her destroyers, are the barrows supposed to contain the carcasses of Achilles, Antilochus, Ajax, etc.;—but Mount Ida is still in high feather, though the shepherds are now-a-days not much like Ganymede. But why should I say more of these things? are they not written in the *Boke of Gell*?* and has not Hobhouse got a journal? I keep none, as I have renounced scribbling.

"I see not much difference between ourselves and the Turks, save that we have . . . and they have none—that they have long dresses, and we short, and that we talk much, and they little. They are sensible people. Ali Pacha told me he was sure I was a man of rank, because I had *small ears* and *hands*, and *curling hair*. By-the-bye, I speak the Romaic, or modern Greek, tolerably. It does

* Sir William Gell's "Topography of Troy and its Vicinity."

not differ from the ancient dialects so much as you would conceive; but the pronunciation is diametrically opposite. Of verse, except in rhyme, they have no idea.

"I like the Greeks, who are plausible rascals,—with all the Turkish vices, without their courage. However, some are brave, and all are beautiful, very much resembling the busts of Alcibiades;—the women not quite so handsome. I can swear in Turkish; but, except one horrible oath, and 'pimp,' and 'bread,' and 'water,' I have got no great vocabulary in that language. They are extremely polite to strangers of any rank, properly protected; and as I have two servants and two soldiers, we get on with great *éclat*. We have been occasionally in danger of thieves, and once of shipwreck,—but always escaped.

"Of Spain I sent some account to our Hodgson, but have subsequently written to no one, save notes to relations and lawyers, to keep them out of my premises. I mean to give up all connection, on my return, with many of my best friends—as I supposed them—and to snarl all my life. But I hope to have one good-humoured laugh with you, and to embrace Dwyer, and pledge Hodgson, before I commence cynicism.

"Tell Dr. Butler I am now writing with the gold pen he gave me before I left England, which is the reason my scrawl is more unintelligible than usual. I have been at Athens, and seen plenty of these reeds for scribbling, some of which he refused to bestow upon me, because topographic Gell had brought them from Attica. But I will not describe,—no—you must be satisfied with simple detail till my return, and then we will unfold the flood-gates of colloquy. I am in a thirty-six gun frigate, going up to fetch Bob Adair from Constantinople, who will have the honour to carry this letter.

"And so Hobhouse's *broke* is out,* with some sentimental sing-song of my own to fill up,—and how does it take, eh? and where the devil is the second edition of my Satire, with additions? and my name on the title-page? and more lines

* The Miscellany.

tagged to the end, with a new exordium and what not, hot from my anvil before I cleared the Channel? The Mediterranean and the Atlantic roll between me and criticism; and the thunders of the Hyperborean Review are deafened by the roar of the Hellespont.

"Remember me to Claridge, if not translated to college, and present to Hodgson assurances of my high consideration. Now, you will ask, what shall I do next? and I answer, I do not know. I may return in a few months, but I have intents and projects after visiting Constantinople.—Hobhouse, however, will probably be back in September.

"On the 2nd of July we have left Albion one year—'oblitus meorum obliviscendus et ellis.' I was sick of my own country, and not much prepossessed in favour of any other; but I 'drag on my chain' without 'lengthening it at each remove.* I am like the Jolly Miller, caring for nobody, and not cared for. All countries are much the same in my eyes. I smoke, and stare at mountains, and twirl my mustachios very independently. I miss no comforts, and the mosquitoes that rack the morbid frame of H. have, luckily for me, little effect on mine, because I live more temperately.

"I omitted Ephesus in my catalogue, which I visited during my sojourn at Smyrna; but the Temple has almost perished, and St. Paul need not trouble himself to epistolise the present brood of Ephesians, who have converted a large church built entirely of marble into a mosque, and I don't know that the edifice looks the worse for it.

"My paper is full, and my ink ebbing—good afternoon! If you address to me at Malta, the letter will be forwarded wherever I may be. H. greets you; he pines for his poetry,—at least, some tidings of it. I almost forgot to tell you that I am dying for love of three Greek girls at Athens, sisters. I lived in the same house. Teresa, Mariana, and Katinka, are the names of these divinities,—all of them under fifteen. Your *ταπεινοτατος δουλος*,

"BYRON."

* "And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

TO MRS. BYRON.

"Constantinople, June 28, 1810.

"Dear Mother,—Mr. Hobhouse, who will forward or deliver this, and is on his return to England, can inform you of our different movements, but I am very uncertain as to my own return. He will probably be down in Notts. some time or other; but Fletcher, whom I send back as an incumbrance (English servants are sad travellers), will supply his place in the interim, and describe our travels, which have been tolerably extensive.

"I remember Mahmout Pacha, the grandson of Ali Pacha, at Yanina (a little fellow of ten years of age, with large black eyes, which our ladies would purchase at any price, and those regular features which distinguish the Turks), asked me how I came to travel so young, without anybody to take care of me. This question was put by the little man with all the gravity of threescore. I cannot now write copiously; I have only time to tell you that I have passed many a fatiguing, but never a tedious moment; and all that I am afraid of is that I shall contract a gipsy-like wandering disposition, which will make home tiresome to me: this, I am told, is very common with men in the habit of peregrination, and, indeed, I feel it so. On the 3rd of May I swam from Sestos to Abydos. You know the story of Leander, but I had no Hero to receive me at landing.

"I have been in all the principal mosques by the virtue of a firman: this is a favour rarely permitted to infidels, but the ambassador's departure obtained it for us. I have been up the Bosphorus into the Black Sea, round the walls of the city, and, indeed, I know more of it by sight than I do of London. I hope to amuse you some winter's evening with the details, but at present you must excuse me;—I am not able to write long letters in June. I return to spend my summer in Greece. I write often, but you must not be alarmed when you do not receive my letters; consider we have no regular post farther than Malta, where I beg you will in future send your letters.

“Fletcher is a poor creature, and requires comforts that I can dispense with. He is very sick of his travels, but you must not believe his account of the country. He sighs for ale, and idleness, and a wife, and the devil knows what besides. I have not been disappointed or disgusted. I have lived with the highest and the lowest. I have been for days in a Pacha's palace, and have passed many a night in a cow-house, and I find the people inoffensive and kind. I have also passed some time with the principal Greeks in the Morea and Livadia, and, though inferior to the Turks, they are better than the Spaniards, who, in their turn, excel the Portuguese. Of Constantinople you will find many descriptions in different travels; but Lady Mary Wortley errs strangely when she says, ‘St. Paul's would cut a strange figure by St. Sophia's.’ I have been in both, surveyed them inside and out attentively. St. Sophia's is undoubtedly the most interesting from its immense antiquity, and the circumstance of all the Greek emperors, from Justinian, having been crowned there, and several murdered at the altar, besides the Turkish sultans who attend it regularly. But it is inferior in beauty and size to some of the mosques, particularly ‘Soleyman,’ etc., and not to be mentioned in the same page with St. Paul's (I speak like a *Cockney*). However, I prefer the Gothic cathedral of Seville to St. Paul's, St. Sophia's, and any religious building I have ever seen.

“The walls of the Seraglio are like the walls of Newstead gardens, only higher, and much in the same *order*; but the ride by the walls of the city, on the land side, is beautiful. Imagine four miles of immense triple battlements, covered with ivy, surmounted with 218 towers, and, on the other side of the road, Turkish burying-grounds (the loveliest spots on earth), full of enormous cypresses. I have seen the ruins of Athens, of Ephesus, and Delphi. I have traversed great part of Turkey, and many other parts of Europe, and some of Asia; but I never beheld a work of nature or art which yielded an impression like the prospect on each side from the Seven Towers to the end of the Golden Horn.

“Now for England. I am glad to hear of the progress of ‘English Bards,’ etc. Of course, you observed I have made great additions to the new edition. Have you received my picture from Sanders, Vigo Lane, London? It was finished and paid for long before I left England: pray send for it. You seem to be a mighty reader of magazines: where do you pick up all this intelligence, quotations, etc., etc.? Though I was happy to obtain my seat without the assistance of Lord Carlisle, I had no measures to keep with a man who declined interfering as my relation on that occasion, and I have done with him, though I regret distressing Mrs. Leigh, poor thing!—I hope she is happy.

“It is my opinion that Mr. B—— ought to marry Miss R——. Our first duty is not to do evil; but, alas! that is impossible: our next is to repair it, if in our power. The girl is his equal: if she were his inferior, a sum of money and provision for the child would be some, though a poor, compensation: as it is, he should marry her. I will have no gay deceivers on my estate, and I shall not allow my tenants a privilege I do not permit myself—*that* of debauching each other’s daughters. God knows, I have been guilty of many excesses; but, as I have laid down a resolution to reform, and lately kept it, I expect this Lothario to follow the example, and begin by restoring this girl to society, or, by the beard of my father! he shall hear of it. Pray take some notice of Robert, who will miss his master; poor boy, he was very unwilling to return. I trust you are well and happy. It will be a pleasure to hear from you.

“Believe me, yours very sincerely,

“BYRON.

“P.S.—How is Joe Murray?

“P.S.—I open my letter again to tell you that Fletcher having petitioned to accompany me into the Morea, I have taken him with me, contrary to the intention expressed in my letter.”

To MR. HODGSON.

“ Patras, Morea, October 3, 1810.

“ As I have just escaped from a physician and a fever, which confined me five days to bed, you won't expect much 'allegrezza' in the ensuing letter. In this place there is an indigenous distemper, which, when the wind blows from the Gulf of Corinth (as it does five months out of six), attacks great and small, and makes woful work with visitors. Here be also two physicians, one of whom trusts to his genius (never having studied)—the other to a campaign of eighteen months against the sick of Otranto, which he made in his youth with great effect.

“ When I was seized with my disorder, I protested against both these assassins;—but what can a helpless, feverish, toast-and-watered poor wretch do? In spite of my teeth and tongue, the English consul, my Tartar, Albanians, dragoman, forced a physician upon me, and in three days vomited and glystered me to the last gasp. In this state I made my epitaph—take it:—

“ Youth, Nature, and relenting Jove,
To keep my lamp *in* strongly strove :
But Romanelli was so stout,
He beat all three—and *blew it out*.

But Nature and Jove, being piqued at my doubts, did, in fact, at last, beat Romanelli, and here I am, well but weakly, at your service.

“ Since I left Constantinople, I have made a tour of the Morea, and visited Velej Pacha, who paid me great honours, and gave me a pretty stallion. H. is doubtless in England before even the date of this letter:—he bears a dispatch from me to your bardship. He writes to me from Malta, and requests my journal, if I keep one. I have none, or he should have it; but I have replied in a consolatory and exhortatory epistle, praying him to abate three-and-sixpence in the price of his next boke, seeing that half-a-guinea is a price not to be given for anything save an opera ticket.

“As for England, it is long since I have heard from it. Every one at all connected with my concerns is asleep, and you are my only correspondent, agents excepted. I have really no friends in the world; though all my old school companions are gone forth into that world, and walk about there in monstrous disguises, in the garb of guardsmen, lawyers, parsons, fine gentlemen, and such other masquerade dresses. So, I here shake hands and cut with all these busy people, none of whom write to me. Indeed I ask it not;—and here I am, a poor traveller and heathenish philosopher, who hath perambulated the greatest part of the Levant, and seen a great quantity of very improvable land and sea, and, after all, am no better than when I set out—Lord help me!

“I have been out fifteen months this very day, and I believe my concerns will draw me to England soon; but of this I will apprise you regularly from Malta. On all points Hobhouse will inform you, if you are curious as to our adventures. I have seen some old English papers up to the 15th of May. I see the ‘Lady of the Lake’ advertised. Of course it is in his old ballad style, and pretty. After all, Scott is the best of them. The end of all scribblement is to amuse, and he certainly succeeds there. I long to read his new romance.

“And how does ‘Sir Edgar?’ and your friend Bland? I suppose you are involved in some literary squabble. The only way is to despise all brothers of the quill. I suppose you won’t allow me to be an author, but I contemn you all, you dogs!—I do.

“You don’t know Dallas, do you? He had a farce ready for the stage before I left England, and asked me for a prologue, which I promised, but sailed in such a hurry I never penned a couplet. I am afraid to ask after his drama, for fear it should be damned—Lord forgive me for using such a word! but the pit, sir, you know the pit—they will do those things in spite of merit. I remember this farce from a curious circumstance. When Drury Lane was burnt to the ground, by which accident Sheridan and

his son lost the few remaining shillings they were worth, what doth my friend Dallas do? Why, before the fire was out, he writes a note to Tom Sheridan, the manager of this combustible concern, to inquire whether this farce was not converted into fuel with about two thousand other unactable manuscripts, which of course were in great peril, if not actually consumed. Now was not this characteristic?—the ruling passions of Pope are nothing to it. Whilst the poor distracted manager was bewailing the loss of a building only worth £300,000, together with some twenty thousand pounds of rags and tinsel in the tiring rooms, Bluebeard's elephants, and all that—in comes a note from a scorching author, requiring at his hands two acts and odd scenes of a farce!

“Dear H., remind Drury that I am his well-wisher, and let Scrope Davies be well affected towards me. I look forward to meeting you at Newstead, and renewing our old champagne evenings with all the glee of anticipation. I have written by every opportunity, and expect responses as regular as those of the liturgy, and somewhat longer. As it is impossible for a man in his senses to hope for happy days, let us at least look forward to merry ones, which come nearest to the other in appearance, if not in reality; and in such expectations I remain,” etc.

TO MRS. BYRON.

“Athens, January 14, 1811.

“My dear Madam,—I seize an occasion to write as usual, shortly, but frequently, as the arrival of letters, where there exists no regular communication, is, of course, very precarious. I have lately made several small tours of some hundred or two miles about the Morea, Attica, etc., as I have finished my grand giro by the Troad, Constantinople, etc., and am returned down again to Athens. I believe I have mentioned to you more than once that I swam (in imitation of Leander, though without his lady) across the

Hellespont, from Sestos to Abydos. Of this, and all other particulars, Fletcher, whom I have sent home with papers, etc., will apprise you. I cannot find that he is any loss; being tolerably master of the Italian and modern Greek languages, which last I am also studying with a master, I can order and discourse more than enough for a reasonable man. Besides, the perpetual lamentations after beef and beer, the stupid, bigoted contempt for everything foreign, and insurmountable incapacity of acquiring even a few words of any language, rendered him, like all other English servants, an incumbrance. I do assure you, the plague of speaking for him, the comforts he required (more than myself by far), the pilaws (a Turkish dish of rice and meat) which he could not eat, the wines which he could not drink, the beds where he could not sleep, and the long list of calamities, such as stumbling horses, want of *tea*!!! etc., which assailed him, would have made a lasting source of laughter to a spectator, and inconvenience to a master. After all, the man is honest enough, and, in Christendom, capable enough; but in Turkey, Lord forgive me! my Albanian soldiers, my Tartars and Janissary, worked for him and us too, as my friend Hobhouse can testify.

“It is probable I may steer homewards in spring; but to enable me to do that, I must have remittances. My own funds would have lasted me very well; but I was obliged to assist a friend, who, I know, will pay me; but, in the meantime, I am out of pocket. At present, I do not care to venture a winter's voyage, even if I were otherwise tired of travelling; but I am so convinced of the advantages of looking at mankind instead of reading about them, and the bitter effects of staying at home with all the narrow prejudices of an islander, that I think there should be a law amongst us, to set our young men abroad, for a term, among the few allies our wars have left us.

“Here I see and have conversed with French, Italians, Germans, Danes, Greeks, Turks, Americans, etc., etc., etc.; and without losing sight of my own, I can judge of the countries and manners of others. Where I see the

superiority of England (which, by-the-bye, we are a good deal mistaken about in many things), I am pleased, and where I find her inferior, I am at least enlightened. Now, I might have stayed, smoked in your towns, or fogged in your country, a century, without being sure of this, and without acquiring anything more useful or amusing at home. I keep no journal, nor have I any intention of scribbling my travels. I have done with authorship, and if, in my last production, I have convinced the critics of the world I was something more than they took me for, I am satisfied; nor will I hazard *that reputation* by a future effort. It is true I have some others in manuscript, but I leave them for those who come after me; and, if deemed worth publishing, they may serve to prolong my memory when I myself shall cease to remember. I have a famous Bavarian artist taking some views of Athens, etc., etc., for me. This will be better than scribbling, a disease I hope myself cured of. I hope, on my return, to lead a quiet, recluse life, but God knows and does best for us all; at least, so they say, and I have nothing to object, as, on the whole, I have no reason to complain of my lot. I am convinced, however, that men do more harm to themselves than ever the devil could do to them. I trust this will find you well, and as happy as we can be; you will, at least, be pleased to hear I am so, and yours ever."

TO MRS. BYRON.

"Volage frigate, at sea, June 25, 1811.

"Dear Mother,—This letter, which will be forwarded on our arrival at Portsmouth, probably about the 4th of July, is begun about twenty-three days after our departure from Malta. I have just been two years (to a day, on the 2nd of July) absent from England, and I return to it with much the same feelings which prevailed on my departure—viz., indifference; but within that apathy I certainly do not comprise yourself, as I will prove by every means in

my power. You will be good enough to get my apartments ready at Newstead; but don't disturb yourself, on any account, particularly mine, nor consider me in any other light than as a visitor. I must only inform you that for a long time I have been restricted to an entire vegetable diet, neither fish nor flesh coming within my regimen; so I expect a powerful stock of potatoes, greens, and biscuit: I drink no wine. I have two servants, middle-aged men, and both Greeks. It is my intention to proceed first to town, to see Mr. Hanson, and thence to Newstead, on my way to Rochdale. I have only to beg you will not forget my diet, which it is very necessary for me to observe. I am well in health, as I have generally been, with the exception of two agues, both of which I quickly got over.

“My plans will so much depend on circumstances, that I shall not venture to lay down an opinion on the subject. My prospects are not very promising, but I suppose we shall wrestle through life like our neighbours; indeed, by Hanson's last advices, I have some apprehension of finding Newstead dismantled by Messrs. Brothers, etc., and he seems determined to force me into selling it, but he will be baffled. I don't suppose I shall be much pestered with visitors; but if I am, you must receive them, for I am determined to have nobody breaking in upon my retirement: you know that I never was fond of society, and I am less so than before. I have brought you a shawl, and a quantity of attar of roses, but these I must smuggle, if possible. I trust to find my library in tolerable order.

“Fletcher is no doubt arrived. I shall separate the mill from Mr. B——'s farm, for his son is too gay a deceiver to inherit both, and place Fletcher in it, who has served me faithfully, and whose wife is a good woman; besides, it is necessary to sober young Mr. B——, or he will people the parish with bastards. In a word, if he had seduced a dairy-maid, he might have found something like an apology; but the girl is his equal, and in high life or low life reparation is made in such circumstances. But I shall not interfere further than (like Buonaparte) by dismembering

Mr. B.'s *kingdom*, and erecting part of it into a principality for field-marshal Fletcher! I hope you govern my little *empire* and its sad load of national debt with a wary hand. To drop my metaphor, I beg leave to subscribe myself,—
Yours ever,

“BYRON.”

“P.S. July 14.—This letter was written to be sent from Portsmouth, but, on arriving there, the squadron was ordered to the Nore, from whence I shall forward it. This I have not done before, supposing you might be alarmed by the interval mentioned in the letter being longer than expected between our arrival in port and my appearance at Newstead.”

TO MR. SCROPE DAVIES.

“Newstead Abbey, August 7, 1811.

“My dearest Davies,—Some curse hangs over me and mine. My mother lies a corpse in this house; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch. What can I say, or think, or do? I received a letter from him the day before yesterday. My dear Scrope, if you can spare a moment, do come down to me—I want a friend, Matthews's last letter was written on *Friday*—on Saturday he was not. In ability, who was like Matthews? How did we all shrink before him? You do me but justice in saying, I would have risked my paltry existence to have preserved his. This very evening did I mean to write, inviting him, as I invite you, my very dear friend, to visit me. God forgive — for his apathy! What will our poor Hobhouse feel? His letters breathe but of Matthews. Come to me, Scrope, I am almost desolate—left almost alone in the world—I had but you, and H., and M., and let me enjoy the survivors whilst I can. Poor M., in his letter of Friday, speaks of his intended contest for Cambridge, and a speedy journey to London. Write or come, but come if you can, or one or both.

“Yours ever.”

TO MR. HODGSON.

“Newstead Abbey, August 22, 1811.

“You may have heard of the sudden death of my mother, and poor Matthews, which, with that of Wingfield (of which I was not fully aware till just before I left town, and indeed hardly believed it), has made a sad chasm in my connections. Indeed, the blows followed each other so rapidly that I am yet stupid from the shock; and though I do eat, and drink, and talk, and even laugh, at times, yet I can hardly persuade myself that I am awake, did not every morning convince me mournfully to the contrary.—I shall now waive the subject,—the dead are at rest, and none but the dead can be so.

“You will feel for poor Hobhouse,—Matthews was the ‘god of his idolatry;’ and if intellect could exalt a man above his fellows, no one could refuse him pre-eminence. I knew him most intimately, and valued him proportionably; but I am recurring—so let us talk of life and the living.

“If you should feel a disposition to come here, you will find ‘beef and a sea-coal fire,’ and not ungenerous wine. Whether Otway’s two other requisites for an Englishman or not, I cannot tell, but probably one of them.*—Let me know when I may expect you, that I may tell you when I go and when return. I have not yet been to Lancs. Davics has been here, and has invited me to Cambridge for a week in October, so that, peradventure, we may encounter glass to glass. His gaiety (death cannot mar it) has done me service; but, after all, ours was a hollow laughter.

“You will write to me? I am solitary, and I never felt solitude irksome before. Your anxiety about the critique on ——’s book is amusing; as it was anonymous, certes it was of little consequence: I wish it had produced a little more confusion, being a lover of literary malice. Are you

* “Give but an Englishman his —e and ease,
Beef and a sea-coal fire, he’s yours for ever.”

Venice Preserved, act ii. sc. 2.

doing nothing? writing nothing? printing nothing? why not your Satire on Methodism? the subject (supposing the public to be blind to merit) would do wonders. Besides, it would be as well for a destined deacon to prove his orthodoxy.—It really would give me pleasure to see you properly appreciated. I say *really*, as, being an author, my humanity might be suspected.

“ Believe me, dear H., yours always.”

TO MR. DALLAS.

“ Newstead, August 21, 1811.

“ Your letter gives me credit for more acute feelings than I possess; for though I feel tolerably miserable, yet I am at the same time subject to a kind of hysterical merriment, or rather laughter without merriment, which I can neither account for nor conquer, and yet I do not feel relieved by it; but an indifferent person would think me in excellent spirits. ‘ We must forget these things,’ and have recourse to our old selfish comforts, or rather comfortable selfishness. I do not think I shall return to London immediately, and shall therefore accept freely what is offered courteously—your mediation between me and Murray. I don’t think my name will answer the purpose, and you must be aware that my plaguy Satire will bring the north and south Grub Streets down upon the ‘ Pilgrimage;’—but, nevertheless, if Murray makes a point of it, and you coincide with him, I will do it daringly; so let it be entitled ‘ By the author of English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.’ My remarks on the Romaic, etc., once intended to accompany the ‘ Hints from Horace,’ shall go along with the other, as being indeed more appropriate; also the smaller poems now in my possession, with a few selected from those published in Hobhouse’s Miscellany. I have found amongst my poor mother’s papers all my letters from the East, and one in particular of some length from Albania. From this, if necessary, I can work up a note or two on that subject.

As I kept no journal, the letters written on the spot are the best. But of this anon, when we have definitively arranged.

"Has Murray shown the work to any one? He may—but I will have no traps for applause. Of course there are little things I would wish to alter, and perhaps the two stanzas of a buffooning cast on London's Sunday are as well left out. I much wish to avoid identifying Childe Harold's character with mine, and that, in sooth, is my second objection to my name appearing in the title-page. When you have made arrangements as to time, size, type, etc., favour me with a reply. I am giving you an universe of trouble, which thanks cannot atone for. I made a kind of prose apology for my scepticism at the head of the MS., which, on recollection, is so much more like an attack than a defence, that, haply, it might better be omitted:—perpend, pronounce. After all, I fear Murray will be in a scrape with the orthodox; but I cannot help it, though I wish him well through it. As for me, 'I have supped full of criticism,' and I don't think that the 'most dismal treatise' will stir and rouse my 'fell of hair' till 'Birnam wood do come to Dunsinane.'

"I shall continue to write at intervals, and hope you will pay me in kind. How does Pratt get on, or rather get off, Joe Blackett's posthumous stock? You killed that poor man amongst you, in spite of your Ionian friend* and myself, who would have saved him from Pratt, poetry, present poverty, and posthumous oblivion. Cruel patronage! to ruin a man at his calling; but then he is a divine subject for subscription and biography; and Pratt, who makes the most of his dedications, has inscribed the volume to no less than five families of distinction.

* Walter Rodwell Wright, author of "*Horæ Ionicæ*," a poem, descriptive of the Ionian Islands, and the neighbouring coast of Greece:—

"Wright! 'twas thy happy lot at once to view
Those shores of glory, and to sing them too;
And sure no common muse inspired thy pen
To hail the laud of gods and godlike men."

English Bards, etc. Works, p. 434.

"I am sorry you don't like Harry White ; with a great deal of cant, which in him was sincere (indeed it killed him as you killed Joe Blackett), certes there is poesy and genius. I don't say this on account of my simile and rhymes ; but surely he was beyond all the Bloomfields and Blacketts, and their collateral cobblers, whom Lofft and Pratt have or may kidnap from their calling into the service of the trade. You must excuse my flippancy, for I am writing I know not what, to escape from myself. Hobhouse is gone to Ireland. Mr. Davies has been here on his way to Harrowgate.

"You did not know Matthews : he was a man of the most astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cambridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships, against the ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record ; but a most decided atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies. I knew him well, and feel a loss not easily to be supplied to myself—to Hobhouse never. Let me hear from you, and believe me," etc.

The progress towards publication of his two forthcoming works will be traced in his letters to Mr. Murray and Mr. Dallas.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Newstead Abbey, Notts., Sept. 5, 1811.

"Sir,—The time seems to be past when (as Dr. Johnson said) a man was certain to 'hear the truth from his bookseller,' for you have paid me so many compliments, that, if I was not the veriest scribbler on earth, I should feel affronted. As I accept your compliments, it is but fair I should give equal or greater credit to your objections, the more so, as I believe them to be well founded. With regard to the political and metaphysical parts, I am afraid I can alter nothing ; but I have high authority for my errors in that point, for even the *Æneid* was a *political*

poem, and written for a *political* purpose; and as to my unlucky opinions on subjects of more importance, I am too sincere in them for recantation. On Spanish affairs I have said what I saw, and every day confirms me in that notion of the result formed on the spot; and I rather think honest John Bull is beginning to come round again to that sobriety which Massena's retreat had begun to reel from its centre—the usual consequence of *unusual* success. So you perceive I cannot alter the sentiments; but if there are any alterations in the structure of the versification you would wish to be made, I will tag rhymes and turn stanzas as much as you please. As for the '*orthodox*,' let us hope they will buy, on purpose to abuse—you will forgive the one, if they will do the other. You are aware that anything from my pen must expect no quarter, on many accounts; and as the present publication is of a nature very different from the former, we must not be sanguine.

“You have given me no answer to my question—tell me fairly, did you show the MS. to some of your corps?—I sent an introductory stanza to Mr. Dallas, to be forwarded to you; the poem else will open too abruptly. The stanzas had better be numbered in Roman characters. There is a disquisition on the literature of the modern Greeks, and some smaller poems to come in at the close. These are now at Newstead, but will be sent in time. If Mr. D. has lost the stanza and note annexed to it, write, and I will send it myself.—You tell me to add two cantos, but I am about to visit my *collieries* in Lancashire on the 15th instant, which is so unpoetical an employment that I need say no more. I am, sir, your most obedient,” etc.

TO MR. DALLAS.

“Newstead Abbey, Sept. 17, 1811.

“I can easily excuse your not writing, as you have, I hope, something better to do, and you must pardon my frequent invasions on your attention, because I have at this moment nothing to interpose between you and my epistles.

"I cannot settle to anything, and my days pass, with the exception of bodily exercise to some extent, with uniform indolence, and idle insipidity. I have been expecting, and still expect, my agent, when I shall have enough to occupy my reflections in business of no very pleasant aspect. Before my journey to Rochdale, you shall have due notice where to address me—I believe at the post-office of that township. From Murray I received a second proof of the same pages, which I requested him to show you, that anything which may have escaped my observation may be detected before the printer lays the corner-stone of an *errata* column.

"I am now not quite alone, having an old acquaintance and school-fellow with me, so *old*, indeed, that we have nothing *new* to say on any subject, and yawn at each other in a sort of *quiet inquietude*. I hear nothing from Cawthorn, or Captain Hobhouse; and *their quarto*—Lord have mercy on mankind! We come on like Cerberus with our triple publications. As for *myself*, by *myself*, I must be satisfied with a comparison to *Janus*.

"I am not at all pleased with Murray for showing the MS.; and I am certain Gifford must see it in the same light that I do. His praise is nothing to the purpose: what could he say? He could not spit in the face of one who had praised him in every possible way. I must own that I wish to have the impression removed from his mind, that I had any concern in such a paltry transaction. The more I think, the more it disquiets me; so I will say no more about it. It is bad enough to be a scribbler, without having recourse to such shifts to extort praise, or deprecate censure. It is anticipating, it is begging, kneeling, adulating,—the devil! the devil! the devil! and all without my wish, and contrary to my express desire. I wish Murray had been tied to *Payne's* neck when he jumped into the Paddington Canal,* and so tell him,—*that* is the proper

* In a note on his "Hints from Horace," he thus humorously applies this incident:—

"A literary friend of mine walking out one lovely evening last summer on the eleventh bridge of the Paddington canal, was alarmed

receptacle for publishers. You have thoughts of settling in the country, why not try Notts. ? I think there are places which would suit you in all points, and then you are nearer the metropolis. But of this anon.

“I am, yours, etc.

“BYRON.”

TO MRS. HODGSON.

“London, December 8, 1811.

“I sent you a sad Tale of Three Friars the other day, and now take a dose in another style. I wrote it a day or two ago, on hearing a song of former days.

“‘Away, away, ye notes of woe,’ etc., etc.

“I have gotten a book by Sir W. Drummond (printed, but not published), entitled *Œdipus Judaicus*, in which he attempts to prove the greater part of the Old Testament an allegory, particularly Genesis and Joshua. He professes himself a theist in the preface, and handles the literal interpretation very roughly. I wish you could see it. Mr. W—— has lent it me, and I confess to me it is worth fifty Watsons.

by the cry of ‘One in jeopardy!’ He rushed along, collected a body of Irish haymakers (supping on buttermilk in an adjoining paddock), procured three rakes, one eel spear, and a landing-net, and at last (*horresco referens*) pulled out—his own publisher. The unfortunate man was gone for ever, and so was a large quarto wherewith he had taken the leap, which proved, on inquiry, to have been Mr. Southey’s last work. Its ‘alacidity of sinking’ was so great, that it has never since been heard of, though some maintain that it is at this moment concealed at Alderman Birch’s pastry-premises, Cornhill. Be this as it may, the coroner’s inquest brought in a verdict of ‘Felo de Bibliopolâ’ against a ‘quarto unknown,’ and circumstantial evidence being since strong against the ‘Curse of Kehama’ (of which the above words are an exact description), it will be tried by its peers next session in Grub Street. Arthur, Alfred, Davideis, Richard Cœur de Lion, Exodus, Exodiad, Epigoniad, Calvary, Fall of Cambria, Siege of Acre, Don Roderick, and Tom Thumb the Great, are the names of the twelve jurors. The judges are Pye, Bowles, and the bellman of St. Sepulchre’s.”

“You and Harness must fix on the time for your visit to Newstead; I can command mine at your wish, unless anything particular occurs in the interim. Bland dines with me on Tuesday to meet Moore. Coleridge has attacked the ‘Pleasures of Hope,’ and all other pleasures whatsoever. Mr. Rogers was present, and heard himself indirectly *rowed* by the lecturer. We are going in a party to hear the new Art of Poetry by this reformed schismatic; and were I one of these poetical luminaries, or of sufficient consequence to be noticed by the man of lectures, I should not hear him without an answer. For you know, ‘an a man will be beaten with brains, he shall never keep a clean doublet.’ Campbell will be desperately annoyed. I never saw a man (and of him I have seen very little) so sensitive;—what a happy temperament! I am sorry for it; what can *he* fear from criticism? I don’t know if Bland has seen Miller, who was to call on him yesterday.

“To-day is the Sabbath,—a day I never pass pleasantly, but at Cambridge; and, even there, the organ is a sad remembrancer. Things are stagnant enough in town; as long as they don’t retrograde, ’tis all very well. Hobhouse writes and writes and writes, and is an author. I do nothing but eschew tobacco. I wish parliament were assembled, that I may hear, and perhaps some day be heard;—but on this point I am not very sanguine. I have many plans;—sometimes I think of the East again, and dearly beloved Greece. I am well, but weakly. Yesterday Kinnaird told me I looked very ill, and sent me home happy.

“Is Scrope still interesting and invalid? And how does Hinde with his cursed chemistry? To Harness I have written, and he has written, and we have all written, and have nothing now to do but write again, till death splits up the pen and the scribbler.

“The Alfred has three hundred and fifty-four candidates for six vacancies. The cook has run away and left us liable, which makes our committee very plaintive. Master Brook, our head serving-man, has the gout, and our new

cook is none of the best. I speak from report,—for what is cookery to a leguminous-eating ascetic? So now you know as much of the matter as I do. Books and quiet are still there, and they may dress their dishes in their own way for me. Let me know your determination as to Newstead, and believe me,—Yours ever,

“Μπαρϖων.”

TO LORD HOLLAND.

“8, St. James's Street, February 25, 1812.

“My Lord,—With my best thanks, I have the honour to return the Notts. letter to your Lordship. I have read it with attention, but do not think I shall venture to avail myself of its contents, as my view of the question differs in some measure from Mr. Coldham's. I hope I do not wrong him, but *his* objections to the bill appear to me to be founded on certain apprehensions that he and his coadjutors might be mistaken for the ‘*original advisers*’ (to quote him) of the measure. For my own part, I consider the manufacturers as a much injured body of men, sacrificed to the views of certain individuals who have enriched themselves by those practices which have deprived the frame-workers of employment. For instance;—by the adoption of a certain kind of frame, one man performs the work of seven—six are thus thrown out of business. But it is to be observed that the work thus done is far inferior in quality, hardly marketable at home, and hurried over with a view to exportation. Surely, my Lord, however we may rejoice in any improvement in the arts which may be beneficial to mankind, we must not allow mankind to be sacrificed to improvements in mechanism. The maintenance and well-doing of the industrious poor is an object of greater consequence to the community than the enrichment of a few monopolists by any improvement in the implements of trade, which deprives the workman of his bread, and renders the labourer “unworthy of his hire.” My own motive for opposing the bill is founded on its palpable

injustice, and its certain inefficacy. I have seen the state of these miserable men, and it is a disgrace to a civilised country. Their excesses may be condemned, but cannot be subject of wonder. The effect of the present bill would be to drive them into actual rebellion. The few words I shall venture to offer on Thursday will be founded upon these opinions formed from my own observations on the spot. By previous inquiry, I am convinced these men would have been restored to employment, and the county to tranquillity. It is, perhaps, not yet too late, and is surely worth the trial. It can never be too late to employ force in such circumstances. I believe your Lordship does not coincide with me entirely on this subject, and most cheerfully and sincerely shall I submit to your superior judgment and experience, and take some other line of argument against the bill, or be silent altogether, should you deem it more advisable. Condemning, as every one must condemn, the conduct of these wretches, I believe in the existence of grievances which call rather for pity than punishment. I have the honour to be, with great respect, my Lord, your Lordship's

"Most obedient and obliged servant,
"BYRON."

TO LORD HOLLAND.

"St. James's Street, March 5, 1812.

"My Lord,—May I request your Lordship to accept a copy of the thing which accompanies this note? You have already so fully proved the truth of the first line of Pope's couplet,*

" 'Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,'

that I long for an opportunity to give the lie to the verse that follows. If I were not perfectly convinced that anything I may have formerly uttered in the boyish rashness of

* The couplet is Dryden's :—

"Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,
But they ne'er pardon who commit the wrong."

my misplaced resentment had made as little impression as it deserved to make, I should hardly have the confidence—perhaps your Lordship may give it a stronger and more appropriate appellation—to send you a quarto of the same scribbler. But your Lordship, I am sorry to observe to-day, is troubled with the gout; if my book can produce a *laugh* against itself or the author, it will be of some service. If it can set you to *sleep*, the benefit will be yet greater; and as some facetious personage observed half a century ago, that ‘poetry is a mere drug,’ I offer you mine as a humble assistant to the ‘eau médicinale.’ I trust you will forgive this and all my other buffooneries, and believe me to be, with great respect,

“Your Lordship’s obliged and

“Sincere servant,

“BYRON.”

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

“St. James’s Street, July 6, 1812.

“Sir,—I have just been honoured with your letter.—I feel sorry that you should have thought it worth while to notice the ‘evil works of my nonage,’ as the thing is suppressed *voluntarily*, and your explanation is too kind not to give me pain. The Satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and my wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions. I cannot sufficiently thank you for your praise; and now, waving myself, let me talk to you of the Prince Regent. He ordered me to be presented to him at a ball; and after some sayings peculiarly pleasing from royal lips, as to my own attempts, he talked to me of you and your immortalities: he preferred you to every bard past and present, and asked which of your works pleased me most. It was a difficult question. I answered, I thought the ‘Lay.’ He said his own opinion was nearly similar. In speaking of the others, I told him that I

thought you more particularly the poet of *Princes*, as *they* never appeared more fascinating than in 'Marmion' and the 'Lady of the Lake.' He was pleased to coincide, and to dwell on the description of your Jameses as no less loyal than poetical. He spoke alternately of Homer and yourself, and seemed well acquainted with both; so that (with the exception of the Turks and your humble servant) you were in very good company. I defy Murray to have exaggerated his Royal Highness's opinion of your powers, nor can I pretend to enumerate all he said on the subject; but it may give you pleasure to hear that it was conveyed in language which would only suffer by my attempting to transcribe it, and with a tone and taste which gave me a very high idea of his abilities and accomplishments, which I had hitherto considered as confined to *manners*, certainly superior to those of any living *gentleman*.

"This interview was accidental. I never went to the levee; for having seen the courts of Mussulman and Catholic sovereigns, my curiosity was sufficiently allayed; and my politics being as perverse as my rhymes, I had, in fact, 'no business there.' To be thus praised by your Sovereign must be gratifying to you; and if that gratification is not alloyed by the communication being made through me, the bearer of it will consider himself very fortunately and sincerely,

"Your obliged and obedient Servant,

"BYRON."

TO LORD HOLLAND.

"Cheltenham, September 10, 1812.

"My dear Lord,—The lines which I sketched off on your hint are still, or rather *were*, in an unfinished state, for I have just committed them to a flame more decisive than that of Drury. Under all the circumstances, I should hardly wish a contest with Philo-drama—Philo-Drury—Asbestos, H——, and all the anonyms and synonyms of

Committee candidates. Seriously, I think you have a chance of something much better; for prologuising is not my forte, and, at all events, either my pride or my modesty won't let me incur the hazard of having my rhymes buried in next month's Magazine, under 'Essays on the Murder of Mr. Perceval,' and 'Cures for the Bite of a Mad Dog,' as poor Goldsmith complained of the fate of far superior performances.*

"I am still sufficiently interested to wish to know the successful candidate; and, amongst so many, I have no doubt some will be excellent, particularly in an age when writing verse is the easiest of all attainments.

"I cannot answer your intelligence with the 'like comfort,' unless, as you are deeply theatrical, you may wish to hear of Mr. — [Betty], whose acting is, I fear, utterly inadequate to the London engagement into which the managers of Covent Garden have lately entered. His figure is fat, his features flat, his voice unmanageable, his action ungraceful, and, as Diggory† says, 'I defy him to extort that d——d muffin face of his into madness.' I was very sorry to see him in the character of the 'Elephant on the slack rope;' for, when I last saw him, I was in raptures with his performance. But then I was sixteen—an age to which all London condescended to subside. After all, much better judges have admired, and may again; but I venture to 'prognosticate a prophecy' (see the Courier), that he will not succeed.

"So, poor dear Rogers has stuck fast on 'the brow of the mighty Helvellyn'—I hope not for ever. My best respects to Lady H.:—her departure, with that of my other friends, was a sad event for me, now reduced to a state of the most cynical solitude. 'By the waters of Cheltenham I sat down and *drank*, when I remembered thee,

* "The public were more importantly employed than to observe the easy simplicity of my style, or the harmony of my periods. Sheet after sheet was thrown off to oblivion. My essays were buried among the essays upon liberty, eastern tales, and cures for the bite of a mad dog."—*Goldsmith's Misc. Works*, vol. ii. p. 105, ed. 1837.

† In the farce of "All the World's a Stage."

oh Georgiana Cottage! As for our *harps*, we hanged them up upon the willows that grew thereby. Then they said, Sing us a song of Drury Lane,' etc. ;—but I am dumb and dreary as the Israelites. The waters have disordered me to my heart's content—you *were* right, as you always are.

“Believe me, ever your obliged and affectionate servant,
“BYRON.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“4 Benedictine Street, St. James's, July 8, 1813.

“I presume by your silence that I have blundered into something noxious in my reply to your letter, for the which I beg leave to send beforehand a sweeping apology, which you may apply to any, or all, parts of that unfortunate epistle. If I err in my conjecture, I expect the like from you, in putting our correspondence so long in quarantine. God he knows what I have said; but he also knows (if he is not as indifferent to mortals as the *nonchalant* deities of Lucretius), that you are the last person I want to offend. So, if I have,—why the devil don't you say it at once, and expectorate your spleen?

“Rogers is out of town with Madame de Stael, who hath published an *Essay against Suicide*,* which, I presume, will make somebody shoot himself;—as a sermon by Blinkensop, in *proof* of Christianity, sent a hitherto most orthodox acquaintance of mine out of a chapel of ease a perfect atheist. Have you found or founded a residence yet? and have you begun or finished a poem? If you won't tell me what *I* have done, pray say what

* “Madame de Stael treats me as the person whom she most delights to honour; I am generally ordered with her to dinner, as one orders beans and bacon: she is one of the few persons who surpass expectation: she has every sort of talent, and would be universally popular, if, in society, she were to confine herself to her inferior talents—pleasantry, anecdote, and literature. I have reviewed her *Essay on Suicide* in the last Edinburgh Review: it is not one of her best, and I have accordingly said more of the author and the subject than of the work.”—SIR J. MACKINTOSH: *Life*, vol. ii. p. 264.

you have done, or left undone, yourself. I am still in equipment for voyaging, and anxious to hear from, or of, you *before* I go, which anxiety you should remove more readily, as you think I sha'n't cogitate about you afterwards. I shall give the lie to that calumny by fifty foreign letters, particularly from any place where the plague is rife, —without a drop of vinegar or a whiff of sulphur to save you from infection.

“The Oxfords have sailed almost a fortnight, and my sister is in town, which is a great comfort,—for, never having been much together, we are naturally more attached to each other. I presume the illuminations have conflagrated to Derby (or wherever you are) by this time. We are just recovering from tumult and train oil, and transparent fripperies, and all the noise and nonsense of victory. Drury Lane had a large *M.W.*, which some thought was Marshal Wellington; others, that it might be translated into Manager Whitbread; while the ladies of the vicinity of the saloon conceived the last letter to be complimentary to themselves. I leave this to the commentators to illustrate. If you don't answer this, I sha'n't say what *you* deserve, but I think *I* deserve a reply. Do you conceive there is no Post-Bag but the Twopenny? Sunburn me, if you are not too bad.”

TO MR. MOORE.

July 13, 1813.

“Your letter set me at ease; for I really thought (as I hear of your susceptibility) that I had said—I know not what—but something I should have been very sorry for, had it, or I, offended you;—though I don't see how a man with a beautiful wife—*his own* children,—quiet—fame—competency and friends (I will vouch for a thousand, which is more than I will for a unit in my own behalf), can be offended with anything.

“Do you know, Moore, I am amazingly inclined—remember I say but *inclined*—to be seriously enamoured

with Lady A. F.—but this . . . has ruined all my prospects. However, you know her ; is she *clever*, or sensible, or good-tempered? either *would* do—I scratch out the *will*. I don't ask as to her beauty—that I see ; but my circumstances are mending, and were not my other prospects blackening, I would take a wife, and that should be the woman, had I a chance. I do not yet know her much, but better than I did.

“I want to get away, but find difficulty in compassing a passage in a ship of war. They had better let me go ; if I cannot, patriotism is the word—‘nay, an’ they’ll mouth, I’ll rant as well as they.’ Now, what are you doing?—writing, we all hope, for our own sakes. Remember you must edit my posthumous works, with a life of the Author, for which I will send you Confessions, dated, ‘Lazaretto,’ Smyrna, Malta, or Palermo—one can die anywhere.

“There is to be a thing on Tuesday ycleped a national fête. The Regent and — are to be there, and everybody else, who has shillings enough for what was once a guinea. Vauxhall is the scene—there are six tickets issued for the modest women, and it is supposed there will be three to spare. The passports for the lax are beyond my arithmetic.

“P.S.—The Stael last night attacked me most furiously—said that I had ‘no right to make love—that I had used — barbarously—that I had no feeling, and was totally insensible to *la belle passion*, and *had* been all my life.’ I am very glad to hear it, but did not know it before. Let me hear from you anon.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Bennet Street, August 22, 1813.

“As our late—I might say, deceased—correspondence had too much of the town-life leaven in it, we will now, ‘paulo majora,’ prattle a little of literature in all its branches ; and first of the first—criticism. The Prince is at Brighton, and Jackson, the boxer, gone to Margate,

having, I believe, decoyed Yarmouth to see a milling in that polite neighbourhood. Mad^e. de Stael Holstein has lost one of her young barons, who has been carbonadoed by a vile Teutonic adjutant,—kilt and killed in a coffee-house at Scrawsenhawsen. Corinne is, of course, what all mothers must be,—but will, I venture to prophesy, do what few mothers could—write an Essay upon it. She cannot exist without a grievance—and somebody to see, or read, how much grief becomes her. I have not seen her since the event; but merely judge (not very charitably) from prior observation.

“In a ‘mail-coach copy’ of the Edinburgh, I perceive The Giaour is second article. The numbers are still in the Leith smack—*pray which way is the wind?* The said article is so very mild and sentimental, that it must be written by Jeffrey *in love*;—you know he is gone to America to marry some fair one, of whom he has been, for several *quarters, éperdument amoureux*.* Seriously—as Winifred Jenkins says of Lismahago—Mr. Jeffrey (or his deputy) ‘has done the handsome thing by me,’ and I say *nothing*. But this I will say, if you and I had knocked one another on the head in this quarrel, how he would have laughed, and what a mighty bad figure we should have cut in our posthumous works. By-the-bye, I was call’d *in* the other day to mediate between two gentlemen bent upon carnage, and,—after a long struggle between the natural desire of destroying one’s fellow-creatures, and the dislike of seeing men play the fool for nothing,—I got one to make an apology, and the other to take it, and left them to live happy ever after. One was a peer, the other a friend untitled, and both fond of high play;—and one, I can swear for, though very mild, ‘not fearful,’ and so dead a shot, that, though the other is the thinnest of men, he would have split him like a cane. They both conducted themselves very well, and I put them out of *pain* as soon as I could.

* Mr. Jeffrey married, in 1814, Miss Wilkes, the daughter of Mr. Wilkes of New York, and grand-niece of the famous John Wilkes.

“There is an American Life of G. F. Cooke, *Scurra* deceased, lately published. Such a book!—I believe, since *Drunken Barnaby's Journal*, nothing like it has drenched the press. All green-room and tap-room—drams and the drama—brandy, whisky-punch, and *latterly*, toddy, overflow every page. Two things are rather marvellous,—first, that a man should live so long drunk, and, next, that he should have found a sober biographer. There are some very laughable things in it, nevertheless;—but the pints he swallowed, and the parts he performed, are too regularly registered.

“All this time you wonder I am not gone; so do I; but the accounts of the plague are very perplexing—not so much for the thing itself as the quarantine established in all ports, and from all places, even from England. It is true, the forty or sixty days would, in all probability, be as foolishly spent on shore as in the ship; but one likes to have one's choice, nevertheless. Town is awfully empty; but not the worse for that. I am really puzzled with my perfect ignorance of what I mean to do;—not stay, if I can help it, but where to go? * Sligo is for the North;—a pleasant place, Petersburg, in September, with one's ears and nose in a muff, or else tumbling into one's neckcloth or pocket-handkerchief? If the winter treated Buonaparte with so little ceremony, what would it inflict upon your solitary traveller?—Give me a *sun*, I care not how hot, and

* One of his travelling projects appears to have been a visit to Abyssinia:—at least, I have found, among his papers, a letter founded on that supposition, in which the writer entreats of him to procure information concerning “a kingdom of Jews mentioned by Bruce as residing on the mountain of Samen in that country. I have had the honour,” he adds, “of some correspondence with the Rev. Dr. Buchanan and the Reverend and learned G. S. Faber, on the subject of the existence of this kingdom of Jews, which, if it prove to be a fact, will more clearly elucidate many of the Scripture prophecies; . . . and, if Providence favours your lordship's mission to Abyssinia, an intercourse might be established between England and that country, and the English ships, according to the Rev. Mr. Faber, might be the principal means of transporting the kingdom of Jews, now in Abyssinia, to Egypt, in the way to their own country, Palestine.”

sherbet, I care not how cool, and *my* Heaven is as easily made as your Persian's. 'The Giaour' is now a thousand and odd lines. 'Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day,' eh, Moore?—thou wilt needs be a wag, but I forgive it.

"Yours ever,

BYRON.

"P.S.—I perceive I have written a flippant and rather cold-hearted letter! let it go, however. I have said nothing, either, of the brilliant sex; but the fact is, I am at this moment in a far more serious, and entirely new, scrape than any of the last twelve months,—and that is saying a good deal. It is unlucky we can neither live with nor without these women.

"I am now thinking of regretting that, just as I have left Newstead, you reside near it. Did you ever see it? *do*—but don't tell me that you like it. If I had known of such intellectual neighbourhood, I don't think I should have quitted it. You could have come over so often, as a bachelor,—for it was a thorough bachelor's mansion—plenty of wine and such sordid sensualities—with books enough, room enough, and an air of antiquity about all (except the lasses) that would have suited you, when pensive, and served you to laugh at when in glee. I had built myself a bath and a *vault*—and now I sha'n't even be buried in it. It is odd that we can't even be certain of a *grave*, at least a particular one. I remember, when about fifteen, reading your poems there, which I can repeat almost now,—and asking all kinds of questions about the author, when I heard that he was not dead according to the preface; wondering if I should ever see him—and though, at that time, without the smallest poetical propensity myself, very much taken, as you may imagine, with that volume. Adieu—I commit you to the care of the gods—Hindoo, Scandinavian, and Hellenic!

"P.S. 2nd.—There is an excellent review of Grimm's Correspondence and *Mad^e, de Stael* in this N^o. of the *E. R.* Jeffrey, himself, was my critic last year; but this is, I believe, by another hand. I hope you are going on with your *grand coup*—pray do—or that damned *Lucien*

Buonaparte will beat us all. I have seen much of his poem in MS., and he really surpassed everything beneath Tasso. Hodgson is translating him *against* another bard. You and (I believe, Rogers), Scott, Gifford, and myself, are to be referred to as judges between the twain,—that is, if you accept the office. Conceive our different opinions! I think we, most of us (I am talking very impudently, you will think—*us*, indeed!) have a way of our own,—at least, you and Scott certainly have.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“August—September, I mean—1, 1813.

“I send you, begging your acceptance, Castellan, and three vols. on Turkish literature, not yet looked into. The *last* I will thank you to read, extract what you want, and return in a week, as they are lent to me by that brightest of Northern constellations, Mackintosh,—amongst many other kind things into which India has warmed him; for I am sure your *home* Scotsman is of a less genial description.

“Your Peri, my dear M., is sacred and inviolable; I have no idea of touching the hem of her petticoat. Your affectation of a dislike to encounter me is so flattering, that I begin to think myself a very fine fellow. But you are laughing at me—‘Stap my vitals, Tam! thou art a very impudent person;’ and, if you are not laughing at me, you deserve to be laughed at. Seriously, what on earth can you, or have you, to dread from any poetical flesh breathing? It really puts me out of humour to hear you talk thus.

“‘The Giaour’ I have added to a good deal; but still in foolish fragments. It contains about 1200 lines, or rather more—now printing. You will allow me to send you a copy. You delight me much by telling me that I am in your good graces, and more particularly as to temper; for, unluckily, I have the reputation of a very bad one. But they say the devil is amusing when pleased, and I must have been more venomous than the old serpent, to have

hissed or stung in your company. It may be, and would appear to a third person, an incredible thing, but I know *you* will believe me when I say, that I am as anxious for your success as one human being can be for another's,—as much as if I had never scribbled a line. Surely the field of fame is wide enough for all ; and if it were not, I would not willingly rob my neighbour of a rood of it. Now you have a pretty property of some thousand acres there, and when you have passed your present Inclosure Bill, your income will be doubled (there's a metaphor, worthy of a Templar, namely, pert and low), while my wild common is too remote to incommode you, and quite incapable of such fertility. I send you (which return per post, as the printer would say) a curious letter from a friend of mine, which will let you into the origin of 'The Giaour.' Write soon.

“Ever, dear Moore, yours most entirely, etc.

“P.S.—This letter was written to me on account of a *different story* circulated by some gentlewomen of our acquaintance, a little too close to the text. The part erased contained merely some Turkish names, and circumstantial evidence of the girl's detection, not very important or decorous.”

To MR. MOORE.

“October 2, 1813.

“You have not answered some six letters of mine. This, therefore, is my penultimate. I will write to you once more, but, after that—I swear by all the saints—I am silent and supercilious. I have met Curran at Holland House—he beats everybody ;—his imagination is beyond human, and his humour (it is difficult to define what is wit) perfect. Then he has fifty faces, and twice as many voices, when he mimics—I never met his equal. Now, were I a woman, and eke a virgin, that is the man I should make my Scamander. He is quite fascinating. Remember, I have met him but once ; and you, who have known him long,

may probably deduct from my panegyric. I almost fear to meet him again, lest the impression should be lowered. He talked a great deal about you—a theme never tiresome to me, nor anybody else that I know. What a variety of expression he conjures into that naturally not very fine countenance of his! He absolutely changes it entirely. I have done—for I can't describe him, and you know him. On Sunday I return to ——, where I shall not be far from you. Perhaps I shall hear from you in the meantime. Good night.

“Saturday morn.—Your letter has cancelled all my anxieties. I did *not suspect* you in *earnest*. Modest again! Because I don't do a very shabby thing, it seems, I 'don't fear your competition.' If it were reduced to an alternative of preference, I *should* dread you, as much as Satan does Michael. But is there not room enough in our respective regions? Go on—it will soon be my turn to forgive. To-day I dine with Mackintosh and Mrs. *Stale*—as John Bull may be pleased to denominate Corinne—whom I saw last night, at Covent Garden, yawning over the humour of Falstaff.

“The reputation of 'gloom,' if one's friends are not included in the *reputants*, is of great service; as it saves one from a legion of impertinents, in the shape of commonplace acquaintance. But thou know'st I can be a right merry and conceited fellow, and rarely 'larmoyant.' Murray shall reinstate your line forthwith. I believe the blunder in the motto was mine;—and yet I have, in general, a memory for *you*, and am sure it was rightly printed at first.

“I do 'blush' very often, if I may believe Ladies H. and M. ;—but luckily, at present, no one sees me. Adieu.”

To MR. MOORE.

"2 Albany, April 9, 1814.

"I am but just returned to town, from which you may infer that I have been out of it; and I have been boxing, for exercise, with Jackson for this last month daily. I have also been drinking, and, on one occasion, with three other friends at the Cocoa Tree, from six till four, yea, unto five in the matin. We clareted and champagned till two—then supped, and finished with a kind of regency punch composed of Madeira, brandy, and *green* tea, no *real* water being admitted therein. There was a night for you! without once quitting the table, except to ambulate home, which I did alone, and in utter contempt of a hackney-coach and my own *vis*, both of which were deemed necessary for our conveyance. And so,—I am very well, and they say it will hurt my constitution.

"I have also, more or less, been breaking a few of the favourite commandments; but I mean to pull up and marry, if any one will have me. In the meantime, the other day I nearly killed myself with a collar of brawn, which I swallowed for supper, and *indigested* for I don't know how long: but that is by-the-bye. All this gormandise was in honour of Lent; for I am forbidden meat all the rest of the year, but it is strictly enjoined me during your solemn fast. I have been, and am, in very tolerable love; but of that hereafter as it may be.

"My dear Moore, say what you will in your preface; and quiz anything or anybody,—me if you like it. Oons! dost thou think me of the *old*, or rather *elderly*, school! If one can't jest with one's friends, with whom can we be facetious? You have nothing to fear from —, whom I have not seen, being out of town when he called. He will be very correct, smooth, and all that, but I doubt whether there will be any 'grace beyond the reach of art;'—and, whether there is or not, how long will you be so d—d modest? As for Jeffrey, it is a very handsome thing of him to speak well of an old antagonist,—and what a mean

mind dared not do. Any one will revoke praise; but—were it not partly my own case—I should say that very few have strength of mind to unsay their censure, or follow it up with praise of other things.

“No more rhyme for—or rather, *from*—me. I have taken my leave of that stage, and henceforth will mountebank it no longer. I have had my day, and there’s an end. The utmost I expect, or even wish, is to have it said in the *Biographia Britannica*, that I might perhaps have been a poet, had I gone on and amended. My great comfort is, that the temporary celebrity I have wrung from the world has been in the very teeth of all opinions and prejudices. I have flattered no ruling powers; I have never concealed a single thought that tempted me. They can’t say I have truckled to the times, nor to popular topics (as Johnson, or somebody, said of Cleveland), and whatever I have gained has been at the expenditure of as much *personal* favour as possible; for I do believe never was a bard more unpopular, *quoad homo*, than myself. And now I have done;—‘*ludite nunc alios.*’ Everybody may be d—d, as they seem fond of it, and resolve to stickle lustily for endless brimstone.

“Oh—by-the-bye, I had nearly forgot. There is a long poem, an ‘Anti-Byron,’ coming out, to prove that I have formed a conspiracy to overthrow, by *rhyme*, all religion and government, and have already made great progress! It is not very scurrilous, but scious and ethereal. I never felt myself important, till I saw and heard of my being such a little Voltaire as to induce such a production. Murray would not publish it, for which he was a fool, and so I told him; but some one else will, doubtless. ‘Something too much of this.’

“Your French scheme is good, but let it be *Italian*; all the Angles will be at Paris. Let it be Rome, Milan, Naples, Florence, Turin, Venice, or Switzerland, and ‘egad!’ (as Bayes saith) I will connubiate and join you; and we will write a new ‘Inferno’ in our Paradise. Pray think of this—and I will really buy a wife and a ring, and

say the ceremony, and settle near you in a summer-house upon the Arno, or the Po, or the Adriatic.

“Ah! my poor little pagod, Napoleon, has walked off his pedestal. He has abdicated, they say. This would draw molten brass from the eyes of Zatanai. What! ‘kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet, and then be baited by the rabble’s curse!’ I cannot bear such a crouching catastrophe. I must stick to Sylla, for my modern favourites don’t do,—their resignations are of a different kind. All health and prosperity, my dear Moore. Excuse this lengthy letter. Ever, etc.

“P.S.—The Quarterly quotes you frequently in an article on America; and everybody I know asks perpetually after you and yours. When will you answer them in person?”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Hastings, August 3, 1814.

“By the time this reaches your dwelling, I shall (God wot) be in town again probably. I have been here renewing my acquaintance with my old friend Ocean; and I find his bosom as pleasant a pillow for an hour in the morning as his daughters of Paphos could be in the twilight. I have been swimming and eating turbot, and smuggling neat brandies and silk handkerchiefs,—and listening to my friend Hodgson’s raptures about a pretty wife-elect of his,—and walking on cliffs, and tumbling down hills, and making the most of the ‘dolce far-niente’ for the last fortnight. I met a son of Lord Erskine’s, who says he has been married a year, and is the ‘happiest of men;’ and I have met the aforesaid H., who is also the ‘happiest of men;’ so, it is worth while being here, if only to witness the superlative felicity of these foxes, who have cut off their tails, and would persuade the rest to part with their brushes to keep them in countenance.

“It rejoiceth me that you like ‘Lara.’ Jeffrey is out with his 45th Number, which I suppose you have got. He

is only too kind to me, in my share of it, and I begin to fancy myself a golden pheasant, upon the strength of the plumage wherewith he hath bedecked me. But then, 'surgit amari,' etc.—the gentlemen of the Champion, and Perry, have got hold (I know not how) of the condolatory address to Lady Jersey on the picture-abduction by our Regent, and have published them—with my name, too, smack—without even asking leave, or inquiring whether or no! D—n their impudence, and d—n everything. It has put me out of patience, and so, I shall say no more about it.

“You shall have Lara and Jacque (both with some additions) when out; but I am still demurring and delaying, and in a fuss, and so is Rogers in his way.

“Newstead is to be mine again. Claughton forfeits twenty-five thousand pounds; but that don't prevent me from being very prettily ruined. I mean to bury myself there—and let my beard grow—and hate you all.

“Oh! I have had the most amusing letter from Hogg, the Ettrick minstrel and shepherd. He wants me to recommend him to Murray; and, speaking of his present bookseller, whose 'bills' are never 'lifted,' he adds, *totidem verbis*, 'God d—n him and them both.' I laughed, and so would you too, at the way in which this execration is introduced. The said Hogg is a strange being, but of great, though uncouth, powers. I think very highly of him, as a poet; but he, and half of these Scotch and Lake troubadours, are spoilt by living in little circles and petty societies. London and the world is the only place to take the conceit out of a man—in the milling phrase. Scott, he says, is gone to the Orkneys in a gale of wind;—during which wind, he affirms, the said Scott, 'he is sure, is not at his ease,—to say the best of it.' Lord, Lord, if these home-keeping minstrels had crossed your Atlantic or my Mediterranean, and tasted a little open boating in a white squall—or a gale in 'the Gut'—or the 'Bay of Biscay,' with no gale at all—how it would enliven and introduce them to a few of the sensations!—to say nothing of an illicit amour

or two upon shore, in the way of essay upon the Passions, beginning with simple adultery, and compounding it as they went along.

“I hope nothing will induce you to abate from the proper price of your poem, as long as there is a prospect of getting it. For my own part, I have *seriously and not whiningly* (for that is not my way—at least, it used not to be) neither hopes, nor prospects, and scarcely even wishes. I am, in some respects, happy, but not in a manner that can or ought to last,—but enough of that. The worst of it is, I feel quite enervated and indifferent. I really do not know, if Jupiter were to offer me my choice of the contents of his benevolent cask, what I would pick out of it. If I was born, as the nurses say, with a ‘silver spoon in my mouth,’ it has stuck in my throat, and spoiled my palate, so that nothing put into it is swallowed with much relish,—unless it be cayenne. However, I have grievances enough to occupy me that way too;—but for fear of adding to yours by this pestilent long diatribe, I postpone the reading of them, *sine die*. “Ever, dear M., yours, etc.

“P.S.—Don’t forget my godson. You could not have fixed on a fitter porter for his sins than me, being used to carry double without inconvenience.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Newstead Abbey, Sept. 20, 1814.

“Here’s to her who long
Hath waked the poet’s sigh!
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

“My dear Moore, I am going to be married—that is, I am accepted,* and one usually hopes the rest will follow.

* On the day of the arrival of the lady’s answer, he was sitting at dinner, when his gardener came in and presented him with his mother’s wedding-ring, which she had lost many years before, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mould under her

My mother of the Gracchi (that *are* to be), *you* think too strait-laced for me, although the paragon of only children, and invested with 'golden opinions of all sorts of men,' and full of 'most blest conditions' as Desdemona herself. Miss Milbanke is the lady, and I have her father's invitation to proceed there in my elect capacity,—which, however, I cannot do till I have settled some business in London, and got a blue coat.

"She is said to be an heiress, but of that I really know nothing certainly, and shall not inquire. But I do know that she has talents and excellent qualities; and you will not deny her judgment, after having refused six suitors and taken me.

"Now, if you have anything to say against this, pray do; my mind's made up, positively fixed, determined, and therefore I will listen to reason, because now it can do no harm. Things may occur to break it off, but I will hope not. In the meantime, I tell you (*a secret*, by-the-bye,—at least, till I know she wishes it to be public) that I have proposed and am accepted. You need not be in a hurry to wish me joy, for one mayn't be married for months. I am going to town to-morrow; but expect to be here, on my way there, within a fortnight.

"If this had not happened, I should have gone to Italy. In my way down, perhaps, you will meet me at Nottingham, and come over with me here. I need not say that nothing will give me greater pleasure. I must, of course, reform thoroughly; and, seriously, if I can contribute to her happiness, I shall secure my own. She is so good a person, that—that—in short, I wish I was a better.

"Ever, etc."

window. Almost at the same moment, the letter from Miss Milbanke arrived; and Lord Byron exclaimed, "If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring." It *did* contain a very flattering acceptance of his proposal, and a duplicate of the letter had been sent to London, in case this should have missed him.—*Memoranda.*

TO MR. MOORE.

“ October 14, 1814.

“ An' there were anything in marriage that would make a difference between my friends and me, particularly in your case, I would 'none on't.' My agent sets off for Durham next week, and I shall follow him, taking Newstead and you in my way. I certainly did not address Miss Milbanke with these views, but it is likely she may prove a considerable *parti*. All her father can give, or leave her, he will; and from her childless uncle, Lord Wentworth, whose barony, it is supposed, will devolve on Ly. Milbanke (*his* sister), she has expectations. But these will depend upon his own disposition, which seems very partial towards her. She is an only child, and Sir R.'s estates, though dipped by electioneering, are considerable. Part of them are settled on her; but whether *that* will be *dowered* now, I do not know,—though, from what has been intimated to me, it probably will. The lawyers are to settle this among them, and I am getting my property into matrimonial array, and myself ready for the journey to Seaham, which I must make in a week or ten days.

“ I certainly did not dream that she was attached to me, which it seems she has been for some time. I also thought her of a very cold disposition, in which I was also mistaken—it is a long story, and I won't trouble you with it. As to her virtues, etc., etc., you will hear enough of them (for she is a kind of *pattern* in the north), without my running into a display on the subject. It is well that *one* of us is of such fame, since there is sad deficit in the *morale* of that article upon my part,—all owing to my 'bitch of a star,' as Captain Tranchemont says of his planet.

“ Don't think you have not said enough of me in your article on T——; what more could or need be said?*

“ Your long-delayed and expected work—I suppose you

* “ We could name but one noble bard, among either the living or the dead, whose laurels are sufficiently abundant to keep the coronet totally out of sight.”—See *Edin. Rev.* vol. xxiii. p. 411.

will take fright at 'The Lord of the Isles' and Scott now. You must do as you like,—I have said my say. You ought to fear comparison with none, and any one would stare, who heard you were so tremulous,—though, after all, I believe it is the surest sign of talent. Good morning, I hope we shall meet soon, but I will write again, and perhaps you will meet me at Nottingham. Pray say so.

"P.S.—If this union is productive, you shall name the first fruits."

TO MR. MOORE.

"Halnaby, Darlington, January 10, 1815.

"I was married this day week. The parson has pronounced it—Perry has announced it—and the *Morning Post*, also, under the head of 'Lord Byron's Marriage'—as if it were a fabrication, or the puff-direct of a new stay-maker.

"Now for thine affairs. I have redde thee upon the Fathers,* and it is excellent well. Positively, you must not leave off reviewing. You shine in it—you kill in it: and this article has been taken for Sydney Smith's (as I heard in town), which proves not only your proficiency in parsonology, but that you have all the airs of a veteran critic at your first onset. So prithee, go on and prosper.

"Scott's 'Lord of the Isles' is out—'the mail-coach copy' I have, by special licence, of Murray.

"Now is *your* time;—you will come upon them newly and freshly. It is impossible to read what you have lately done (verse or prose) without seeing that you have trained on tenfold. — has floundered; — has foundered. I have tried the rascals (*i.e.* the public) with my Harrys and Larrys, Pilgrims and Pirates. Nobody but S—y [Southey] has done anything worth a slice of bookseller's

* A review, by Mr Moore, of a work entitled "Select Passages from the Writings of St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and St. Basil, translated from the Greek by Hugh Stuart Boyd."—See *Edin. Rev.* vol. xxiv. p. 58.

pudding, and *he* has not luck enough to be found out in doing a good thing. Now, Tom, is thy time—'Oh, joyful day!—I would not take a knighthood for thy fortune.' Let me hear from you soon, and believe me ever, etc.

"P.S.—Lady Byron is vastly well. How are Mrs. Moore and Joe Atkinson's 'Graces?' We must present our women to one another."

TO MR. MOORE.

"Seaham, Stockton-on-Tees, February 2, 1815.

"I have heard from London that you have left Chatsworth and all the women full of 'entusymusy'* about you, personally and poetically; and, in particular, that 'When first I met thee' has been quite overwhelming in its effect. I told you it was one of the best things you ever wrote, though that dog Power wanted you to omit part of it. They are all regretting your absence at Chatsworth, according to my informant—'all the ladies quite,' etc. etc. etc. Stap my vitals!

"Well, now you have got home again—which I dare say is as agreeable as a 'draught of cool small beer to the scorched palate of a waking sot'—now you have got home again, I say, probably I shall hear from you. Since I wrote last, I have been transferred to my father-in-law's, with my lady and my lady's maid, etc. etc. etc., and the treacle-moon is over, and I am awake, and find myself married. My spouse and I agree to—and in—admiration. Swift says, 'No wise man ever married;' but, for a fool, I think it the most ambrosial of all possible future states. I still think one ought to marry upon *lease*; but am very sure I should renew mine at the expiration, though next term were for ninety-and-nine years.

"I wish you would respond, for I am here 'oblitusque meorum obliviscendus et illis.' Pray tell me what is going

* It was thus that, according to his account, a certain celebrated singer and actor used frequently to pronounce the word "enthusiasm."

on in the way of intriguery, and how the w—s and rogues of the upper Beggar's Opera go on—or rather go off—in or after marriage; or who are going to break any particular commandment. Upon this dreary coast we have nothing but county meetings and shipwrecks: and I have this day dined upon fish, which probably dined upon the crews of several colliers lost in the late gales. But I saw the sea once more in all the glories of surf and foam,—almost equal to the Bay of Biscay, and the interesting white squalls and short seas of Archipelago memory.

“My papa, Sir Ralph, hath recently made a speech at a Durham tax-meeting; and not only at Durham, but here, several times since, after dinner. He is now, I believe, speaking it to himself (I left him in the middle) over various decanters, which can neither interrupt him nor fall asleep,—as might possibly have been the case with some of his audience.

“Ever thine,

“B.

“I must go to tea—damn tea. I wish it was Kinnaird's brandy, and with you to lecture me about it.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“March 8, 1815.

“An event—the death of poor Dorset—and the recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not—set me pondering, and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands. I am very glad you like them, for I flatter myself they will pass as an imitation of your style. If I could imitate it well, I should have no great ambition of originality—I wish I could make you exclaim with Dennis, ‘That's my thunder, by G—d!’ I wrote them with a view to your setting them, and as a present to Power, if he would accept the words, and *you* did not think yourself degraded, for once in a way, by marrying them to music.

“Sun-burn Nathan!—why do you always twit me with

his vile Ebrew nasalities? Have I not told you it was all Kinnaird's doing, and my own exquisite facility of temper? But thou wilt be a wag, Thomas; and see what you get for it. Now for my revenge.

"Depend—and perpend—upon it that your opinion of ——'s poem will travel through one or other of the quintuple correspondents, till it reaches the ear and the liver of the author. Your adventure, however, is truly laughable—but how could you be such a potato? You 'a brother' (of the quill) too, 'near the throne,' to confide to a man's *own publisher* (who has 'bought,' or rather sold, 'golden opinions' about him) such a damnatory parenthesis! 'Between you and me, quotha—it reminds me of a passage in the Heir-at-Law—'Tête-à-tête with Lady Duberly, I suppose.'—'No—Tête-à-tête with *five hundred people*;' and your confidential communication will doubtless be in circulation to that amount, in a short time, with several additions, and in several letters, all signed L. H. R. O. B., etc. etc. etc.

"We leave this place to-morrow, and shall stop on our way to town (in the interval of taking a house there) at Colonel Leigh's, near Newmarket, where any epistle of yours will find its welcome way.

"I have been very comfortable here,—listening to that d—d monologue, which elderly gentlemen call conversation, and in which my pious father-in-law repeats himself every evening—save one, when he played upon the fiddle. However, they have been very kind and hospitable, and I like them and the place vastly, and I hope they will live many happy months. Bell is in health, and unvaried good-humour and behaviour. But we are all in the agonies of packing and parting; and, I suppose, by this time to-morrow I shall be stuck in the chariot with my chin upon a band-box. I have prepared, however, another carriage for the abigail, and all the trumpery which our wives drag along with them.

"Ever thine, most affectionately,

"B."

TO MR. MOORE.*

“13 Piccadilly Terrace, June 12, 1815.

“I have nothing to offer in behalf of my late silence, except the most inveterate and ineffable laziness; but I am too supine to invent a lie, or I *certainly* should, being ashamed of the truth. Kinnaird, I hope, has appeased your magnanimous indignation at his blunders. I wished and wish you were in the Committee, with all my heart.† It seems so hopeless a business, that the company of a friend would be quite consoling,—but more of this when we meet. In the meantime, you are entreated to prevail upon Mrs. Esterre to engage herself. I believe she has been written to, but your influence, in person or proxy, would probably go further than our proposals. What they are, I know not; all *my* new function consists in listening to the despair of Cavendish Bradshaw, the hopes of Kinnaird, the wishes of Lord Essex, the complaints of Whitbread, and the calculations of Peter Moore,—all of which, and whom, seem totally at variance. C. Bradshaw wants to light the theatre with *gas*, which may, perhaps (if the vulgar be believed), poison half the audience, and all the *dramatis personee*. Essex has endeavoured to persuade Kean not to get drunk; the consequence of which is, that he has never been sober since. Kinnaird, with equal success, would have convinced Raymond that he, the said Raymond, had too much salary. Whitbread wants us to assess the pit another sixpence,—a d—d insidious proposition,—which will end in an O. P. combustion. To crown all, Robins, the auctioneer, has the impudence to be displeased, because he has no dividend. The villain is a proprietor of shares, and a long-lunged

* This and the following letter were addressed to me in Ireland, whither I had gone about the middle of the preceding month.

† He had lately become one of the members of the Sub-Committee (consisting, besides himself, of the persons mentioned in this letter) who had taken upon themselves the management of Drury Lane Theatre; and it had been his wish, on the first construction of the Committee, that I should be one of his colleagues. To some mistake in the mode of conveying this proposal to me, he alludes in the preceding sentence.

orator in the meetings. I hear he has prophesied our incapacity,—‘a foregone conclusion,’ whereof I hope to give him signal proofs before we are done.

“Will you give us an opera? No, I’ll be sworn; but I wish you would.

“To go on with the poetical world, Walter Scott has gone back to Scotland, Murray, the bookseller, has been cruelly cudgelled of misbegotten knaves, ‘in Kendal Green,’ at Newington Butts, in his way home from a purlieu dinner,—and robbed—would you believe it?—of three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of his grandfather’s, worth a million! This is his version,—but others opine that D’Israeli, with whom he dined, knocked him down with his last publication, ‘The Quarrels of Authors,’ in a dispute about copyright. Be that as it may, the newspapers have teemed with his ‘*injuria formæ*,’ and he has been embrocated, and invisible to all but the apothecary ever since.

“Lady B. is better than three months advanced in her progress towards maternity, and, we hope, likely to go well through with it. We have been very little out this season, as I wish to keep her quiet in her present situation. Her father and mother have changed their names to Noel, in compliance with Lord Wentworth’s will, and in complaisance to the property bequeathed by him.

“I hear that you have been gloriously received by the Irish,—and so you ought. But don’t let them kill you with claret and kindness at the national dinner in your honour, which, I hear and hope, is in contemplation. If you will tell me the day, I’ll get drunk myself on this side of the water, and waft you an applauding hiccup over the Channel.

“Of politics, we have nothing but the yell for war; and C——h [Castlereagh] is preparing his head for the pike, on which we shall see it carried before he has done. The loan has made everybody sulky. I hear often from Paris, but in direct contradiction to the home statements of our hirelings. Of domestic doings, there has been nothing since Lady

D——. Not a divorce stirring,—but a good many in embryo, in the shape of marriages.

“I enclose you an epistle received this morning from I know not whom; but I think it will amuse you. The writer must be a rare fellow.*

“P.S.—A gentleman named D’Alton (not your Dalton) has sent me a National Poem called ‘Dermid.’ The same cause which prevented my writing to you operated against my wish to write to him an epistle of thanks. If you see him, will you make all kinds of fine speeches for me, and tell him that I am the laziest and most ungrateful of mortals?

“A word more;—don’t let Sir John Stevenson (as an evidence on trials for copyright, etc.) talk about the price of your next poem, or they will come upon you for the *property tax* for it. I am serious, and have just heard a long story of the rascally tax-men making Scott pay for his.† So, take care. Three hundred is a devil of a deduction out of three thousand.”

* The following is the enclosure here referred to:—

“Darlington, June 3, 1815.

“My Lord,—I have lately purchased a set of your works, and am quite vexed that you have not cancelled the ‘Ode to Buonaparte.’ It certainly was prematurely written, without thought or reflection. Providence has not brought him to reign over millions again, while the same Providence keeps as it were in a garrison another potentate, who, in the language of Mr Burke, ‘he hurled from his throne.’ See if you cannot make amends for your folly, and consider that, in almost every respect, human nature is the same, in every clime and in every period, and don’t act the part of a *foolish boy*.—Let not Englishmen talk of the stretch of tyrants, while the torrents of blood shed in the East Indies cry aloud to Heaven for retaliation. Learn, good sir, not to cast the first stone.

“I remain your Lordship’s servant,

“J. R. ——.”

† Such a claim was set up by the income tax commissioners in 1813; but Sir Walter Scott resisted, and ultimately carried his point.—See *Lockhart’s Life of Sir W. Scott*, vol. iii. p. 100.

TO MR. MOORE.

“ July 7, 1815.

“ ‘Grata superveniet,’ etc. etc. I had written to you again, but burnt the letter, because I began to think you seriously hurt at my indolence, and did not know how the buffoonery it contained might be taken. In the meantime, I have yours, and all is well.

“ I had given over all hopes of yours. By-the-bye, my ‘grata superveniet’ should be in the present tense; for I perceive it looks now as if it applied to this present scrawl reaching you, whereas it is to the receipt of thy Kilkenny epistle that I have tacked that venerable sentiment.

“ Poor Whitbread died yesterday morning,—a sudden and severe loss. His health had been wavering, but so fatal an attack was not apprehended. He dropped down, and I believe never spoke afterwards. I perceive Perry attributes his death to Drury Lane,—a consolatory encouragement to the new Committee. I have no doubt that —, who is of a plethoric habit, will be bled immediately; and as I have, since my marriage, lost much of my paleness, and—‘horresco referens’ (for I hate even *moderate* fat)—that happy slenderness, to which, when I first knew you, I had attained, I by no means sit easy under this dispensation of the *Morning Chronicle*. Every one must regret the loss of Whitbread; he was surely a great and very good man.

“ Paris is taken for the second time. I presume it, for the future, will have an anniversary capture. In the late battles, like all the world, I have lost a connection,—poor Frederic Howard, the best of his race. I had little intercourse, of late years, with his family, but I never saw or heard but good of him. Hobhouse’s brother is killed. In short, the havoc has not left a family out of its tender mercies.

“ Every hope of a republic is over, and we must go on under the old system. But I am sick at heart of politics and slaughters; and the luck which Providence is pleased to lavish on Lord Castlereagh is only a proof of the little

value the gods set upon prosperity, when they permit such —s as he and that drunken corporal, old Blucher, to bully their betters. From this, however, Wellington should be excepted. He is a man,—and the Scipio of our Hannibal. However, he may thank the Russian frosts, which destroyed the *real élite* of the French army, for the successes of Waterloo.

“La! Moore—how you blasphemes about ‘Parnassus’ and ‘Moses!’ I am ashamed for you. Won’t you do anything for the drama? We beseech an Opera. Kin-naird’s blunder was partly mine. I wanted you of all things in the Committee, and so did he. But we are now glad you were wiser; for it is, I doubt, a bitter business.

“When shall we see you in England? Sir Ralph Noel (*late* Milbanke—he don’t promise to be *late* Noel in a hurry), finding that one man can’t inhabit two houses, has given his place in the north to me for a habitation; and there lady B. threatens to be brought to bed in November. Sir R. and my Lady Mother are to quarter at Kirby—Lord Wentworth’s that was. Perhaps you and Mrs. Moore will pay us a visit at Seaham in the course of the autumn. If so, you and I (*without our wives*) will take a *lark* to Edinburgh and embrace Jeffrey. It is not much above one hundred miles from us. But all this, and other high matters, we will discuss at meeting, which I hope will be on your return. We don’t leave town till August.

“Ever yours, etc.,
“B.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“November 4, 1815.

“Had you not bewildered my head with the ‘stocks,’ your letter would have been answered directly. Hadn’t I to go to the city? and hadn’t I to remember what to ask when I got there? and hadn’t I forgotten it?

“I should be undoubtedly delighted to see you; but I don’t like to urge against your reasons my own inclinations.

Come you must soon, for stay you *won't*. I know you of old;—you have been too much leavened with London to keep long out of it.

“Lewis is going to Jamaica to suck his sugar-canes. He sails in two days; I enclose you his farewell note. I saw him last night at Drury Lane Theatre, for the last time previous to his voyage. Poor fellow! he is really a good man—an excellent man—he left me his walking-stick and a pot of preserved ginger. I shall never eat the last without tears in my eyes, it is so *hot*. We have had a devil of a row among our ballerinas. Miss Smith has been wronged about a hornpipe. The Committee have interfered; but Byrne, the d—d ballet-master, won't budge a step. I am furious, so is George Lamb. Kinnaird is very glad, because—he don't know why; and I am very sorry, for the same reason. To-day I dine with Kd.—we are to have Sheridan and Colmar again; and to-morrow, once more, at Sir Gilbert Heathcote's.

“Leigh Hunt has written a *real good* and *very original Poem*, which I think will be a great hit. You can have no notion how very well it is written, nor should I, had I not redde it. As to us, Tom—eh, when art thou out? If you think the verses worth it, I would rather they were embalmed in the Irish Melodies, than scattered abroad in a separate song—much rather. But when are thy great things out? I mean the Po of Pos—thy Shah Nameh. It is very kind in Jeffrey to like the Hebrew Melodies. Some of the fellows here preferred Sternhold and Hopkins, and said so;—‘the fiend receive their souls therefor!’

“I must go and dress for dinner. Poor dear Murat, what an end! You know, I suppose, that his white plume used to be a rallying point in battle, like Henry IV.'s. He refused a confessor and a bandage; so would neither suffer his soul or body to be bandaged. You shall have more to-morrow or next day.

“Ever, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

"January 5, 1816.

"I hope Mrs. M. is quite re-established. The little girl was born on the 10th of December last; her name is Augusta *Ada* (the second a very antique family name,—I believe not used since the reign of King John). She was, and is, very flourishing and fat, and reckoned very large for her days—squalls and sucks incessantly. Are you answered? Her mother is doing very well, and up again.

"I have now been married a year on the second of this month—heigh-ho! I have seen nobody lately much worth noting, except Sebastiani and another general of the Gauls, once or twice at dinners out of doors. Sebastiani* is a fine, foreign, villainous-looking, intelligent, and very agreeable man; his compatriot† is more of the *petit-mâitre* and younger, but I should think not at all of the same intellectual calibre with the Corsican—which Sebastiani, you know, is, and a cousin of Napoleon's.

"Are you never to be expected in town again? To be sure, there is no one here of the fifteen hundred fillers of hot rooms, called the fashionable world. My approaching papa-ship detained us for advice, etc., etc., though I would as soon be here as anywhere else on this side of the Straits of Gibraltar.

"I would gladly—or, rather, sorrowfully—comply with your request of a dirge for the poor girl you mention. But how can I write on one I have never seen or known? Besides, you will do it much better yourself. I could not write upon anything, without some personal experience and foundation; far less on a theme so peculiar. Now, you have both in this case; and, if you had neither, you have more imagination, and would never fail.

"This is but a dull scrawl, and I am but a dull fellow.

* Count Sebastiani, now the ambassador from the court of Louis Philippe to the court of London, 1833.

† Count Flahaut—who, in June 1817, married the Hon. Margaret Mercer Elphinstone; now Baroness Keith, 1838.

Just at present, I am absorbed in 500 contradictory contemplations, though with but one object in view—which will probably end in nothing, as most things we wish do. But never mind,—as somebody says, ‘for the blue sky bends over all.’ I only could be glad, if it bent over me where it is a little bluer; like the ‘skyish top of blue Olympus,’ which, by-the-way, looked very white when I last saw. “Ever, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“February 29, 1816.

“I have not answered your letter for a time; and, at present, the reply to part of it might extend to such a length, that I shall delay it till it can be made in person, and then I will shorten it as much as I can.

“In the meantime, I am at war ‘with all the world and his wife;’ or rather, ‘all the world and *my* wife’ are at war with me, and have not yet crushed me,—whatever they *may* do. I don’t know that in the course of a hair-breadth existence I was ever, at home or abroad, in a situation so completely uprooting of present pleasure, or rational hope for the future, as this same. I say this, because I think so, and feel it. But I shall not sink under it the more for that mode of considering the question—I have made up my mind.

“By-the-way, however, you must not believe all you hear on the subject; and don’t attempt to defend me. If you succeeded in that, it would be a mortal, or an immortal, offence—who can bear refutation? I have but a very short answer for those whom it concerns; and all the activity of myself and some vigorous friends have not yet fixed on any tangible ground or personage, on which or with whom I can discuss matters, in a summary way, with a fair pretext;—though I nearly had *nailed one* yesterday, but he evaded by—what was judged by others—a satisfactory explanation. I speak of *circulators*—against whom I have no enmity,

though I must act according to the common code of usage when I hit upon those of the serious order.

“Now for other matters—poesy, for instance. Leigh Hunt’s poem is a devilish good one—quaint, here and there, but with the substratum of originality, and with poetry about it that will stand the test. I do not say this because he has inscribed it to me,* which I am sorry for, as I should otherwise have begged you to review it in the Edinburgh.† It is really deserving of much praise, and a favourable critique in the E. R. would but do it justice, and set it up before the public eye, where it ought to be.

“How are you? and where? I have not the most distant idea what I am going to do myself—or with myself—or where—or what. I had, a few weeks ago, some things to say that would have made you laugh; but they tell me now that I must not laugh, and so I have been very serious—and am.

“I have not been very well—with a *liver* complaint—but am much better within the last fortnight, though still under Iatrical advice. I have latterly seen a little of —.

“I must go and dress to dine. My little girl is in the country, and, they tell me, is a very fine child, and now nearly three months old. Lady Noel (my mother-in-law, or, rather, *at law*) is at present overlooking it. Her daughter (Miss Milbanke that was) is, I believe, in London with her father. A Mrs. C. (now a kind of housekeeper and spy of Lady N.’s), who, in her better days, was a washerwoman, is supposed to be—by the learned—very much the occult cause of our late domestic discrepancies.

* Speaking of this dedication, the Quarterly Reviewers say, “We never, in so few lines, saw so many clear marks of the vulgar impatience of a low man, conscious and ashamed of his wretched vanity, and labouring, with coarse flippancy, to scramble over the bounds of birth and education, and fidget himself into the *stout-heartedness* of being familiar with a LORD.”—Vol. xiv. p. 481.

† My reply to this part of his letter was, I find, as follows:—“With respect to Hunt’s poem, though it is, I own, full of beauties, and though I like himself sincerely, I really could not undertake to praise it *seriously*. There is so much of the *quizzible* in all he writes, that I never can put on the proper pathetic face in reading him.”

“In all this business, I am the sorriest for Sir Ralph. He and I are equally punished, though *magis pares quam similes* in our affliction. Yet it is hard for both to suffer for the fault of one, and so it is—I shall be separated from my wife; he will retain his. “Ever, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“March 8, 1816.

“I rejoice in your promotion as Chairman and Charitable Steward, etc., etc. These be dignities which await only the virtuous. But then, recollect you are *six-and-thirty* (I speak this enviously—not of your age, but the ‘honour—love—obedience—troops of friends,’ which accompany it), and I have eight years good to run before I arrive at such hoary perfection; by which time,—if I *am* at all,*—it will probably be in a state of grace or progressing merits.

“I must set you right in one point, however. The fault was *not*—no, nor even the misfortune—in my ‘choice’ (unless in *choosing at all*)—for I do not believe—and I must say it, in the very dregs of all this bitter business—that there ever was a better, or even a brighter, a kinder, or a more amiable and agreeable being than Lady B. I never had, nor can have, any reproach to make her, while with me. Where there is blame, it belongs to myself, and, if I cannot redeem, I must bear it.

“Her nearest relatives are a —, —my circumstances have been and are in a state of great confusion—my health has been a good deal disordered, and my mind ill at ease for a considerable period. Such are the causes (I do not name them as excuses) which have frequently driven me into excess, and disqualified my temper for comfort.

* This sad doubt—“If I *am* at all,”—becomes no less singular than sad when we recollect that six-and-thirty was actually the age when he ceased to “be,” and at a moment, too, when (as even the least friendly to him allow) he was in that state of “progressing merits” which he here jestingly anticipates.

Something also may be attributed to the strange and desultory habits which, becoming my own master at an early age, and scrambling about, over and through the world, may have induced. I still, however, think that, if I had a fair chance, by being placed in even a tolerable situation, I might have gone on fairly. But that seems hopeless,—and there is nothing more to be said. At present—except my health, which is better (it is odd, but agitation or contest of any kind gives a rebound to my spirits and sets me up for a time)—I have to battle with all kinds of unpleasantnesses, including private and pecuniary difficulties, etc., etc.

“I believe I may have said this before to you, but I risk repeating it. It is nothing to bear the *privations* of adversity, or, more properly, ill-fortune; but my pride recoils from its *indignities*. However, I have no quarrel with that same pride, which will, I think, buckler me through everything. If my heart could have been broken, it would have been so years ago, and by events more afflicting than these.

“I agree with you (to turn from this topic to our shop) that I have written too much. The last things were, however, published very reluctantly by me, and for reasons I will explain when we meet. I know not why I have dwelt so much on the same scenes, except that I find them fading, or *confusing* (if such a word may be) in my memory, in the midst of present turbulence and pressure, and I felt anxious to stamp before the die was worn out. I now break it. With those countries, and events connected with them, all my really poetical feelings begin and end. Were I to try, I could make nothing of any other subject, and that I have apparently exhausted. ‘Wo to him,’ says Voltaire, ‘who says all he could say on any subject.’ There are some on which, perhaps, I could have said still more; but I leave them all, and too soon.

“Do you remember the lines I sent you early last year, which you still have? I don’t wish (like Mr. Fitzgerald, in the *Morning Post*) to claim the character of ‘Vates’ in all

its translations, but were they not a little prophetic? I mean those beginning, 'There's not a joy the world can,' etc., etc., on which I rather pique myself as being the truest, though the most melancholy, I ever wrote.

"What a scrawl have I sent you! You say nothing of yourself, except that you are a Lancasterian churchwarden, and an encourager of mendicants. When are you out? and how is your family? My child is very well and flourishing, I hear; but I must see also. I feel no disposition to resign it to the contagion of its grandmother's society, though I am unwilling to take it from the mother. It is weaned, however, and something about it must be decided. Ever, etc."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"February 20, 1816.

"To return to *our* business—your epistles are vastly agreeable. With regard to the observations on carelessness, etc., I think, with all humility, that the gentle reader has considered a rather uncommon, and designedly irregular, versification for haste and negligence. The measure is not that of any of the other poems, which (I believe) were allowed to be tolerably correct, according to Byshe and the fingers—or ears—by which bards write, and readers reckon. Great part of 'The Siege' is in (I think) what the learned call Anapests (though I am not sure, being heinously forgetful of my metres and my 'Gradus'), and many of the lines intentionally longer or shorter than its rhyming companion; and rhyme also occurring at greater or less intervals of caprice or convenience.

"I mean not to say that this is right or good, but merely that I could have been smoother, had it appeared to me of advantage; and that I was not otherwise without being aware of the deviation, though I now feel sorry for it, as I would undoubtedly rather please than not. My wish has been to try at something different from my former efforts;

as I endeavoured to make them differ from each other. The versification of 'The Corsair' is not that of 'Lara;' nor 'The Giaour' that of 'The Bride;' 'Childe Harold' is again varied from these; and I strove to vary the last somewhat from *all* of the others.

"Excuse all this d—d nonsense and egotism. The fact is, that I am rather trying to think on the subject of this note, than really thinking on it.—I did not know you had called; you are always admitted and welcome when you choose.

"Yours, etc., etc.

"BN.

"P.S.—You need not be in any apprehension or grief on my account: were I to be beaten down by the world and its inheritors, I should have succumbed to many things years ago. You must not mistake my *not* bullying for dejection; nor imagine that because I feel, I am to faint:—but enough for the present."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ouchy, near Lausanne, June 27, 1816.

"I am thus far (kept by stress of weather) on my way back to Diodati (near Geneva) from a voyage in my boat round the Lake; and I enclose you a sprig of *Gibbon's acacia* and some rose-leaves from his garden, which, with part of his house, I have just seen. You will find honourable mention, in his Life, made of this 'acacia,' when he walked out on the night of concluding his history. The garden and *summer-house*, where he composed, are neglected, and the last utterly decayed; but they still show it as his 'cabinet,' and seem perfectly aware of his memory.

"My route through Flanders, and by the Rhine, to Switzerland, was all I expected, and more.

"I have traversed all Rousseau's ground, with the Héloïse before me; and am struck, to a degree that I cannot express, with the force and accuracy of his descriptions and the beauty of their reality. Meillerie,

Clarens, and Vevay, and the Château de Chillon, are places of which I shall say little, because all I could say must fall short of the impressions they stamp.

“Three days ago, we were most nearly wrecked in a squall off Meillerie, and driven to shore. I ran no risk, being so near the rocks, and a good swimmer; but our party were wet, and incommoded a good deal. The wind was strong enough to blow down some trees, as we found at landing: however, all is righted and right, and we are thus far on our return.

“Dr. Polidori is not here, but at Diodati, left behind in hospital with a sprained ankle, which he acquired in tumbling from a wall—he can't jump.

“I shall be glad to hear you are well, and have received for me certain helms and swords, sent from Waterloo, which I rode over with pain and pleasure.

“I have finished a third canto of ‘Childe Harold’ (consisting of one hundred and seventeen stanzas), longer than either of the two former, and in some parts, it may be, better; but of course on that I cannot determine. I shall send it by the first safe-looking opportunity. Ever, etc.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Diodati, September 29, 1816.

“I am very much flattered by Mr. Gifford's good opinion of the MSS., and shall be still more so if it answers your expectations and justifies his kindness. I liked it myself, but that must go for nothing. The feelings with which most of it was written need not be envied me. With regard to the price, I fixed *none*, but left it to Mr. Kinnaird, Mr. Shelley, and yourself, to arrange. Of course, they would do their best; and as to yourself, I knew you would make no difficulties. But I agree with Mr. Kinnaird perfectly, that the concluding *five hundred* should be only *conditional*; and for my own sake, I wish it to be added, only in case of your selling a certain number, *that number* to be fixed by

yourself. I hope this is fair. In everything of this kind there must be risk ; and till that be past, in one way or the other, I would not willingly add to it, particularly in times like the present. And pray always recollect that nothing could mortify me more—no failure on my own part—than having made you lose by any purchase from me.

“The Monody* was written by request of Mr. Kinnaird for the theatre. I did as well as I could ; but where I have not my choice I pretend to answer for nothing. Mr. Hobhouse and myself are just returned from a journey of lakes and mountains. We have been to the Grindelwald, and the Jungfrau, and stood on the summit of the Wengen Alp ; and seen torrents of nine hundred feet in fall, and glaciers of all dimensions : we have heard shepherds’ pipes, and avalanches, and looked on the clouds foaming up from the valleys below us, like the spray of the ocean of hell. Chamouni, and that which it inherits, we saw a month ago : but though Mont Blanc is higher, it is not equal in wildness to the Jungfrau, the Eighers, the Shreckhorn, and the Rose Glaciers.

“We set off for Italy next week. The road is within this month infested with bandits, but we must take our chance and such precautions as are requisite.

“Ever, etc.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Diodati, September 30, 1816.

“I answered your obliging letters yesterday : to-day the Monody arrived with its *title*-page, which is, I presume, a separate publication. ‘The request of a friend’ :—

“ ‘Obliged by hunger and request of friends.’

I will request you to expunge that same, unless you please to add, ‘by a person of quality,’ or ‘of wit and honour about town.’ Merely say, ‘written to be spoken at Drury

* A Monody on the Death of Sheridan, which was spoken at Drury Lane theatre. [See *Works*, p. 473.]

Lane.' To-morrow I dine at Copet. Saturday I strike tents for Italy. This evening, on the lake in my boat with Mr. Hobhouse, the pole which sustains the mainsail slipped in tacking, and struck me so violently on one of my legs (the *worst*, luckily) as to make me do a foolish thing—viz., to *faint*—a downright swoon; the thing must have jarred some nerve or other, for the bone is not injured, and hardly painful (it is six hours since), and cost Mr. Hobhouse some apprehension and much sprinkling of water to recover me. The sensation was a very odd one: I never had but two such before, once from a cut on the head from a stone, several years ago, and once (long ago also) in falling into a great wreath of snow;—a sort of grey giddiness first, then nothingness, and a total loss of memory on beginning to recover. The last part is not disagreeable, if one did not find it again.

“You want the original MSS. Mr. Davies has the first fair copy in my own hand, and I have the rough composition here, and will send or save it for you, since you wish it.

“With regard to your new literary project, if anything falls in the way which will, to the best of my judgment, suit you, I will send you what I can. At present I must lay by a little, having pretty well exhausted myself in what I have sent you. Italy or Dalmatia and another summer may, or may not, set me off again. I have no plans, and am nearly as indifferent what may come as where I go. I shall take Felicia Hemans's ‘Restoration,’ etc., with me; it is a good poem—very.

“Pray repeat my best thanks and remembrances to Mr. Gifford for all his trouble and good-nature towards me.

“Do not fancy me laid up, from the beginning of this scrawl. I tell you the accident for want of better to say; but it is over, and I am only wondering what the deuce was the matter with me.

“I have lately been over all the Bernese Alps and their lakes. I think many of the scenes (some of which were not those usually frequented by the English) finer than

Chamouni, which I visited some time before. I have been to Clarens again, and crossed the mountains behind it: of this tour I kept a short journal for my sister, which I sent yesterday in three letters. It is not all for perusal; but if you like to hear about the romantic part, she will, I dare say, show you what touches upon the rocks, etc.

“Christabel—I won’t have any one sneer at Christabel: it is a fine wild poem.

“Madame de Stael wishes to see the Antiquary, and I am going to take it to her to-morrow. She has made Copet as agreeable as society and talent can make any place on earth.

“Yours ever,

“N.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Milan, October 15, 1816.

“I hear that Mr. Davies has arrived in England,—but that of some letters, etc., committed to his care by Mr. H., only *half* have been delivered. This intelligence naturally makes me feel a little anxious for mine, and amongst them for the MS., which I wished to have compared with the one sent by me through the hands of Mr. Shelley. I trust that *it* has arrived safely,—and indeed not less so, that some little crystals, etc., from Mont Blanc, for my daughter and my nieces, have reached their address. Pray have the goodness to ascertain from Mr. Davies that no accident (by custom-house or loss) has befallen them, and satisfy me on this point at your earliest convenience.

“If I recollect rightly, you told me that Mr. Gifford had kindly undertaken to correct the press (at my request) during my absence—at least I hope so. It will add to my many obligations to that gentleman.

“I wrote to you, on my way here, a short note, dated Martigny. Mr. Hobhouse and myself arrived here a few days ago, by the Simplon and Lago Maggiore route. Of course we visited the Borromean Islands, which are fine, but too artificial. The Simplon is magnificent in its nature

and its art,—both God and man have done wonders,—to say nothing of the devil, who must certainly have had a hand (or a hoof) in some of the rocks and ravines through and over which the works are carried.

“Milan is striking—the cathedral superb. The city altogether reminds me of Seville, but a little inferior. We had heard divers bruits, and took precautions on the road, near the frontier, against some ‘many worthy fellows (*i.e.*, felons) that were out,’ and had ransacked some preceding travellers, a few weeks ago, near Sesto,—or Cesto, I forget which,—of cash and raiment, besides putting them in bodily fear, and lodging about twenty slugs in the retreating part of a courier belonging to Mr. Hope. But we were not molested, and I do not think in any danger,—except of making mistakes in the way of cocking and priming whenever we saw an old house, or an ill-looking thicket, and now and then suspecting the ‘true men,’ who have very much the appearance of the thieves of other countries. What the thieves may look like I know not, nor desire to know; for it seems they come upon you in bodies of thirty (‘in buckram and Kendal green’) at a time, so that voyagers have no great chance. It is something like poor dear Turkey in that respect, but not so good, for there you can have as great a body of rogues to match the regular banditti; but here the gens-d’armes are said to be no great things; and as for one’s own people, one can’t carry them about like Robinson Crusoe with a gun on each shoulder.

“I have been to the Ambrosian library—it is a fine collection—full of MSS. edited and unedited. I enclose you a list of the former recently published: these are matters for your literati. For me, in my simple way, I have been most delighted with a correspondence of letters, all original and amatory, between *Lucretia Borgia* and *Cardinal Bembo*, preserved there. I have pored over them and a lock of her hair, the prettiest and fairest imaginable—I never saw fairer—and shall go repeatedly to read the epistles over and over; and if I can obtain some of the hair

by fair means, I shall try. I have already persuaded the librarian to promise me copies of the letters, and I hope he will not disappoint me. They are short, but very simple, sweet, and to the purpose; there are some copies of verses in Spanish also by her; the tress of her hair is long, and, as I said before, beautiful. The Brera gallery of paintings has some fine pictures, but nothing of a collection. Of painting I know nothing; but I like a Guercino—a picture of Abraham putting away Hagar and Ishmael—which seems to me natural and goodly. The Flemish school, such as I saw it in Flanders, I utterly detested, despised, and abhorred; it might be painting, but it was not nature; the Italian is pleasing, and their *ideal* very noble.

“The Italians I have encountered here are very intelligent and agreeable. In a few days I am to meet Monti. By-the-way, I have just heard an anecdote of Beccaria, who published such admirable things against the punishment of death. As soon as his book was out, his servant (having read it, I presume) stole his watch; and his master, while correcting the proofs of a second edition, did all he could to have him hanged by way of advertisement.

“I forgot to mention the triumphal arch begun by Napoleon, as a gate to this city. It is unfinished, but the part completed worthy of another age and the same country. The society here is very oddly carried on,—at the theatre, and the theatre only,—which answers to our opera. People meet there as at a rout, but in very small circles. From Milan I shall go to Venice. If you write, write to Geneva, as before—the letter will be forwarded.

“Yours ever.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Verona, November 6, 1816.

“My dear Moore,—Your letter, written before my departure from England, and addressed to me in London, only reached me recently. Since that period I have been over a portion of that part of Europe which I had not

already seen. About a month since I crossed the Alps from Switzerland to Milan, which I left a few days ago, and am thus far on my way to Venice, where I shall probably winter. Yesterday I was on the shores of the Benacus, with his *fluctibus et fremitu*. Catullus's Sirmium has still its name and site, and is remembered for his sake: but the very heavy autumnal rains and mists prevented our quitting our route (that is, Hobhouse and myself, who are at present voyaging together), as it was better not to see it at all than to a great disadvantage.

"I found on the Benacus the same tradition of a city, still visible in calm weather below the waters, which you have preserved of Lough Neagh, 'When the clear, cold eve's declining.' I do not know that it is authorised by records; but they tell you such a story, and say that the city was swallowed up by an earthquake. We moved to-day over the frontier to Verona, by a road suspected of thieves,—'the wise *convey* it call,'—but without molestation. I shall remain here a day or two to gape at the usual marvels,—amphitheatre, paintings, and all that time-tax of travel,—though Catullus, Claudian, and Shakespeare have done more for Verona than it ever did for itself. They still pretend to show, I believe, the 'tomb of all the Capulets'—we shall see.

"Among many things at Milan, one pleased me particularly—viz., the correspondence (in the prettiest love-letters in the world) of Lucretia Borgia with Cardinal Bembo (who, *you say*, made a very good cardinal), and a lock of her hair, and some Spanish verses of hers,—the lock very fair and beautiful. I took one single hair of it as a relic, and wished sorely to get a copy of one or two of the letters; but it is prohibited: *that* I don't mind; but it was impracticable; and so I only got some of them by heart. They are kept in the Ambrosian Library, which I often visited to look them over—to the scandal of the librarian, who wanted to enlighten me with sundry valuable MSS., classical, philosophical, and pious. But I stick to the Pope's daughter, and wish myself a cardinal.

“I have seen the finest parts of Switzerland, the Rhine, the Rhone, and the Swiss and Italian lakes; for the beauties of which I refer you to the Guide-book. The north of Italy is tolerably free from the English; but the south swarms with them, I am told. Madame de Stael I saw frequently at Copet, which she renders remarkably pleasant. She has been particularly kind to me. I was for some months her neighbour, in a country-house called Diodati, which I had on the Lake of Geneva. My plans are very uncertain; but it is probable that you will see me in England in the spring. I have some business there. If you write to me, will you address to the care of Mons. Hentsch, Banquier, Geneva, who receives and forwards my letters. Remember me to Rogers, who wrote to me lately, with a short account of your poem, which, I trust, is near the light. He speaks of it most highly.

“My health is very enduring, except that I am subject to casual giddiness and faintness, which is so like a fine lady, that I am rather ashamed of the disorder. When I sailed, I had a physician with me, whom, after some months of patience, I found it expedient to part with, before I left Geneva some time. On arriving at Milan, I found this gentleman in very good society, where he prospered for some weeks; but at length, at the theatre, he quarrelled with an Austrian officer, and was sent out by the government in twenty-four hours. I was not present at his squabble; but, on hearing that he was put under arrest, I went and got him out of his confinement, but could not prevent his being sent off, which, indeed, he partly deserved, being quite in the wrong, and having begun a row for row's sake. I had preceded the Austrian government some weeks myself, in giving him his congé from Geneva. He is not a bad fellow, but very young and hot-headed, and more likely to incur diseases than to cure them. Hobhouse and myself found it useless to intercede for him. This happened some time before we left Milan. He is gone to Florence.

At Milan I saw, and was visited by, Monti, the most celebrated of the living Italian poets. He seems near

sixty; in face he is like the late Cooke the actor. His frequent changes in politics have made him very unpopular as a man. I saw many more of their literati; but none whose names are well known in England, except Acerbi.* I lived much with the Italians, particularly with the Marquis of Breme's family, who are very able and intelligent men, especially the Abbate. There was a famous improvvisatore who held forth while I was there. His fluency astonished me; but, although I understand Italian, and speak it (with more readiness than accuracy), I could only carry off a few very commonplace mythological images, and one line about Artemisia, and another about Algiers, with sixty words of an entire tragedy about Etocles and Polynices. Some of the Italians liked him—others called his performance 'seccatura' (a devilish good word, by-the-way), and all Milan was in controversy about him.

The state of morals in these parts is in some sort lax. A mother and son were pointed out at the theatre, as being pronounced by the Milanese world to be of the Theban dynasty—but this was all. The narrator (one of the first men in Milan) seemed to be not sufficiently scandalised by the taste or the tie. All society in Milan is carried on at the opera: they have private boxes, where they play at cards, or talk, or anything else; but (except at the Cassino) there are no open houses, or balls, etc., etc.

"The peasant girls have all very fine dark eyes, and many of them are beautiful. There are also two dead bodies in fine preservation—one Saint Carlo Boromeo, at Milan; the other not a saint, but a chief, named Visconti, at Monza—both of which appeared very agreeable. In one of the Boromean isles (the *Isola bella*), there is a large laurel—the largest known—on which Buonaparte, staying there just before the battle of Marengo, carved with his knife the word 'Battaglia.' I saw the letters, now half worn out and partly erased.

* An eminent physician, author of several medical works, and one of the editors of the "*Bibliotheca Italiana*." He died at Milan in 1827.

“Excuse this tedious letter. To be tiresome is the privilege of old age and absence ; I avail myself of the latter, and the former I have anticipated. If I do not speak to you of my own affairs, it is not from want of confidence, but to spare you and myself. My day is over—what then ?—I have had it. To be sure, I have shortened it ; and if I had done as much by this letter, it would have been as well. But you will forgive that, if not the other faults of

“Yours ever and most affectionately, “B.

“P.S.—November 7, 1816.

“I have been over Verona. The amphitheatre is wonderful—beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet’s story they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact—giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love. I have brought away a few pieces of the granite, to give to my daughter and my nieces. Of the other marvels of this city, paintings, antiquities, etc., excepting the tombs of the Scaliger princes, I have no pretensions to judge. The Gothic monuments of the Scaligers pleased me, but ‘a poor virtuoso am I,’ and ever yours.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Venice, November 17, 1816.

“I wrote to you from Verona the other day in my progress hither, which letter I hope you will receive. Some three years ago, or it may be more, I recollect your telling me that you had received a letter from our friend Sam, dated ‘On board his gondola.’ *My* gondola is, at this present, waiting for me on the canal ; but I prefer writing to you in the house, it being autumn—and rather an English autumn than otherwise. It is my intention to remain at Venice during the winter, probably, as it has

always been (next to the East) the greenest island of my imagination. It has not disappointed me; though its evident decay would, perhaps, have that effect upon others. But I have been familiar with ruins too long to dislike desolation. Besides, I have fallen in love, which, next to falling into the canal (which would be of no use, as I can swim), is the best or the worst thing I could do. I have got some extremely good apartments in the house of a 'Merchant of Venice,' who is a good deal occupied with business, and has a wife in her twenty-second year. Marianna (that is her name) is in her appearance altogether like an antelope. She has the large, black, oriental eyes, with that peculiar expression in them which is seen rarely among *Europeans*—even the Italians—and which many of the Turkish women give themselves by tinging the eyelid,*—an art not known out of that country, I believe. This expression she has *naturally*,—and something more than this. In short, I cannot describe the effect of this kind of eye,—at least upon me. Her features are regular, and rather aquiline—mouth small—skin clear and soft, with a kind of hectic colour—forehead remarkably good: her hair is of the dark gloss, curl, and colour of lady J——'s: her figure is light and pretty, and she is a famous songstress—scientifically so; her natural voice (in conversation, I mean) is very sweet; and the naïveté of the Venetian dialect is always pleasing in the mouth of a woman.

“November 23.

“You will perceive that my description, which was proceeding with the minuteness of a passport, has been interrupted for several days.

“December 5.

“Since my former dates, I do not know that I have much to add on the subject, and, luckily, nothing to take away;

* “Her eyelashes, though dark as night, were tinged

(It is the country's custom), but in vain;

For those large black eyes were so blackly fringed,

The glossy rebels mock'd the jetty stain.”

—*Don Juan*, c. iii. st. 75.

for I am more pleased than ever with my Venetian, and begin to feel very serious on that point—so much so, that I shall be silent.

“By way of divertisement, I am studying daily, at an Armenian monastery, the Armenian language. I found that my mind wanted something craggy to break upon; and this—as the most difficult thing I could discover here for an amusement—I have chosen, to torture me into attention. It is a rich language, however, and would amply repay any one the trouble of learning it. I try, and shall go on;—but I answer for nothing, least of all for my intentions or my success. There are some very curious MSS. in the monastery, as well as books; translations also from Greek originals, now lost, and from Persian and Syriac, etc.; besides works of their own people. Four years ago the French instituted an Armenian professorship. Twenty pupils presented themselves on Monday morning, full of noble ardour, ingenuous youth, and impregnable industry. They persevered, with a courage worthy of the nation and of universal conquest, till Thursday; when *fifteen* of the *twenty* succumbed to the six-and-twentieth letter of the alphabet. It is, to be sure, a Waterloo of an Alphabet—that must be said for them. But it is so like these fellows, to do by it as they did by their sovereigns—abandon both; to parody the old rhymes, ‘Take a thing and give a thing’—‘Take a king and give a king.’ They are the worst of animals, except their conquerors.

“I hear that Hodgson is your neighbour, having a living in Derbyshire. You will find him an excellent-hearted fellow, as well as one of the cleverest; a little, perhaps too much, japped by preferment in the church and the tuition of youth, as well as inoculated with the disease of domestic felicity, besides being overrun with fine feelings about woman and *constancy* (that small change of Love, which people exact so rigidly, receive in such counterfeit coin, and repay in baser metal); but, otherwise, a very worthy man, who has lately got a pretty wife, and (I suppose) a child by this time. Pray remember me to him, and say that

I know not which to envy most his neighbourhood—him, or you.

“Of Venice I shall say little. You must have seen many descriptions; and they are most of them like. It is a poetical place; and classical, to us, from Shakespeare and Otway. I have not yet sinned against it in verse, nor do I know that I shall do so, having been tuneless since I crossed the Alps, and feeling, as yet, no renewal of the ‘*estro*.’ By-the-way, I suppose you have seen ‘*Glenarvon*.’ Madame de Stael lent it me to read from Copet last autumn. It seems to me, that if the authoress had written the *truth*, and nothing but the truth—the whole truth—the romance would not only have been more *romantic*, but more entertaining. As for the likeness, the picture can’t be good—I did not sit long enough. When you have leisure, let me hear from and of you, believing me ever and truly yours most affectionately,

“B.

“P.S.—Oh! *your poem*—is it out? I hope Longman has paid his thousands: but don’t you do as H—— T——’s father* did, who, having made money by a quarto tour, became a vinegar merchant; when, lo! his vinegar turned sweet (and be d—d to it) and ruined him. My last letter to you (from Verona) was enclosed to Murray—have you got it? Direct to me *here, poste restante*. There are no English here at present. There were several in Switzerland—some women; but, except Lady Dalrymple Hamilton, † most of them as ugly as virtue—at least, those that I saw.”

* The gentleman here spoken of was, no doubt, Richard Twiss, Esq., the uncle, not the father, of Horace Twiss, Esq. At an early period of life, Mr. Twiss published “*Travels through Spain and Portugal*,” which Dr. Johnson considered “as good as the first book of travels one can take up.” His next work was a “*Tour in Ireland*,” in which he commented so freely on the manners of the ladies of the sister kingdom, that he excited their resentment in a manner equally whimsical and original. He also published “*Anecdotes of the Game of Chess*.” He injured a good fortune by speculating in a project of manufacturing paper from straw. He died in 1812.

† The Hon. Jane Duncan, eldest daughter of Adam, first Viscount Duncan. She was married to Sir Hew Dalrymple Hamilton in May 1800.

TO MR. MOORE.

“Venice, December 24, 1816.

“I have taken a fit of writing to you, which portends postage—once from Verona—once from Venice, and again from Venice—*thrice* that is. For this you may thank yourself; for I heard that you complained of my silence—so, here goes for garrulity.

“I trust that you received my other twain of letters. My ‘way of life’ (or ‘May of life,’ which is it, according to the commentators?)—my ‘way of life’ is fallen into great regularity. In the mornings I go over in my gondola to babble Armenian with the friars of the convent of St. Lazarus, and to help one of them in correcting the English of an English and Armenian grammar which he is publishing. In the evenings I do one of many nothings—either at the theatres, or some of the conversaciones, which are like our routs, or rather worse, for the women sit in a semicircle by the lady of the mansion, and the men stand about the room. To be sure, there is one improvement upon ours—instead of lemonade with their ices, they hand about stiff *rum-punch*—*punch*, by my palate; and this they think *English*. I would not disabuse them of so agreeable an error,—‘no, not for Venice.’

“Last night I was at the Count Governor’s, which, of course, comprises the best society, and is very much like other gregarious meetings in every country,—as in ours,—except that, instead of the Bishop of Winchester, you have the Patriarch of Venice, and a motley crew of Austrians, Germans, noble Venetians, foreigners, and, if you see a quiz, you may be sure he is a consul. Oh, by-the-way, I forgot, when I wrote from Verona, to tell you that at Milan I met with a countryman of yours—a Colonel ——, a very excellent, good-natured fellow, who knows and shows all about Milan, and is, as it were, a native there. He is particularly civil to strangers, and this is his history,—at least, an episode of it.

“Six-and-twenty years ago, Colonel ——, then an ensign,

being in Italy, fell in love with the Marchesa —, and she with him. The lady must be, at least, twenty years his senior. The war broke out; he returned to England, to serve—not his country, for that's Ireland—but England, which is a different thing; and *she*—heaven knows what she did. In the year 1814, the first annunciation of the Definitive Treaty of Peace (and tyranny) was developed to the astonished Milanese by the arrival of Col. —, who, flinging himself full length at the feet of Mad. —, murmured forth, in half-forgotten Irish Italian, eternal vows of indelible constancy. The lady screamed, and exclaimed, 'Who are you?' The Colonel cried, 'What! don't you know me? I am so and so,' etc., etc., etc.; till, at length, the Marchesa, mounting from reminiscence to reminiscence, through the lovers of the intermediate twenty-five years, arrived at last at the recollection of her *povero* sub-lieutenant. She then said, 'Was there ever such virtue?' (that was her very word), and, being now a widow, gave him apartments in her palace, reinstated him in all the rights of wrong, and held him up to the admiring world as a miracle of incontinent fidelity, and the unshaken Abdiel of absence.

"Methinks this is as pretty a moral tale as any of Marmontel's. Here is another. The same lady, several years ago, made an escapade with a Swede, Count Fersen (the same whom the Stockholm mob quartered and lapi-dated not very long since), and they arrived at an Osteria on the road to Rome or thereabouts. It was a summer evening, and, while they were at supper, they were suddenly regaled by a symphony of fiddles in an adjacent department, so prettily played, that, wishing to hear them more distinctly, the Count rose, and going into the musical society, said, 'Gentlemen, I am sure that, as a company of gallant cavaliers, you will be delighted to show your skill to a lady, who feels anxious,' etc., etc. The men of harmony were all acquiescence—every instrument was tuned and toned, and, striking up one of their most ambrosial airs, the whole band followed the Count to the

lady's apartment. At their head was the first fiddler, who, bowing and fiddling at the same moment, headed his troop and advanced up the room. Death and discord!—it was the Marquis himself, who was on a serenading party in the country, while his spouse had run away from town. The rest may be imagined—but, first of all, the lady tried to persuade him that she was there on purpose to meet him, and had chosen this method for an harmonic surprise. So much for this gossip, which amused me when I heard it, and I send it to you in the hope it may have the like effect. Now we'll return to Venice.

“The day after to-morrow (to-morrow being Christmas-day) the Carnival begins. I dine with the Countess Albrizzi and a party, and go to the opera. On that day the Phoenix (not the Insurance Office, but) the theatre of that name, opens: I have got me a box there for the season, for two reasons, one of which is, that the music is remarkably good. The Contessa Albrizzi, of whom I have made mention, is the De Stael of Venice; not young, but a very learned, unaffected, good-natured woman; very polite to strangers, and, I believe, not at all dissolute, as most of the women are. She has written very well on the works of Canova, and also a volume of Characters, besides other printed matter. She is of Corfu, but married a dead Venetian—that is, dead since he married.

“My flame (my ‘Donna,’ whom I spoke of in my former epistle, my Marianna) is still my Marianna, and I her—what she pleases. She is by far the prettiest woman I have seen here, and the most lovable I have met with anywhere—as well as one of the most singular. I believe I told you the rise and progress of our *liaison* in my former letter. Lest that should not have reached you, I will merely repeat, that she is a Venetian, two-and-twenty years old, married to a merchant well-to-do in the world, and that she has great black oriental eyes, and all the qualities which her eyes promise. Whether being in love with her has steeled me or not, I do not know; but I have not seen many other women who seem pretty. The nobility, in particular, are a

sad-looking race—the gentry rather better. And now, what art *thou* doing?

“What are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 What are you doing now,
 Oh Thomas Moore?
 Sighing or suing now,
 Rhyming or wooing now,
 Billing or cooing now,
 Which, Thomas Moore?”

Are you not near the Luddites? By the Lord! if there's a row, but I'll be among ye! How go on the weavers—the breakers of frames—the Lutherans of politics—the reformers?

“As the Liberty lads o'er the sea
 Bought their freedom, and cheaply, with blood,
 So we, boys, we
 Will *die* fighting, or *live* free,
 And down with all kings but King Ludd!

“When the web that we weave is complete,
 And the shuttle exchanged for the sword,
 We will fling the winding-sheet
 O'er the despot at our feet,
 And dye it deep in the gore he has pour'd.

“Though black as his heart its hue,
 Since his veins are corrupted to mud,
 Yet this is the dew
 Which the tree shall renew
 Of Liberty, planted by Ludd!

“There's an amiable *chanson* for you—all impromptu. I have written it principally to shock your neighbour —,* who is all clergy and loyalty—mirth and innocence—milk and water.

“But the Carnival's coming,
 Oh Thomas Moore,
 The Carnival's coming
 Oh Thomas Moore;
 Masking and humming,
 Fifeing and drumming,
 Guitarring and strumming,
 Oh Thomas Moore.

* Probably Mr. Bowles.

The other night I saw a new play,—and the author. The subject was the sacrifice of Isaac. The play succeeded, and they called for the author—according to continental custom—and he presented himself, a noble Venetian, Mali, or Malapiero, by name. Mala was his name, and *pessima* his production,—at least, I thought so; and I ought to know, having read more or less of five hundred Drury Lane offerings, during my coadjutorship with the sub-and-super Committee.

“When does your poem of poems come out? I hear that the Edinburgh Review has cut up Coleridge’s ‘Christabel,’ and declared against me for praising it. I praised it, firstly, because I thought well of it; secondly, because Coleridge was in great distress, and after doing what little I could for him in essentials, I thought that the public avowal of my good opinion might help him further, at least with the booksellers. I am very sorry that Jeffrey has attacked him, because, poor fellow, it will hurt him in mind and pocket. As for me, he’s welcome—I shall never think less of Jeffrey for anything he may say against me or mine in future.

“I suppose Murray has sent you, or will send (for I do not know whether they are out or no) the poem, or poesies, of mine, of last summer. By the mass! they are sublime—‘Ganion Coheriza’—gainsay who dares! Pray, let me hear from you, and of you, and, at least, let me know that you have received these three letters. Direct, right *here, poste restante.*

“Ever and ever, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Venice, February 28, 1817.

“You will, perhaps, complain as much of the frequency of my letters now as you were wont to do of their rarity. I think this is the fourth within as many moons. I feel anxious to hear from you, even more than usual, because your last indicated that you were unwell. At present, I

am on the invalid regimen myself. The Carnival—that is, the latter part of it, and sitting up late o' nights, had knocked me up a little. But it is over—and it is now Lent, with all its abstinence and sacred music.

“The mumming closed with a masked ball at the Fenice, where I went, as also to most of the ridottos, etc., etc.; and, though I did not dissipate much upon the whole, yet I find ‘the sword wearing out the scabbard,’ though I have but just turned the corner of twenty-nine.

“So, we'll go no more a roving
 So late into the night,
 Though the heart be still as loving
 And the moon be still as bright.
 For the sword outwears its sheath,
 And the soul wears out the breast,
 And the heart must pause to breathe,
 And Love itself have rest.
 Though the night was made for loving,
 And the day returns too soon,
 Yet we'll go no more a roving
 By the light of the moon.

“I have lately had some news of *litteratoor*, as I heard the editor of the Monthly pronounce it once upon a time. I hear that W. W. has been publishing and responding to the attacks of the Quarterly, in the learned Perry's Chronicle. I read his poesies last autumn, and amongst them found an epitaph on his bull-dog, and another on *myself*. But I beg leave to assure him (like the astrologer Partridge) that I am not only alive now, but was alive also at the time he wrote it. Hobhouse has (I hear, also) ex-pectorated a letter against the Quarterly, addressed to me. I feel awkwardly situated between him and Gifford, both being my friends.

“And this is your month of going to press—by the body of Diana! (a Venetian oath), I feel as anxious—but not fearful for you—as if it were myself coming out in a work of humour, which would, you know, be the antipodes of all my previous publications. I don't think you have anything to dread but your own reputation. You must keep up to

that. As you never showed me a line of your work, I do not even know your measure; but you must send me a copy by Murray forthwith, and then you shall hear what I think. I dare say you are in a pucker. Of all authors, you are the only really *modest* one I ever met with—which would sound oddly enough to those who recollect your morals when you were young—that is, when you were *extremely* young—I don't mean to stigmatise you either with years or morality.

“I believe I told you that the E. R. had attacked me, in an article on Coleridge (I have not seen it)—‘*Et tu, Jeffrey?*’—‘there is nothing but roguery in villainous man.’ But I absolve him of all attacks, present and future; for I think he had already pushed his clemency in my behoof to the utmost, and I shall always think well of him. I only wonder he did not begin before, as my domestic destruction was a fine opening for all the world, of which all who could did well to avail themselves.

“If I live ten years longer, you will see, however, that it is not over with me—I don't mean in literature, for that is nothing; and it may seem odd enough to say, I do not think it my vocation. But you will see that I shall do something or other—the times and fortune permitting—that, ‘like the cosmogony, or creation of the world, will puzzle the philosophers of all ages.’ But I doubt whether my constitution will hold out. I have, at intervals, exercised it most devilishly.

“I have not yet fixed a time of return, but I think of the spring. I shall have been away a year in April next. You never mention Rogers, nor Hodgson, your clerical neighbour, who has lately got a living near you. Has he also got a child yet?—his desideratum, when I saw him last.

“Pray let me hear from you, at your time and leisure, believing me ever and truly and affectionately, etc.”

To MR. MOORE.

“Venice, March 25, 1817.

“I have at last learned, in default of your own writing (or *not* writing—which should it be? for I am not very clear as to the application of the word *default*) from Murray, two particulars of (or belonging to) you; one, that you are removing to Hornsey, which is, I presume, to be nearer London; and the other, that your poem is announced by the name of ‘Lalla Rookh.’ I am glad of it—first, that we are to have it at last, and next, I like a tough title myself—witness ‘The Giaour’ and ‘Childe Harold,’ which choked half the Blues at starting. Besides, it is the tail of Alcibiades’s dog—not that I suppose you want either dog or tail. Talking of tail, I wish you had not called it a ‘*Persian Tale*.’* Say a ‘Poem’ or ‘Romance,’ but not ‘Tale.’ I am very sorry that I called some of my own things ‘Tales,’ because I think they are something better. Besides, we have had Arabian, and Hindoo, and Turkish, and Assyrian Tales. But, after all, this is frivolous in me; you won’t, however, mind my nonsense.

“Really and truly, I want you to make a great hit, if only out of self-love, because we happen to be old cronies; and I have no doubt you will—I am sure you *can*. But you are, I’ll be sworn, in a devil of a pucker; and I am *not* at your elbow, and Rogers *is*. I envy him; which is not fair, because he does not envy anybody. Mind you send to me—that is, make Murray send—the moment you are forth.

“I have been very ill with a slow fever, which at last took to flying, and became as quick as need be. But, at length, after a week of half-delirium, burning skin, thirst,

* He had been misinformed on this point—the work in question having been, from the first, entitled an “Oriental Romance.” A much worse mistake (because wilful, and with no very charitable design) was that of certain persons, who would have it that the poem was meant to be epic! Even Mr. D’Israeli has, for the sake of a theory, given in to this very gratuitous assumption:—“The Anacreontic poet,” he says, “remains only Anacreontic in his Epic.”

hot headache, horrible pulsation, and no sleep, by the blessing of barley water, and refusing to see any physician, I recovered. It is an epidemic of the place, which is annual, and visits strangers. Here follow some versicles, which I made one sleepless night.

“ I read the ‘ Christabel,’
 Very well ;
 I read the ‘ Missionary ;’
 Pretty—very ;
 I tried at ‘ Ilderim ;’
 Ahem !
 I read a sheet of ‘ Marg’ret of *Anjou* ;’
Can you ?
 I turn’d a page of Webster’s ‘ Waterloo ;’
 Pooh ! pooh !
 I look’d at Wordsworth’s milk-white ‘ Rylstone Doe :’
 Hillo !
 Etc., etc., etc.*

“ I have not the least idea where I am going, nor what I am to do. I wished to have gone to Rome ; but at present it is pestilent with English—a parcel of staring boobies, who go about gaping and wishing to be at once cheap and magnificent. A man is a fool who travels now in France or Italy, till this tribe of wretches is swept home again. In two or three years the first rush will be over, and the Continent will be roomy and agreeable.

“ I stayed at Venice chiefly because it is not one of their ‘ dens of thieves ;’ and here they but pause and pass. In Switzerland it was really noxious. Luckily, I was early, and had got the prettiest place on all the Lake before they were quickened into motion with the rest of the reptiles. But they crossed me everywhere. I met a family of children and old women half-way up the Wengen Alp (by the Jungfrau) upon mules, some of them too old and others too young to be the least aware of what they saw.

“ By-the-way, I think the Jungfrau, and all that region of Alps, which I traversed in September—going to the very top of the Wengen, which is not the highest (the Jungfrau

* “ I read ‘ Glenarvon,’ too, by Caro. Lamb—

God d—n !”

—*Orig. MS.*

itself is inaccessible) but the best point of view—much finer than Mont Blanc and Chamouni, or the Simplon. I kept a journal of the whole for my sister Augusta, part of which she copied and let Murray see.

“I wrote a sort of mad Drama, for the sake of introducing the Alpine scenery in description, and this I sent lately to Murray. Almost all the *dram. pers.* are spirits, ghosts, or magicians, and the scene is in the Alps and the other world, so you may suppose what a Bedlam tragedy it must be: make him show it you. I sent him all three acts piecemeal, by the post, and suppose they have arrived.

“I have now written to you at least six letters, or *letterets*, and all I have received in return is a note about the length you used to write from Bury Street to St. James's Street, when we used to dine with Rogers, and talk laxly, and go to parties, and hear poor Sheridan now and then. Do you remember one night he was so tipsy, that I was forced to put his cocked hat on for him,—for he could not,—and I let him down at Brookes's, much as he must since have been let down into his grave. Heigh ho! I wish I was drunk—but I have nothing but this d—d barley water before me.

“I am still in love,—which is a dreadful drawback in quitting a place, and I can't stay at Venice much longer. What I shall do on this point I don't know. The girl means to go with me, but I do not like this for her own sake. I have had so many conflicts in my own mind on this subject, that I am not at all sure they did not help me to the fever I mentioned above. I am certainly very much attached to her, and I have cause to be so, if you knew all. But she has a child; and though, like all the ‘children of the sun,’ she consults nothing but passion, it is necessary I should think for both; and it is only the virtuous, like ——, who can afford to give up husband and child, and live happy ever after.

“The Italian ethics are the most singular ever met with. The perversion, not only of action, but of reasoning, is singular in the women. It is not that they do not consider

the thing itself as wrong, and very wrong, but *love* (the *sentiment* of love) is not merely an excuse for it, but makes it an *actual virtue*, provided it is disinterested, and not a *caprice*, and is confined to one object. They have awful notions of constancy; for I have seen some ancient figures of eighty pointed out as an *amorosi* of forty, fifty, and sixty years' standing. I can't say I have ever seen a husband and wife so coupled.

“Ever, etc.

“P.S.—Marianna, to whom I have just translated what I have written on our subject to you, says—‘If you loved me thoroughly, you would not make so many fine reflections, which are only good *forbirsì i scarpi*,’—that is, ‘to clean shoes withal,’—a Venetian proverb of appreciation, which is applicable to reasoning of all kinds.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Foligno, April 26, 1817.

“I wrote to you the other day from Florence, enclosing a MS. entitled ‘The Lament of Tasso.’ It was written in consequence of my having been lately at Ferrara. In the last section of this MS. *but one* (that is, the penultimate), I think that I have omitted a line in the copy sent to you from Florence—viz., after the line—

“‘And woo compassion to a blighted name,’

insert,

“‘Sealing the sentence which my foes proclaim.’”

The *context* will show you *the sense*, which is not clear in this quotation. Remember, I write this in the supposition that you have received my Florentine packet.

“At Florence I remained but a day, having a hurry for Rome, to which I am thus far advanced. However, I went to the two galleries, from which one returns drunk with beauty. The Venus is more for admiration than love; but there are sculpture and painting, which for the first time at

all gave me an idea of what people mean by their *cant*, and what Mr. Braham calls 'entusimusy' (*i.e.*, enthusiasm) about those two most artificial of the arts. What struck me most were, the mistress of Raphael, a portrait; the mistress of Titian, a portrait; a Venus of Titian in the Medici gallery—the Venus; Canova's Venus, also in the other gallery: Titian's mistress is also in the other gallery (that is, in the Pitti Palace gallery); the Parcæ of Michael Angelo, a picture; and the Antinous, the Alexander, and one or two not very decent groups in marble; the Genius of Death, a sleeping figure, etc., etc.

"I also went to the Medici chapel—fine frippery in great slabs of various expensive stones, to commemorate fifty rotten and forgotten carcasses. It is unfinished, and will remain so.

"The church of 'Santa Croce' contains much illustrious nothing. The tombs of Machiavelli, Michael Angelo, Galileo Galilei, and Alfieri, make it the Westminster Abbey of Italy. I did not admire *any* of these tombs—beyond their contents. That of Alfieri is heavy, and all of them seem to me overloaded. What is necessary but a bust and name? and perhaps a date? the last for the unchronological, of whom I am one. But all your allegory and eulogy is infernal, and worse than the long wigs of English numskulls upon Roman bodies in the statuary of the reigns of Charles II., William, and Anne.

"When you write, write to *Venice*, as usual; I mean to return there in a fortnight. I shall not be in England for a long time. This afternoon I met Lord and Lady Jersey, and saw them for some time: all well; children grown and healthy; she very pretty, but sunburnt; he very sick of travelling; bound for Paris. There are not many English on the move, and those who are mostly homewards. I shall not return till business makes me, being much better where I am in health, etc., etc.

"For the sake of my personal comfort, I pray you send me immediately to *Venice*—*mind*, *Venice*—*viz.*, *Waites' tooth-powder*, *red*, a quantity; *calcined magnesia*, of the best

quality, a quantity ; and all this by safe, sure, and speedy means ; and, by the Lord ! do it.

“ I have done nothing at Manfred's third act. You must wait ; I'll have at it in a week or two, or so. Yours ever, etc.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“ Rome, May 5, 1817.

“ By this post (or next at farthest) I send you, in two *other* covers, the new third act of ‘ Manfred.’ I have re-written the greater part, and returned what is not altered in the *proof* you sent me. The Abbot is become a good man, and the Spirits are brought in at the death. You will find, I think, some good poetry in this new act, here and there ; and if so, print it, without sending me farther proofs, *under Mr. Gifford's correction*, if he will have the goodness to overlook it. Address all answers to *Venice*, as usual ; I mean to return there in ten days.

“ ‘ The Lament of Tasso,’ which I sent from Florence, has, I trust, arrived : I look upon it as a ‘ these be good rhymes,’ as Pope's papa said to him when he was a boy. For the *two—it* and the Drama—you will disburse to me (*via Kinnaird*) *six* hundred guineas. You will perhaps be surprised that I set the same price upon this as upon the Drama ; but, besides, that I look upon it as *good*, I won't take less than three hundred guineas for anything. The two together will make you a larger publication than the ‘ Siege ’ and ‘ Parisina ;’ so you may think yourself let off very easy ; that is to say, if these poems are good for anything, which I hope and believe.

“ I have been some days in Rome the Wonderful. I am seeing sights, and have done nothing else, except the new third act for you. I have this morning seen a live pope and a dead cardinal : Pius VII. has been burying Cardinal Bracchi, whose body I saw in state at the Chiesa Nuova. Rome has delighted me beyond everything, since Athens and Constantinople. But I shall not remain long this visit. Address to Venice.

“ Ever, etc.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Rome, May 9, 1817.

"Address all answers to Venice; for there I shall return in fifteen days, God willing.

"I sent you from Florence 'The Lament of Tasso,' and from Rome the third act of 'Manfred,' both of which, I trust, will duly arrive. The terms of these two I mentioned in my last, and will repeat in this: it is three hundred for each, or *six* hundred guineas for the two—that is, if you like, and they are good for anything.

"At last one of the parcels is arrived. In the notes to 'Childe Harold' there is a blunder of yours or mine: you talk of arrival at *St. Gingo*, and, immediately after, add—'on the height is the Chateau of Clarens.' This is sad work: Clarens is on the *other* side of the lake, and it is quite impossible that I should have so bungled. Look at the MS.; and at any rate rectify it.

"The 'Tales of my Landlord' I have read with great pleasure, and perfectly understand now why my sister and aunt are so very positive in the very erroneous persuasion that they must have been written by me. If you knew me as well as they do, you would have fallen, perhaps, into the same mistake. Some day or other I will explain to you *why*—when I have time; at present, it does not much matter; but you must have thought this blunder of theirs very odd, and so did I, till I had read the book. Croker's letter to you is a very great compliment; I shall return it to you in my next.

"I perceive you are publishing a Life of Raffael d'Urbino:* it may perhaps interest you to hear that a set of German artists here allow their *hair* to grow, and trim it into *his fashion*, thereby drinking the cummin of the disciples of the old philosopher; if they would cut their

* By Richard Duppa, F.S.A., author of the "Life and Literary Works of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti," "Travels in Italy, Sicily, and the Lipary Islands," etc., etc. He died in 1831.

hair, convert it into brushes, and paint like him, it would be more 'German to the matter.'

"I'll tell you a story: the other day, a man here—an English—mistaking the statues of Charlemagne and Constantine, which are *equestrian*, for those of Peter and Paul, asked another *which* was Paul of these same horsemen?—to which the reply was,—'I thought, sir, that St. Paul had never got on horseback since his *accident*?'

"I'll tell you another: Henry Fox, writing to some one from Naples the other day, after an illness, adds—'and I am so changed, that my *oldest creditors* would hardly know me.'

"I am delighted with Rome—as I would be with a band-box, that is, it is a fine thing to see, finer than Greece; but I have not been here long enough to affect it as a residence, and I must go back to Lombardy, because I am wretched at being away from Marianna. I have been riding my saddle-horses every day, and been to Albano, its lakes, and to the top of the Alban Mount, and to Frascati, Aricia, etc., etc., with an etc., etc., etc., about the city, and in the city: for all which—*vide* Guide-book. As a whole, ancient and modern, it beats Greece, Constantinople, everything—at least that I have ever seen. But I can't describe, because my first impressions are always strong and confused, and my memory *selects* and reduces them to order, like distance in the landscape, and blends them better, although they may be less distinct. There must be a sense or two more than we have, us mortals; for where there is much to be grasped we are always at a loss, and yet feel that we ought to have a higher and more extended comprehension.

"I have had a letter from Moore, who is in some alarm about his poem. I don't see why.

"I have had another from my poor dear Augusta, who is in a sad fuss about my late illness; do, pray, tell her (the truth) that I am better than ever, and in importunate health, growing (if not grown) large and ruddy, and congratulated by impertinent persons on my robustious appearance, when I ought to be pale and interesting.

"You tell me that George Byron has got a son, and Augusta says a daughter; which is it?—it is no great matter: the father is a good man, an excellent officer, and has married a very nice little woman,* who will bring him more babies than income; howbeit she had a handsome dowry, and is a very charming girl;—but he may as well get a ship.

"I have no thoughts of coming amongst you yet awhile, so that I can fight off business. If I could but make a tolerable sale of Newstead, there would be no occasion for my return; and I can assure you very sincerely, that I am much happier (or, at least, have been so) out of your island than in it.

"Yours, ever."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Venice, May 30, 1817.

"I returned from Rome two days ago, and have received your letter; but no sign nor tidings of the parcel sent through Sir C. Stuart, which you mention. After an interval of months, a packet of 'Tales,' etc., found me at Rome; but this is all, and may be all that ever will find me. The post seems to be the only sure conveyance; and *that only for letters*. From Florence I sent you a poem on Tasso, and from Rome the new third act of 'Manfred,' and by Dr. Polidori, two portraits for my sister. I left Rome, and made a rapid journey home. You will continue to direct here as usual. Mr. Hobhouse is gone to Naples: I should have run down there too for a week, but for the quantity of English whom I heard of there. I prefer hating them at a distance; unless an earthquake, or a good

* George-Anson Byron, the present Lord, married, in 1816, Elizabeth-Mary, daughter of Sacheverell Chandos Pole, Esq., of Radborne, Derbyshire. The child here spoken of is Mary-Anne, married, in 1834, to John Blenkinsopp Coulson, Esq., of Blenkinsopp Castle.

real irruption of Vesuvius, were ensured to reconcile me to their vicinity.

“The day before I left Rome I saw three robbers guillotined. The ceremony—including the *masqued* priests; the half-naked executioners; the bandaged criminals; the black Christ and his banner; the scaffold; the soldiery; the slow procession, and the quick rattle and heavy fall of the axe; the splash of the blood, and the ghastliness of the exposed heads—is altogether more impressive than the vulgar and ungentlemanly dirty ‘new drop’ and dog-like agony of infliction upon the sufferers of the English sentence. Two of these men behaved calmly enough, but the first of the three died with great terror and reluctance. What was very horrible, he would not lie down; then his neck was too large for the aperture, and the priest was obliged to drown his exclamations by still louder exhortations. The head was off before the eye could trace the blow; but from an attempt to draw back the head, notwithstanding it was held forward by the hair, the first head was cut off close to the ears: the other two were taken off more cleanly. It is better than the oriental way, and (I should think) than the axe of our ancestors. The pain seems little; and yet the effect to the spectator, and the preparation to the criminal, are very striking and chilling. The first turned me quite hot and thirsty, and made me shake so that I could hardly hold the opera-glass (I was close, but was determined to see, as one should see everything, once, with attention); the second and third (which shows how dreadfully soon things grow indifferent), I am ashamed to say, had no effect on me as a horror, though I would have saved them if I could.

“Yours, etc.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Venice, June 4, 1817.

“I was delighted with Rome, and was on horseback all round it many hours daily, besides in it the rest of my

time, bothering over its marvels. I excused and skirred the country round to Alba, Tivoli, Frascati, Licenza, etc., etc.; besides, I visited twice the Fall of Terni, which beats everything. On my way back, close to the temple by its banks, I got some famous trout out of the river Clitumnus—the prettiest little stream in all poesy, near the first post from Foligno and Spoleto.—I did not stay at Florence, being anxious to get home to Venice, and having already seen the galleries and other sights. I left my commendatory letters the evening before I went, so I saw nobody.

“To-day, Pindemonte, the celebrated poet of Verona, called on me; he is a little thin man, with acute and pleasing features; his address good and gentle; his appearance altogether very philosophical; his age about sixty, or more. He is one of their best going. I gave him *Forsyth*, as he speaks, or reads rather, a little English, and will find there a favourable account of himself. He inquired after his old Cruscan friends, Parsons, Greathead, Mrs. Piozzi, and Merry, all of whom he had known in his youth. I gave him as bad an account of them as I could, answering, as the false ‘Solomon Lob’ does to ‘Totterton’ in the farce, ‘all gone dead,’ and damned by a satire more than twenty years ago; that the name of their extinguisher was Gifford; that they were but a sad set of scribes after all, and no great things in any other way. He seemed, as was natural, very much pleased with this account of his old acquaintances, and went away greatly gratified with that and Mr. Forsyth’s sententious paragraph of applause in his own (Pindemonte’s) favour. After having been a little libertine in his youth, he is grown devout, and takes prayers, and talks to himself, to keep off the devil; but for all that, he is a very nice little old gentleman.

“I forgot to tell you that at Bologna (which is celebrated for producing popes, painters, and sausages) I saw an anatomical gallery, where there is a deal of waxwork, in which . . .

“I am sorry to hear of your row with Hunt; but suppose him to be exasperated by the Quarterly and your refusal to

deal; and when one is angry and edits a paper, I should think the temptation too strong for literary nature, which is not always human. I can't conceive in what, and for what, he abuses you: what have you done? you are not an author, nor a politician, nor a public character; I know no scrape you have tumbled into. I am the more sorry for this, because I introduced you to Hunt, and because I believe him to be a good man; but till I know the particulars, I can give no opinion.

“Let me know about ‘Lalla Rookh,’ which must be out by this time.

“I restore the proofs, but the *punctuation* should be corrected. I feel too lazy to have at it myself; so beg and pray Mr. Gifford for me.—Address to Venice. In a few days I go to my *villeggiatura*, in a casino near the Brenta, a few miles only on the mainland. I have determined on another year, and *many years* of residence if I can compass them. Marianna is with me, hardly recovered of the fever, which has been attacking all Italy last winter. I am afraid she is a little hectic; but I hope the best.

“Ever, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“La Mira, Venice, July 10, 1817.

“Murray, the Mokanna of booksellers, has contrived to send me extracts from ‘Lalla Rookh’ by the post. They are taken from some magazine, and contain a short outline and quotations from the two first poems. I am very much delighted with what is before me, and very thirsty for the rest. You have caught the colours as if you had been in the rainbow, and the tone of the East is perfectly preserved. I am glad you have changed the title from ‘Persian Tale.’

“I suspect you have written a devilish fine composition, and I rejoice in it from my heart; because ‘the Douglas and the Percy both together are confident against a world

in arms.' I hope you won't be affronted at my looking on us as 'birds of a feather;' though, on whatever subject you had written, I should have been very happy in your success.

"There is a simile of an orange tree's 'flowers and fruits,' which I should have liked better if I did not believe it to be a reflection on ——.*

"Do you remember Thurlow's poem to Sam—'When Rogers;' and that d—d supper at Rancilffe's that ought to have been a *dinner*? 'Ah, Master Shallow, we have heard the chimes at midnight.' But,

" My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee!

" Here's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;
And whatever sky's above me,
Here's a heart for every fate.

" Though the ocean roar around me,
Yet it still shall bear me on;
Though a desert should surround me,
It hath springs that may be won.

" Were't the last drop in the well,
As I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

" With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore.

"This should have been written fifteen moons ago—the first stanza was. I am just come out from an hour's swim

* "Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like Age at play with Infancy."—*Lalla Rookh*.

in the Adriatic; and I write to you with a black-eyed Venetian girl before me, reading Boccacio.

“Last week I had a row on the road (I came up to Venice from my casino, a few miles on the Paduan road, this blessed day, to bathe) with a fellow in a carriage, who was impudent to my horse. I gave him a swingeing box on the ear, which sent him to the police, who dismissed his complaint. Witnesses had seen the transaction. He first shouted, in an unseemly way, to frighten my palfrey. I wheeled round, rode up to the window, and asked him what he meant. He grinned, and said some foolery, which produced him an immediate slap in the face, to his utter discomfiture. Much blasphemy ensued, and some menace, which I stopped by dismounting and opening the carriage-door, and intimating an intention of mending the road with his immediate remains if he did not hold his tongue. He held it.

“Monk Lewis is here—‘how pleasant!’* He is a very good fellow, and very much yours. So is Sam—so is everybody—and amongst the number,

“Yours ever, “ B.

“P.S.—What think you of Manfred?”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Venice, August 12, 1817.

“I have been very sorry to hear of the death of Madame de Stael, not only because she had been very kind to me at Copet, but because now I can never requite her. In a general point of view, she will leave a great gap in society and literature.

“With regard to death, I doubt that we have any right to pity the dead for their own sakes.

“The copies of ‘Manfred’ and ‘Tasso’ are arrived, thanks to Mr. Croker’s cover. You have destroyed the whole

* An allusion (such as often occurs in these letters) to an anecdote with which he had been amused.

effect and moral of the poem by omitting the last line of Manfred's speaking ;* and why this was done, I know not. Why you persist in saying nothing of the thing itself, I am equally at a loss to conjecture. If it is for fear of telling me something disagreeable, you are wrong ; because sooner or later I must know it, and I am not so new, nor so raw, nor so inexperienced, as not to be able to bear, not the mere paltry, petty disappointments of authorship, but things more serious—at least I hope so, and that what you may think irritability is merely mechanical, and only acts like galvanism on a dead body, or the muscular motion which survives sensation.

“If it is that you are out of humour, because I wrote to you a sharp letter, recollect that it was partly from a misconception of your letter, and partly because you did a thing you had no right to do without consulting me.

“I have, however, heard good of ‘Manfred’ from two other quarters, and from men who would not be scrupulous in saying what they thought, or what was said ; and so ‘good morrow to you, good Master Lieutenant.’

“I wrote to you twice about the fourth canto, which you will answer at your pleasure. Mr. Hobhouse and I have come up for a day to the city ; Mr. Lewis is gone to England ; and I am
“Yours.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“September 15, 1817.

“I enclose a sheet for correction, if ever you get to another edition. You will observe that the blunder in printing makes it appear as if the Château was *over* St. Gingo, instead of being on the opposite shore of the Lake, over Clarens. So, separate the paragraphs, otherwise my *topography* will seem as inaccurate as your *typography* on this occasion.

“The other day I wrote to convey my proposition with

* “Old man ! ’tis not so difficult to die.”

regard to the fourth and concluding canto. I have gone over and extended it to one hundred and fifty stanzas, which is almost as long as the two first were originally, and longer by itself than any of the smaller poems except 'The Corsair.' Mr. Hobhouse has made some very valuable and accurate notes of considerable length, and you may be sure that I will do for the text all that I can to finish with decency. I look upon 'Childe Harold' as my best; and as I begun, I think of concluding with it. But I make no resolutions on that head, as I broke my former intention with regard to 'The Corsair.' However, I fear that I shall never do better; and yet, not being thirty years of age, for some moons to come, one ought to be progressive as far as intellect goes for many a good year. But I have had a devilish deal of wear and tear of mind and body in my time, besides having published too often and much already. God grant me some judgment to do what may be most fitting in that and everything else, for I doubt my own exceedingly.

"I have read 'Lalla Rookh,' but not with sufficient attention yet, for I ride about, and lounge, and ponder, and—two or three other things; so that my reading is very desultory, and not so attentive as it used to be. I am very glad to hear of its popularity, for Moore is a very noble fellow in all respects, and will enjoy it without any bad feelings which success—good or evil—sometimes engenders in the men of rhyme. Of the poem itself, I will tell you my opinion when I have mastered it: I say of the *poem*, for I don't like the *prose* at all—at all; in the meantime, the 'Fire-Worshippers' is the best, and the 'Veiled Prophet' the worst, of the volume.

"With regard to poetry in general, I am convinced, the more I think of it, that he and *all* of us—Scott, Southey, Wordsworth, Moore, Campbell, I—are all in the wrong, one as much as another; that we are upon a wrong revolutionary poetical system, or systems, not worth a damn in itself, and from which none but Rogers and Crabbe are free; and that the present and next generations will finally

be of this opinion. I am the more confirmed in this by having lately gone over some of our classics, particularly *Pope*, whom I tried in this way : I took Moore's poems and my own and some others, and went over them side by side with *Pope's*, and I was really astonished (I ought not to have been so) and mortified at the ineffable distance in point of sense, harmony, effect, and even *imagination*, passion, and *invention*, between the little Queen Anne's man and us of the Lower Empire. Depend upon it, it is all Horace then, and Claudian now, among us ; and if I had to begin again, I would mould myself accordingly. Crabbe's the man, but he has got a coarse and impracticable subject ; and — [Rogers] is retired upon half-pay, and has done enough, unless he were to do as he did formerly."

TO MR. MURRAY.

" Venice, January 8, 1818.

- " My dear Mr. Murray,
 You're in a damn'd hurry
 To set up this ultimate Canto ;
 But (if they don't rob us)
 You'll see Mr. Hobhouse
 Will bring it safe in his portmanteau.
- " For the Journal you hint of,
 As ready to print off,
 No doubt you do right to commend it ;
 But as yet I have writ off,
 The devil a bit of
 Our ' Beppo ; '—when copied, I'll send it.
- " Then you've Sotheby's Tour,—
 No great things, to be sure,
 You could hardly begin with a less work ;
 For the pompous rascallion,
 Who don't speak Italian
 Nor French, must have scribbled by guess-work.
- " You can make any loss up
 With ' Spence ' and his gossip,
 A work which must surely succeed ;

Then Queen Mary's Epistle-craft,
 With the new 'Fytte' of 'Whistlecraft,'
 Must make people purchase and read.

"Then you've General Gordon,
 Who girded his sword on,
 To serve with a Muscovite master,
 And help him to polish
 A nation so owlsh,
 They thought shaving their beards a disaster.

"For the man, '*poor and shrewd*,'
 With whom you'd conclude
 A compact without more delay,
 Perhaps some such pen is
 Still extant in Venice ;
 But please, sir, to mention *your pay*."

TO MR. ROGERS.

"Venice, March 3, 1818.

"I have not, as you say, 'taken to wife the Adriatic.' I heard of Moore's loss from himself in a letter which was delayed upon the road three months. I was sincerely sorry for it, but in such cases what are words ?

"The villa you speak of is one at Este, which Mr. Hoppner (Consul-general here) has transferred to me. I have taken it for two years as a place of villeggiatura. The situation is very beautiful, indeed, among the Euganean hills, and the house very fair. The vines are luxuriant to a great degree, and all the fruits of the earth abundant. It is close to the old castle of the Estes, or Guelphs, and within a few miles of Arqua, which I have visited twice, and hope to visit often.

"Last summer (except an excursion to Rome) I passed upon the Brenta. In Venice I winter, transporting my horses to the Lido, bordering the Adriatic (where the fort is), so that I get a gallop of some miles daily along the strip of beach which reaches to Malamocco, when in health ; but within these few weeks I have been unwell. At present I

am getting better. The Carnival was short, but a good one. I don't go out much, except during the time of masques ; but there are one or two conversazioni, where I go regularly, just to keep up the system, as I had letters to their givers, and they are particular on such points ; and now and then, though very rarely, to the Governor's.

“ It is a very good place for women. I like the dialect and their manner very much. There is a *naïveté* about them which is very winning, and the romance of the place is a mighty adjunct ; the *bel sangue* is not, however, now amongst the *dame* or higher orders ; but all under *i fazzioli*, or kerchiefs (a white kind of veil which the lower orders wear upon their heads) ;—the *vesta zendale*, or old national female costume, is no more. The city, however, is decaying daily, and does not gain in population. However, I prefer it to any other in Italy ; and here have I pitched my staff, and here do I purpose to reside for the remainder of my life, unless events, connected with business not to be transacted out of England, compel me to return for that purpose ; otherwise I have few regrets, and no desires to visit it again for its own sake. I shall probably be obliged to do so, to sign papers for my affairs, and a proxy for the Whigs, and to see Mr. Waite, for I can't find a good dentist here, and every two or three years one ought to consult one. About seeing my children, I must take my chance. One I shall have sent here ; and I shall be very happy to see the legitimate one, when God pleases, which he perhaps will some day or other. As for my mathematical —, I am as well without her.

“ Your account of your visit to Fonthill is very striking : could you beg of *him* for *me* a copy in MS. of the remaining *Tales* ?* I think I deserve them, as a strenuous and public admirer of the first one. I will return it when read, and make no ill use of the copy, if granted. Murray would

* A continuation of “Vathek,” by the author of that very striking and powerful production. The “Tales” of which this unpublished sequel consists are, I understand, those supposed to have been related by the Princes in the Hall of Eblis.

ne out anything safely. If ever I return to England, I should like very much to see the author, with his permission. In the meantime, you could not oblige me more than by obtaining me the perusal I request, in French or English,—all's one for that, though I prefer Italian to either. I have a French copy of 'Vathek' which I bought at Lausanne. I can read French with great pleasure and facility, though I neither speak nor write it. Now, Italian I *can* speak with some fluency, and write sufficiently for my purposes, but I don't like their *modern* prose at all; it is very heavy, and so different from Machiavelli.

"They say Francis is Junius;—I think it looks like it.* I remember meeting him at Earl Grey's at dinner. Has not he lately married a young woman? and was not he Madame Talleyrand's *cavaliere servente* in India years ago?

"I read my death in the papers, which was not true. I see they are marrying the remaining singleness of the royal family. They have brought out Fazio with great and deserved success at Covent Garden: that's a good sign. I tried, during the directory, to have it done at Drury Lane, but was overruled. If you think of coming into this country, you will let me know perhaps beforehand. I suppose Moore won't move. Rose is here. I saw him the other night at Madame Albrizzi's: he talks of returning in May. My love to the Hollands. "Ever, etc.

"P.S.—They have been crucifying Othello into an opera

* See Mr. Taylor's "Identity of Junius with a distinguished living Character established," and a review of it in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xxix. p 94. The reviewer (Lord Brougham) says, "That this work proves Sir Philip Francis to be Junius, we will not affirm; but this we can safely assert, that it accumulates such a mass of circumstantial evidence, as renders it extremely difficult to believe he is not; and that, if so many coincidences shall be found to have misled us in this case, our faith in all conclusions drawn from proofs of a similar kind may henceforth be shaken. All the evidence which can be drawn from a comparison of Junius's Letters and Sir Philip's Life and Writings points him out as the author: there is no circumstance which does not tally with this conclusion, and no difficulty which it does not explain."

(*Otello*, by Rossini): the music good, but lugubrious; but as for the words, all the real scenes with Iago cut out, and the greatest nonsense instead; the handkerchief turned into a *billet-doux*, and the first singer would not *black* his face, for some exquisite reasons assigned in the preface. Singing, dresses, and music very good."

TO MR. MOORE.

"Venice, September 19, 1818.

"An English newspaper here would be a prodigy, and an opposition one a monster; and except some extracts *from* extracts in the vile, garbled Paris gazettes, nothing of the kind reaches the Veneto-Lombard public, who are, perhaps, the most oppressed in Europe. My correspondences with England are mostly on business, and chiefly with my —, who has no very exalted notion, or extensive conception, of an author's attributes; for he once took up an *Edinburgh Review*, and, looking at it a minute, said to me, 'So, I see you have got into the magazine,'—which is the only sentence I ever heard him utter upon literary matters, or the men thereof.

"My first news of your Irish Apotheosis has, consequently, been from yourself. But, as it will not be forgotten in a hurry, either by your friends or your enemies, I hope to have it more in detail from some of the former, and, in the meantime, I wish you joy with all my heart. Such a moment must have been a good deal better than Westminster Abbey,—besides being an assurance of *that* one day (many years hence, I trust), into the bargain.

"I am sorry to perceive, however, by the close of your letter, that even *you* have not escaped the 'surgit amari,' etc., and that your damned deputy has been gathering such 'dew from the still *veat* Bermoothes'—or rather *vecatious*. Pray, give me some items of the affair, as you say it is a serious one; and, if it grows more so, you should make a

trip over here for a few months, to see how things turn out. I suppose you are a violent admirer of England by your staying so long in it. For my own part, I have passed, between the age of one-and-twenty and thirty, half the intervenient years out of it without regretting anything, except that I ever returned to it at all, and the gloomy prospect before me of business and parentage obliging me, one day, to return to it again,—at least, for the transaction of affairs, the signing of papers, and inspecting of children.

“I have here my natural daughter, by name Allegra,—a pretty little girl enough, and reckoned like papa. Her mamma is English,—but it is a long story, and,—there’s an end. She is about twenty months old.

“I have finished the first canto (a long one, of about 180 octaves) of a poem in the style and manner of ‘Beppo,’ encouraged by the good success of the same. It is called ‘Don Juan,’ and is meant to be a little quietly facetious upon everything. But I doubt whether it is not—at least, as far as it has yet gone—too free for these very modest days. However, I shall try the experiment, anonymously; and if it don’t take, it will be discontinued. It is dedicated to Southey in good, simple, savage verse, upon the ——’s politics, and the way he got them. But the bore of copying it out is intolerable; and if I had an amanuensis he would be of no use, as my writing is so difficult to decipher.

“My poem’s Epic, and is meant to be
 Divided in twelve books, each book containing,
 With love and war, a heavy gale at sea—
 A list of ships, and captains, and kings reigning—
 New characters, etc., etc.

The above are two stanzas, which I send you as a brick of my Babel, and by which you can judge of the texture of the structure.

“In writing the Life of Sheridan, never mind the angry lies of the humbug Whigs. Recollect that he was an Irishman and a clever fellow, and that *we* have had some very pleasant days with him. Don’t forgot that he was at school at Harrow, where, in my time, we used to show his name—

R. B. Sheridan, 1765,—as an honour to the walls. Remember —. Depend upon it that there were worse folks going, of that gang, than ever Sheridan was.

“What did Parr mean by ‘haughtiness and coldness?’ I listened to him with admiring ignorance and respectful silence. What more could a talker for fame have?—they don’t like to be answered. It was at Payne Knight’s I met him, where he gave me more Greek than I could carry away. But I certainly meant to (and *did*) treat him with the most respectful deference.

“I wish you a good night, with a Venetian benediction, ‘Benedetto te, e la terra che ti fara!’—‘May you be blessed, and the *earth* which you will *make*!’—is it not pretty? You would think it still prettier if you had heard it, as I did two hours ago, from the lips of a Venetian girl, with large black eyes, a face like Faustina’s, and the figure of a Juno—tall and energetic as a Pythoness, with eyes flashing, and her dark hair streaming in the moonlight—one of those women who may be made anything. I am sure if I put a poniard into the hand of this one, she would plunge it where I told her,—and into *me* if I offended her. I like this kind of animal, and am sure that I should have preferred Medea to any woman that ever breathed. You may, perhaps, wonder that I don’t in that case. . . . I could have forgiven the dagger or the bowl,—anything, but the deliberate desolation piled upon me, when I stood alone upon my hearth, with my household gods shivered around me. . . . Do you suppose I have forgotten it? It has comparatively swallowed up in me every other feeling, and I am only a spectator upon earth, till a tenfold opportunity offers. It may come yet. There are others more to be blamed than —, and it is on these that my eyes are fixed unceasingly.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Venice, April 6, 1819.

“The second canto of ‘Don Juan’ was sent, on Saturday last, by post, in four packets, two of four and two of three sheets each, containing in all two hundred and seventeen stanzas, octave measure. But I will permit no curtailments, except those mentioned about Castlereagh and ——.* You sha’n’t make *canticles* of my cantos. The poem will please, if it is lively; if it is stupid, it will fail; but I will have none of your damned cutting and slashing. If you please, you may publish *anonymously*; it will perhaps be better; but I will battle my way against them all, like a porcupine.

“So you and Mr. Foscolo, etc., want me to undertake what you call a ‘great work?’—an Epic Poem, I suppose, or some such pyramid. I’ll try no such thing; I hate tasks. And then ‘seven or eight years!’ God send us all well this day three months, let alone years. If one’s years can’t be better employed than in sweating poesy, a man had better be a ditcher. And works, too!—is ‘Childe Harold’ nothing? You have so many ‘*divine*’ poems—is it nothing to have written a *human* one? without any of your worn-out machinery. Why, man, I could have spun the thoughts of the four cantos of that poem into twenty, had I wanted to book-make, and its passion into as many modern tragedies. Since you want *length*, you shall have enough of *Juan*, for I’ll make fifty cantos.

“And Foscolo, too! Why does *he* not do something more than the ‘Letters of Ortis,’ and a tragedy,† and pamphlets? He has good fifteen years more at his command than I have: what has he done all that time?—proved his genius, doubtless, but not fixed its fame, nor done his utmost.

* “The two Bobs in the Introduction.”—See *Works*, p. 588.

† “Ricciardo.” For an account of it, see *Quarterly Review*, vol. xxiv. p. 90. Foscolo was a Greek by birth, a native of Zante. He died at Chiswick in 1827, in his fiftieth year.

“Besides, I mean to write my best work in *Italian*, and it will take me nine years more thoroughly to master the language; and then, if my fancy exist, and I exist too, I will try what I *can* do *really*. As to the estimation of the English which you talk of, let them calculate what it is worth before they insult me with their insolent condescension.

“I have not written for their pleasure. If they are pleased, it is that they chose to be so; I have never flattered their opinions, nor their pride; nor will I. Neither will I make ‘Ladies’ books’ ‘*al diletta le femine e la plebe.*’ I have written from the fulness of my mind, from passion, from impulse, from many motives, but not for their ‘sweet voices.’

“I know the precise worth of popular applause, for few scribblers have had more of it; and if I chose to swerve into their paths, I could retain it, or resume it. But I neither love ye nor fear ye; and though I buy with ye, and sell with ye, and talk with ye, I will neither eat with ye, drink with ye, nor pray with ye. They made me, without my search, a species of popular idol; they, without reason or judgment, beyond the caprice of their good pleasure, threw down the image from its pedestal; it was not broken with the fall, and they would, it seems, again replace it,—but they shall not.

“You ask about my health: about the beginning of the year I was in a state of great exhaustion, attended by such debility of stomach that nothing remained upon it; and I was obliged to reform my ‘way of life,’ which was conducting me from the ‘yellow leaf’ to the ground, with all deliberate speed. I am better in health and morals, and very much yours, etc.

“P.S.—I have read Hodgson’s ‘Friends.’ He is right in defending Pope against the bastard pelicans of the poetical winter day, who add insult to their parricide, by sucking the blood of the parent of English *real* poetry,—poetry without fault,—and then spurning the bosom which fed them.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

"The story of Shelley's agitation is true.* I can't tell what seized him, for he don't want courage. He was once with me in a gale of wind, in a small boat, right under the rocks between Meillerie and St. Gingo. We were five in the boat—a servant, two boatmen, and ourselves. The sail was mismanaged, and the boat was filling fast. He can't swim. I stripped off my coat, made him strip off his, and take hold of an oar, telling him that I thought (being myself an expert swimmer) I could save him, if he would not struggle when I took hold of him—unless we got smashed against the rocks, which were high and sharp, with an awkward surf on them at that minute. We were then about a hundred yards from shore, and the boat in peril. He answered me with the greatest coolness, 'that he had no notion of being saved, and that I would have enough to do to save myself, and begged not to trouble me.' Luckily, the boat righted, and, bailing, we got round a point into St. Gingo, where the inhabitants came down and embraced the boatmen on their escape, the wind having been high enough to tear up some huge trees from the Alps above us, as we saw next day.

"And yet the same Shelley, who was as cool as it was possible to be in such circumstances (of which I am no judge myself, as the chance of swimming naturally gives

* This story, as given in the Preface to the "Vampire," is as follows:—

"It appears that one evening Lord B., Mr. P. B. Shelley, two ladies, and the gentleman before alluded to, after having perused a German work called 'Phantasmagoria,' began relating ghost stories, when his Lordship having recited the beginning of 'Christabel,' then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelley's mind, that he suddenly started up, and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantel-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon inquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived), he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression."

self-possession when near shore), certainly had the fit of phantasy which Polidori describes, though *not exactly* as he describes it.

“The story of the agreement to write the ghost-books is true; but the ladies are *not* sisters. Mary Godwin (now Mrs. Shelley) wrote ‘Frankenstein,’ which you* have reviewed, thinking it Shelley’s. Methinks it is a wonderful book for a girl of nineteen,—*not* nineteen, indeed, at that time. I enclose you the beginning of mine, by which you will see how far it resembles Mr. Colburn’s publication. If you choose to publish it in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, you may, *stating why*, and with such explanatory proem as you please. I never went on with it, as you will perceive by the date. I began it in an old account-book of Miss Milbanke’s, which I kept because it contains the word ‘Household,’ written by her twice on the inside blank page of the covers, being the only two scraps I have in the world in her writing, except her name to the Deed of Separation. Her letters I sent back except those of the quarrelling correspondence, and those, being documents, are placed in the hands of a third person, with copies of several of my own; so that I have no kind of memorial whatever of her, but these two words,—and her actions. I have torn the leaves containing the part of the Tale out of the book, and enclose them with this sheet.

“What do you mean? First you seem hurt by my letter, and then, in your next, you talk of its ‘power,’ and so forth. ‘This is a d—d blind story, Jack; but never mind,

* In *Blackwood’s Magazine*, of which Mr. Murray was then a co-proprietor, there appeared an article on “Frankenstein” by Sir Walter Scott, in which the reviewer says, “The author seems to us to disclose uncommon powers of poetic imagination. It is no slight merit in our eyes, that the tale, though wild in incident, is written in plain and forcible English, without exhibiting that mixture of hyperbolical Germanisms with which tales of wonder are usually told, as if it were necessary that the language should be as extravagant as the fiction. The ideas of the author are always clearly, as well as forcibly, expressed; and his descriptions of landscape have in them the choice requisites of truth, freshness, precision, and beauty.”—See *Scott’s Miscell. Prose Works*, vol. xvii. p. 250.

go on.' You may be sure I said nothing *on purpose* to plague you; but if you will put me 'in a frenzy, I will never call you *Jack* again.' I remember nothing of the epistle at present.

"What do you mean by Polidori's *Diary*? Why, I defy him to say anything about me, but he is welcome. I have nothing to reproach me with on his score, and I am much mistaken if that is not his *own* opinion. But why publish the names of the two girls? and in such a manner?—what a blundering piece of exculpation! *He* asked Pictet, etc., to dinner, and of course was left to entertain them. I went into society *solely* to present *him* (as I told him), that he might return into good company if he chose; it was the best thing for his youth and circumstances: for myself, I had done with society, and, having presented him, withdrew to my own 'way of life.' It is true that I returned without entering Lady Dalrymple Hamilton's, because I saw it full. It is true that Mrs. Hervey (she writes novels) fainted at my entrance into Coppet, and then came back again. On her fainting, the Duchesse de Broglie exclaimed, 'This is *too much*—at *sixty-five* years of age!'—I never gave 'the English' an opportunity of 'avoiding' me; but I trust that, if ever I do, they will seize it. With regard to 'Mazeppa' and the Ode, you may join or separate them, as you please, from the two Cantos.

"Don't suppose I want to put you out of humour. I have a great respect for your good and gentlemanly qualities, and return your personal friendship towards me; and although I think you a little spoilt by 'villainous company,'—wits, persons of honour about town, authors, and fashionables, together with your 'I am just going to call at Carlton House, are you walking that way?'—I say, notwithstanding 'pictures, taste, Shakespeare, and the musical glasses,' you deserve and possess the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having, and of none more (however useless it may be) than yours very truly, etc.

"B.

"P.S.—Make my respects to Mr. Gifford. I am perfectly

aware that 'Don Juan' must set us all by the ears, but that is my concern and my beginning. There will be the 'Edinburgh,' and all, too, against it; so that, like 'Rob Roy,' I shall have my hands full."

TO MR. HOPNER.

"Bologna, June 6, 1819.

"I am at length joined to Bologna, where I am settled like a sausage, and shall be broiled like one, if this weather continues. Will you thank Mengaldo on my part for the Ferrara acquaintance, which was a very agreeable one. I stayed two days at Ferrara, and was much pleased with the Count Mosti, and the little the shortness of the time permitted me to see of his family. I went to his conversation, which is very far superior to anything of the kind at Venice—the women almost all young—several pretty—and the men courteous and cleanly. The lady of the mansion, who is young, lately married, and with child, appeared very pretty by candlelight (I did not see her by day), pleasing in her manners, and very lady-like, or thorough-bred, as we call it in England—a kind of thing which reminds one of a racer, an antelope, or an Indian greyhound. She seems very fond of her husband, who is amiable and accomplished; he has been in England two or three times, and is young. The sister, a Countess somebody—I forget what—(they are both Maffei by birth, and Veronese of course)—is a lady of more display; she sings and plays divinely; but I thought she was a d—d long time about it. Her likeness to Madame Flahaut* (Miss Mercer that was) is something quite extraordinary.

"I had but a bird's eye view of these people, and shall not probably see them again; but I am very much obliged to Mengaldo for letting me see them at all. Whenever I

* The Honourable Margaret Mercer Elphinstone, now Baroness Keith. In 1817 she was married to Count Flahaut, and on the demise of her father, in 1823, she succeeded to the peerage.

meet with anything agreeable in this world, it surprises me so much, and pleases me so much (when my passions are not interested one way or the other), that I go on wondering for a week to come. I feel, too, in great admiration of the Cardinal Legate's red stockings.

"I found, too, such a pretty epitaph in the Certosa cemetery, or rather two: one was,

" 'Martini Luigi
Implora pace;'

the other,

" 'Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.'

That was all; but it appears to me that these two and three words comprise and compress all that can be said on the subject—and then, in Italian, they are absolute music. They contain doubt, hope, and humility; nothing can be more pathetic than the 'implora' and the modesty of the request;—they have had enough of life—they want nothing but rest—they implore it, and 'eterna quiete.' It is like a Greek inscription in some good old heathen 'City of the Dead.' Pray, if I am shovelled into the Lido churchyard in your time, let me have the 'implora pace,' and nothing else, for my epitaph. I never met with any, ancient or modern, that pleased me a tenth part so much.

"In about a day or two after you receive this letter, I will thank you to desire Edgecombe to prepare for my return. I shall go back to Venice before I village on the Brenta. I shall stay but a few days in Bologna. I am just going out to see sights, but shall not present my introductory letters for a day or two, till I have run over again the place and pictures; nor perhaps at all, if I find that I have books and sights enough to do without the inhabitants. After that I shall return to Venice, where you may expect me about the eleventh, or perhaps sooner. Pray make my thanks acceptable to Mengaldo: my respects to the Consules, and to Mr. Scott. I hope my daughter is well.

"Ever yours, and truly.

"P.S.—I went over the Ariosto MS., etc., etc., again at Ferrara, with the castle, and cell, and house, etc., etc.

"One of the Ferrarese asked me if I knew 'Lord Byron,' an acquaintance of his, *now* at Naples. I told him '*No!*' which was true both ways; for I knew not the impostor, and in the other, no one knows himself. He stared when told that I was 'the real Simon Pure.' Another asked me if I had *not translated* 'Tasso.' You see what *fame* is! how *accurate!* how *boundless!* I don't know how others feel, but I am always the lighter and the better looked on when I have got rid of mine; it sits on me like armour on the Lord Mayor's champion; and I got rid of all the husk of literature, and the attendant babble, by answering, that I had not translated 'Tasso,' but a namesake had; and by the blessing of Heaven, I looked so little like a poet, that everybody believed me."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Bologna, June 7, 1819.

"Tell Mr. Hobhouse that I wrote to him a few days ago from Ferrara. It will therefore be idle in him or you to wait for any further answers or returns of proofs from Venice, as I have directed that no English letters be sent after me. The publication can be proceeded in without, and I am already sick of your remarks, to which I think not the least attention ought to be paid.

"Tell Mr. Hobhouse that, since I wrote to him, I had availed myself of my Ferrara letters, and found the society much younger and better there than at Venice. I am very much pleased with the little the shortness of my stay permitted me to see of the Gonfaloniere Count Mosti, and his family and friends in general.

"I have been picture-gazing this morning at the famous Domenichino and Guido, both of which are superlative. I afterwards went to the beautiful cemetery of Bologna, beyond the walls, and found, besides the superb burial-

ground, an original of a Custode, who reminded me of the grave-digger in Hamlet. He has a collection of capuchins' skulls, labelled on the forehead, and taking down one of them, said, 'This was Brother Desiderio Berro, who died at forty—one of my best friends. I begged his head of his brethren after his decease, and they gave it me. I put it in lime, and then boiled it. Here it is, teeth and all, in excellent preservation. He was the merriest, cleverest fellow I ever knew. Wherever he went, he brought joy; and whenever anyone was melancholy, the sight of him was enough to make him cheerful again. He walked so actively, you might have taken him for a dancer—he joked—he laughed—oh! he was such a Frate as I never saw before, nor ever shall again.'

"He told me that he had himself planted all the cypresses in the cemetery; that he had the greatest attachment to them and to his dead people; that since 1801 they had buried fifty-three thousand persons. In showing some older monuments, there was that of a Roman girl of twenty, with a bust by Bernini. She was a princess Bartorini, dead two centuries ago: he said that, on opening her grave, they had found her hair complete, and 'as yellow as gold.' Some of the epitaphs at Ferrara pleased me more than the more splendid monuments at Bologna; for instance:—

“ ‘Martini Luigi
Implora pace.’

“ ‘Lucrezia Picini
Implora eterna quiete.’

Can anything be more full of pathos? Those few words say all that can be said or sought: the dead had had enough of life; all they wanted was rest, and this they *implore!* There is all the helplessness, and humble hope, and deathlike prayer, that can arise from the grave—'implora pace.* I hope, whoever may survive me, and

* Though Lord Byron, like most other persons, in writing to different friends, was sometimes led to repeat the same circumstances and thoughts, there is, from the ever ready fertility of his mind,

shall see me put in the foreigners' burying-ground at the Lido, within the fortress by the Adriatic, will see those two words, and no more, put over me. I trust they won't think of 'pickling, and bringing me home to Clod or Blunderbuss Hall.* I am sure my bones would not rest in an English grave, or my clay mix with the earth of that country. I believe the thought would drive me mad on my deathbed, could I suppose that any of my friends would be base enough to convey my carcass back to your soil. I would not even feed your worms, if I could help it.

"So, as Shakespeare says of Mowbray, the banished Duke of Norfolk, who died at Venice (see Richard II.), that he, after fighting

" ' Against black Pagans, Turks, and Saracens,
And toiled with works of war, retired himself
To Italy, and there, at *Venice*, gave
His body to that *pleasant* country's earth,
And his pure soul unto his captain, Christ,
Under whose colours he had fought so long.'

"Before I left Venice, I had returned to you your late, and Mr. Hobhouse's sheets of Juan. Don't wait for further answers from me, but address yours to Venice, as usual. I know nothing of my own movements; I may return there in a few days, or not for some time. All this depends on circumstances. I left Mr. Hoppner very well, as well as his son and Mrs. Hoppner. My daughter Allegra was well too, and is growing pretty; her hair is growing darker, and her eyes are blue. Her temper and her ways, Mr. Hoppner says, are like mine, as well as her

much less of such repetition in his correspondence than in that, perhaps, of any other multifarious letter-writer; and, in the instance before us, where the same facts and reflections are, for the second time, introduced, it is with such new touches, both of thought and expression, as render them, even a second time, interesting;—what is wanting in the novelty of the matter being made up by the new aspect given to it.

* "If you should get a quietus, you may command me entirely. I'll get you a snug lying in the Abbey here; or pickle you, and send you over to Blunderbuss Hall."—*Rivals*, act v. sc. 2.

features: she will make, in that case, a manageable young lady.

“I have never heard anything of Ada, the little Electra of my Mycenæ. But there will come a day of reckoning, even if I should not live to see it. What a long letter I have scribbled!

“Yours, etc.

“P.S.—Here, as in Greece, they strew flowers on the tombs. I saw a quantity of rose-leaves, and entire roses, scattered over the graves at Ferrara. It has the most pleasing effect you can imagine.”

TO MR. HOPPNER.

“Ravenna, June 20, 1819.

“I wrote to you from Padua, and from Bologna, and since from Ravenna. I find my situation very agreeable, but want my horses very much, there being good riding in the environs. I can fix no time for my return to Venice—it may be soon or late—or not at all—it all depends on the Donna, whom I found very seriously in *bed* with a cough and spitting of blood, etc., all of which has subsided. I found all the people here firmly persuaded that she would never recover;—they were mistaken, however.

“My letters were useful as far as I employed them; and I like both the place and people, though I don't trouble the latter more than I can help. *She* manages very well—but if I come away with a stiletto in my gizzard some fine afternoon, I shall not be astonished. I can't make *him* out at all—he visits me frequently, and takes me out (like Whittington, the Lord Mayor) in a coach and *six* horses. The fact appears to be, that he is completely *governed* by her—for that matter, so am I.* The people here don't know

* That this task of “governing” him was one of more ease than, from the ordinary view of his character, might be concluded, I have more than once, in these pages, expressed my opinion, and shall here quote, in corroboration of it, the remark of his own servant (founded

what to make of us, as he had the character of jealousy with all his wives—this is the third. He is the richest of the Ravennese, by their own account, but is not popular among them. Now do, pray, send off Augustine, and carriage and cattle, to Bologna, without fail or delay, or I shall lose my remaining shred of senses. Don't forget this. My coming, going, and everything, depend upon HER entirely, just as Mrs. Hoppner (to whom I remit my reverences) said in the true spirit of female prophecy.

“You are but a shabby fellow not to have written before.

“And I am truly yours, etc.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Ravenna, June 29, 1819.

“The letters have been forwarded from Venice, but I trust that you will not have waited for further alterations—I will make none.

“I have no time to return you the proofs—publish without them. I am glad you think the poesy good; and as to ‘thinking of the effect,’ think *you* of the sale, and leave me to pluck the porcupines who may point their quills at you.

“I have been here (at Ravenna) these four weeks, having left Venice a month ago;—I came to see my ‘Amica,’ the Countess Guiccioli, who has been, and still continues, very unwell. . . . She is only in her seventeenth, but not of a strong constitution. She has a perpetual cough and an intermittent fever, but bears up most *gallantly* in every sense of the word. Her husband (this is his third wife) is the richest noble of Ravenna, and almost of Romagna; he is also *not* the youngest, being upwards of three-score, but in good preservation. All this will appear strange to you, who do not understand the

on an observation of more than twenty years), in speaking of his master's matrimonial fate:—“It is very odd, but I never yet knew a lady that could not manage my lord, *except* my lady.”

meridian morality, nor our way of life in such respects, and I cannot at present expound the difference;—but you would find it much the same in these parts. At Faenza there is Lord — with an opera girl; and at the inn in the same town is a Neapolitan Prince, who serves the wife of the Gonfaloniere of that city. I am on duty here—so you see ‘*Così fan tutti e tutte.*’

“I have my horses here, *saddle* as well as carriage, and ride or drive every day in the forest, the *Pineta*, the scene of Boccaccio’s novel, and Dryden’s fable of Honoria, etc., etc.; and I see my Dama every day; but I feel seriously uneasy about her health, which seems very precarious. In losing her, I should lose a being who has run great risks on my account, and whom I have every reason to love—but I must not think this possible. I do not know what I *should* do if she died, but I ought to blow my brains out—and I hope that I should. Her husband is a very polite personage, but I wish he would not carry me out in his coach and six, like Whittington and his cat.

“You ask me if I mean to continue D. J., etc. How should I know? What encouragement do you give me, all of you, with your nonsensical prudery? publish the two Cantos, and then you will see. I desired Mr. Kinnaird to speak to you on a matter of business; either he has not spoken or you have not answered. You are a pretty pair, but I will be even with you both. I perceive that Mr. Hobhouse has been challenged by Major Cartwright—Is the Major so ‘cunning of fence?’—why did they not fight?—they ought.

“Yours, etc.”

TO MR. HOPPNER.

“Ravenna, July 2, 1819.

“The best way will be to leave Allegra with Antonio’s spouse till I can decide something about her and myself—but I thought that you would have had an answer from

Mrs. V——r.* You have had bore enough with me and mine already.

“I greatly fear that the Guiccioli is going into a consumption, to which her constitution tends. Thus it is with everything and everybody for whom I feel anything like a real attachment;—‘War, death, or discord doth lay siege to them.’ I never even could keep alive a dog that I liked or that liked me. Her symptoms are obstinate cough of the lungs, and occasional fever, etc., etc., and there are latent causes of an eruption in the skin, which she foolishly repelled into the system two years ago: but I have made them send her case to Aglietti; and have begged him to come—if only for a day or two—to consult upon her state.

“If it would not bore Mr. Dorville, I wish he would keep an eye on E—— and on my other ragamuffins. I might have more to say, but I am absorbed about La Gui. and her illness. I cannot tell you the effect it has upon me.

“The horses came, etc., etc., and I have been galloping through the pine forest daily.

“Believe me, etc.

“P. S.—My benediction on Mrs. Hoppner, a pleasant journey among the Bernese tyrants, and safe return. You ought to bring back a Platonic Bernese for my reformation. If anything happens to my present Amica, I have done with the passion for ever—it is my *last* love. As to libertinism, I have sickened myself of that, as was natural in the way I went on, and I have at least derived that advantage from vice, to *love* in the better sense of the word.

* An English widow lady, of considerable property in the north of England, who, having seen the little Allegra at Mr. Hoppner's, took an interest in the poor child's fate, and having no family of her own, offered to adopt and provide for this little girl, if Lord Byron would consent to renounce all claim to her. At first he seemed not disinclined to enter into her views—so far, at least, as giving permission that she should take the child with her to England and educate it; but the entire surrender of his paternal authority he would by no means consent to. The proposed arrangement accordingly was never carried into effect.

* *This* will be my last adventure—I can hope no more to inspire attachment, and I trust never again to feel it.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Bologna, August 12, 1819.

“I do not know how far I may be able to reply to your letter, for I am not very well to-day. Last night I went to the representation of Alfieri's *Mirra*, the two last acts of which threw me into convulsions. I do not mean by that word a lady's hysterics, but the agony of reluctant tears, and the choking shudder, which I do not often undergo for fiction. This is but the second time for anything under reality; the first was on seeing Kean's *Sir Giles Overreach*. The worst was, that the ‘*Dama*,’ in whose box I was, went off in the same way, I really believe more from fright than any other sympathy—at least with the players: but she has been ill, and I have been ill, and we are all languid and pathetic this morning, with great expenditure of sal volatile.* But, to return to your letter of the 23rd of July.

“You are right, Gifford is right, Crabbe is right,

* The “*Dama*,” in whose company he witnessed this representation, thus describes its effect upon him:—“The play was that of *Mirra*; the actors, and particularly the actress* who performed the part of *Mirra*, seconded with much success the intentions of our great dramatist. Lord Byron took a strong interest in the representation, and it was evident that he was deeply affected. At length there came a point of the performance at which he could no longer restrain his emotions:—he burst into a flood of tears, and, his sobs preventing him from remaining any longer in the box, he rose and left the theatre.”

* “Went to see *Mirra* performed. I have seldom seen a tragedy where the distress is more affecting. The actress who played *Mirra* did it to the life: her first entrance told the whole story of the play; and the part is so managed, as to excite pity and sympathy for *Mirra*, in spite of the odious passion of which she is the victim. If terror and pity be the objects of tragedy, the part is admirably contrived to excite both these feelings in the highest degree; for, while you shudder at the terrible workings and fearful energy of her passion, the struggles of her own native innocence of mind and the horror with which she regards herself make the strongest appeal to your compassion.”—MATTHEWS: *Diary of an Invalid*. p. 282, ed. 1835.

Hobhouse is right—you are all right, and I am all wrong ; but do, pray, let me have that pleasure. Cut me up root and branch ; quarter me in the Quarterly ; send round my ‘disjecti membra poetæ,’ like those of the Levite’s concubine ; make me, if you will, a spectacle to men and angels ; but don’t ask me to alter, for I won’t:—I am obstinate and lazy—and there’s the truth.

“But, nevertheless, I will answer your friend Palgrave, who objects to the quick succession of fun and gravity, as if in that case the gravity did not (in intention, at least) heighten the fun. His metaphor is, that ‘we are never scorched and drenched at the same time.’ Blessings on his experience ! Ask him these questions about ‘scorching and drenching.’ Did he never play at cricket, or walk a mile in hot weather ? Did he never spill a dish of tea over himself in handing the cup to his charmer, to the great shame of his nankeen breeches ? Did he never swim in the sea at noonday with the sun in his eyes and on his head, which all the foam of ocean could not cool ? Did he never draw his foot out of too hot water, d—ning his eyes and his valet’s ? Did he never tumble into a river or lake, fishing, and sit in his wet clothes in the boat, or on the bank, afterwards ‘scorched and drenched,’ like a true sportsman ? ‘Oh for breath to utter !’—but make him my compliments ; he is a clever fellow for all that—a very clever fellow.

“You ask me for the plan of Donny Johnny : I *have* no plan ; I *had* no plan ; but I had or have materials ; though if, like Tony Lumpkin, ‘I am to be snubbed so when I am in spirits,’ the poem will be naught, and the poet turn serious again. If it don’t take, I will leave it off where it is, with all due respect to the public ; but if continued, it must be in my own way. You might as well make Hamlet (or Diggory)* ‘act mad’ in a strait waistcoat as trammel my buffoonery, if I am to be a buffoon ; their gestures and my thoughts would only be pitiably absurd and ludicrously constrained. Why, man, the soul of such writing is its licence ; at least the *liberty* of that *licence*, if one likes—not

* In the farce of “All the World’s a Stage.”

that one should abuse it. It is like Trial by Jury and Peerage and the Habeas Corpus—a very fine thing, but chiefly in the *reversion*; because no one wishes to be tried for the mere pleasure of proving his possession of the privilege.

“But a truce with these reflections. You are too earnest and eager about a work never intended to be serious. Do you suppose that I could have any intention but to giggle and make giggle?—a playful satire, with as little poetry as could be helped, was what I meant. And as to the indecency, do, pray, read in Boswell what *Johnson*, the sullen moralist, says of *Prior* and *Paulo Purgante*.

“Will you get a favour done for me? *You* can, by your government friends, Croker, Canning, or my old school-fellow Peel, and I can't. Here it is. Will you ask them to appoint (*without salary or emolument*) a noble Italian (whom I will name afterwards) consul or vice-consul for Ravenna? He is a man of very large property,—noble, too; but he wishes to have a British protection, in case of changes. Ravenna is near the sea. He wants *no emolument* whatever. That his office might be useful, I know; as I lately sent off from Ravenna to Trieste a poor devil of an English sailor, who had remained there sick, sorry, and pennyless (having been set ashore in 1814), from the want of any accredited agent able or willing to help him homewards. Will you get this done? If you do, I will then send his name and condition, subject, of course, to rejection, if *not* approved when known.

“I know that in the Levant you make consuls and vice-consuls, perpetually, of foreigners. This man is a patrician, and has twelve thousand a-year. His motive is a British protection in case of new invasions. Don't you think Croker would do it for us? To be sure, my *interest* is rare!! but, perhaps, a brother wit in the Tory line might do a good turn at the request of so harmless and long absent a Whig, particularly as there is no *salary* or *burden* of any sort to be annexed to the office.

“I can assure you, I should look upon it as a great obligation ; but, alas ! that very circumstance may, very probably, operate to the contrary—indeed, it ought ; but I have, at least, been an honest and an open enemy. Amongst your many splendid government connections, could not you, think you, get our Bibulus made a Consul ? or make me one, that I may make him my Vice. You may be assured that, in case of accidents in Italy, he would be no feeble adjunct—as you would think if you knew his property.

“What is all this about Tom Moore ? but why do I ask ? since the state of my own affairs would not permit me to be of use to him, though they are greatly improved since 1816, and may, with some more luck and a little prudence, become quite clear. It seems his claimants are *American* merchants ? *There goes Nemesis !* Moore abused America. It is always thus in the long run :—Time, the Avenger. You have seen every trampler down, in turn, from Buonaparte to the simplest individuals. You saw how some were avenged even upon my insignificance, and how in turn —— (Romilly) paid for his atrocity. It is an odd world ; but the watch has its mainspring, after all.

“So the Prince has been repealing Lord Edward Fitzgerald's forfeiture ?* *Ecco un' sonetto !*

“To be the father of the fatherless,
 To stretch the hand from the throne's height, and raise
 His offspring, who expired in other days
 To make thy sire's sway by a kingdom less,—
 This is to be a monarch, and repress
 Envy into unutterable praise.
 Dismiss thy guard, and trust thee to such traits,
 For who would lift a hand, except to bless ?
 Were it not easy, sir, and is't not sweet
 To make thyself beloved ? and to be

* Lord Edward Fitzgerald, fifth son of the first Duke of Leinster. He died in 1798, of wounds received in resisting an arrest upon a charge of high treason. He had married Pamela, the adopted daughter of Madame de Genlis ; who, according to Mr. Moore's *Life of Lord Edward*, was in fact that lady's own daughter by the Duke of Orleans—*Egalité*.

Omnipotent by Mercy's means? for thus
 Thy sovereignty would grow but more complete,
 A despot thou, and yet thy people free,
 And by the heart, not hand, enslaving us.

"There, you dogs! there's a sonnet for you: you won't have such as that in a hurry from Mr. Fitzgerald. You may publish it with my name, an' ye wool. He deserves all praise, bad and good; it was a very noble piece of principality. Would you like an epigram—a translation?"

"If for silver, or for gold,
 You could melt ten thousand pimples
 Into half a dozen dimples,
 Then your face we might behold,
 Looking, doubtless, much more smugly,
 Yet ev'n *then* 'twould be d—d ugly.

"This was written on some Frenchwoman, by Rulhières, I believe. And so good morrow to you, Master Lieutenant.
 "Yours."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 24, 1819.

"Keep the *anonymous*, in any case: it helps what fun there may be. But if the matter grow serious about 'Don Juan,' and you feel *yourself* in a scrape, or *me* either, *own that I am the author*. I will never *shrink*; and if *you* do, I can always answer you in the question of Guatimozin to his minister—each being on his own coals.

"I wish that I had been in better spirits; but I am out of sorts, out of nerves, and now and then (I begin to fear) out of my senses. All this Italy has done for me, and not England: I defy all you, and your climate to boot, to make me mad. But if ever I do really become a bedlamite, and wear a strait waistcoat, let me be brought back among you: your people will then be proper company.

"I assure you what I here say and feel has nothing to do with England, either in a literary or personal point of view.

All my present pleasures or plagues are as Italian as the opera. And, after all, they are but trifles; for all this arises from my 'Dama's' being in the country for three days (at Capofiume). But as I could never live but for one human being at a time (and, I assure you, *that one* has never been *myself*, as you may know by the consequences, for the *selfish* are *successful* in life), I feel alone and unhappy.

"I have sent for my daughter from Venice, and I ride daily, and walk in a garden, under a purple canopy of grapes, and sit by a fountain, and talk with the gardener of his tools, which seem greater than Adam's, and with his wife, and with his son's wife, who is the youngest of the party, and, I think, talks best of the three. Then I revisit the Campo Santo, and my old friend, the sexton, has two—but *one* the prettiest daughter imaginable; and I amuse myself with contrasting her beautiful and innocent face of fifteen with the skulls with which he has peopled several cells, and particularly with that of one skull, dated 1766, which was once covered (the tradition goes) by the most lovely features of Bologna—noble and rich. When I look at these, and at this girl—when I think of what *they were*, and what she must be—why, then, my dear Murray, I won't shock you by saying what I think. It is little matter what becomes of us 'bearded men,' but I don't like the notion of a beautiful woman's lasting less than a beautiful tree—than her own picture—her own shadow, which won't change so to the sun as her face to the mirror. I must leave off, for my head aches consumedly. I have never been quite well since the night of the representation of Alfieri's 'Mirra,' a fortnight ago.

"Yours ever."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Bologna, August 29, 1819.

"I have been in a rage these two days, and am still bilious therefrom. You shall hear. A captain of dragoons, —, Hanoverian by birth, in the Papal troops at present, whom I had obliged by a loan when nobody would lend him a paul, recommended a horse to me, on sale by a Lieutenant —, an officer who unites the sale of cattle to the purchase of men. I bought it. The next day, on shoeing the horse, we discovered the *thrush*—the animal being warranted sound. I sent to reclaim the contract and the money. The lieutenant desired to speak with me in person. I consented. He came. It was his own particular request. He began a story. I asked him if he would return the money. He said no—but he would exchange. He asked an exorbitant price for his other horses. I told him that he was a thief. He said he was an *officer* and a man of honour, and pulled out a Parmesan passport signed by General Count Neipperg.* I answered, that as he was an officer I would treat him as such; and that as to his being a gentleman, he might prove it by returning the money: as for his Parmesan passport, I should have valued it more if it had been a Parmesan cheese. He answered in high terms, and said that if it were the *morning* (it was about eight o'clock in the evening) he would have *satisfaction*. I then lost my temper: 'As for THAT,' I replied, 'you shall have it directly,—it will be *mutual* satisfaction, I can assure you. You are a thief, and, as you say, an officer; my pistols are in the next room, loaded; take one of the candles, examine, and make your choice of weapons.' He replied, that *pistols* were *English weapons*; he always fought with the *sword*. I told him that I was able to accommodate him, having three regimental swords in a

* Shortly after the abdication of Napoleon Buonaparte, the Count was presented to Maria Louisa, and became, in the sequel, her chamberlain, and then her husband. He died in 1831.

drawer near us: and he might take the longest, and put himself on guard.

“All this passed in presence of a third person. He then said *No*; but to-morrow morning he would give me the meeting at any time or place. I answered that it was not usual to appoint meetings in the presence of witnesses, and that we had best speak man to man, and appoint time and instruments. But as the man present was leaving the room, the Lieutenant —, before he could shut the door after him, ran out roaring ‘Help and murder’ most lustily, and fell into a sort of hysteric in the arms of about fifty people, who all saw that I had no weapon of any sort or kind about me, and followed him, asking him what the devil was the matter with him. Nothing would do: he ran away without his hat, and went to bed, ill of the fright. He then tried his complaint at the police, which dismissed it as frivolous. He is, I believe, gone away, or going.

“The horse was warranted, but, I believe, so worded that the villain will not be obliged to refund, according to law. He endeavoured to raise up an indictment of assault and battery, but as it was in a public inn, in a frequented street, there were too many witnesses to the contrary; and, as a military man, he has not cut a martial figure, even in the opinion of the priests. He ran off in such a hurry that he left his hat, and never missed it till he got to his hostel or inn. The facts are as I tell you, I can assure you. He began by ‘coming Captain Grand over me,’ or I should never have thought of trying his ‘cunning in fence.’ But what could I do? He talked of ‘honour, and satisfaction, and his commission,’ he produced a military passport; there are severe punishments for *regular duels* on the continent, and trifling ones for *rencontres*, so that it is best to fight it out directly; he had robbed, and then wanted to insult me;—what could I do? My patience was gone, and the weapons at hand, fair and equal. Besides, it was just after dinner, when my digestion was bad, and I don’t like to be disturbed. His friend — is at Forli; we shall meet on my way back to Ravenna. The Hanoverian seems the

greater rogue of the two ; and if my valour does not ooze away like Acres's—'Odds flints and triggers !' if it should be a rainy morning, and my stomach in disorder, there may be something for the obituary.

"Now pray, 'Sir Lucius, do not you look upon me as a very ill-used gentleman?' I send my Lieutenant to match Mr. Hobhouse's *Major Cartwright*: and so 'good morrow to you, good master Lieutenant.' With regard to other things, I will write soon, but I have been quarrelling and fooling till I can scribble no more."

TO MR. HOPPNER.

"October 28, 1819.

"I have to thank you for your letter, and your compliment to 'Don Juan.' I said nothing to you about it, understanding that it is a sore subject with the moral reader, and has been the cause of a great row ; but I am glad you like it. I will say nothing about the shipwreck, except that I hope you think it is as *nautical* and *technical* as verse could admit in the octave measure.

"The poem has *not sold well*, so Murray says—'but the best judges, etc., say, etc.,' so says that worthy man. I have never seen it in print. The third canto is in advance about one hundred stanzas ; but the failure of the two first has weakened my *estro*, and it will neither be so good as the two former, nor completed, unless I get a little more *riscaldato* in its behalf. I understand the outcry was beyond everything.—Pretty cant for people who read 'Tom Jones,' and 'Roderick Random,' and the 'Bath Guide,' and Ariosto, and Dryden, and Pope—to say nothing of Little's Poems ! Of course I refer to the *morality* of these works, and not to any pretension of mine to compete with them in anything but decency. I hope yours is the Paris edition, and that you did not pay the London price. I have seen neither except in the newspapers.

“Pray make my respects to Mrs. H., and take care of your little boy. All my household have the fever and ague, except Fletcher, Allegra, and *mysen* (as we used to say in Nottinghamshire), and the horses, and Mutz, and Moretto. In the beginning of November, perhaps sooner, I expect to have the pleasure of seeing you. To-day I got drenched by a thunder-storm, and my horse and groom too, and his horse all bemired up to the middle in a cross-road. It was summer at noon, and at five we were bewintered; but the lightning was sent perhaps to let us know that the summer was not yet over. It is queer weather for the 27th October.

“Yours, etc.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Venice, October 29, 1819.

“Yours of the 15th came yesterday. I am sorry that you do not mention a large letter addressed to *your care* for Lady Byron, from me, at Bologna, two months ago. Pray tell me, was this letter received and forwarded?

“You say nothing of the vice-consulate for the Revenna patrician, from which it is to be inferred that the thing will not be done.

“I had written about a hundred stanzas of a *third* canto to ‘Don Juan,’ but the reception of the two first is no encouragement to you nor me to proceed.

“I had also written about 600 lines of a poem, the ‘Vision (or Prophecy) of Dante,’ the subject a view of Italy in the ages down to the present—supposing Dante to speak in his own person, previous to his death, and embracing all topics in the way of prophecy, like Lycophron’s ‘Cassandra;’ but this and the other are both at a stand-still for the present.

“I gave Moore, who is gone to Rome, my *Life* in MS., in seventy-eight folio sheets, brought down to 1816. But this I put into his hand for *his* care, as he has some other MSS. of mine—a *Journal* kept in 1814, etc. Neither are for

publication during my life ; but when I am cold you may do what you please. In the meantime, if you like to read them you may, and show them to anybody you like.—I care not.

“The Life is *Memoranda*, and not *Confessions*. I have left out all my *loves* (except in a general way), and many other of the most important things (because I must not compromise other people), so that it is like the play of ‘Hamlet’—‘the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire.’ But you will find many opinions, and some fun, with a detailed account of my marriage, and its consequences, as true as a party concerned can make such account, for I suppose we are all prejudiced.

“I have never read over this Life since it was written, so that I know not exactly what it may repeat or contain. Moore and I passed some merry days together.

“I probably must return for business, or in my way to America. Pray, did you get a letter for Hobhouse, who will have told you the contents? I understand that the Venezuelan commissioners had orders to treat with emigrants ; now I want to go there. I should not make a bad South American planter, and I should take my natural daughter, Allegra, with me, and settle. I wrote, at length, to Hobhouse, to get information from Perry, who, I suppose, is the best topographer and trumpeter of the new republicans. Pray write.

“Yours ever, “B.

“P.S.—Moore and I did nothing but laugh. He will tell you of ‘my whereabouts,’ and all my proceedings at this present ; they are as usual. You should not let those fellows publish false ‘Don Juans ;’ but do not put *my name*, because I mean to cut Roberts up like a gourd, in the preface, if I continue the poem.

TO MR. HOPPNER.

“October 29, 1819.

“The Ferrara story is of a piece with all the rest of the Venetian manufacture,—you may judge. I only changed horses there since I wrote to you, after my visit in June last. ‘*Convent*’ and ‘*carry off*,’ quotha! and ‘*girl*.’ I should like to know *who* has been carried off, except poor dear *me*. I have been more ravished myself than anybody since the Trojan war; but as to the arrest and its causes, one is as true as the other, and I can account for the invention of neither. I suppose it is some confusion of the tale of the Fornarina and of M^e. Guiccioli, and half-a-dozen more; but it is useless to unravel the web, when one has only to brush it away. I shall settle with Master E., who looks very blue at your *in-decision*, and swears that he is the best arithmetician in Europe; and so I think also, for he makes out two and two to be five.

“You may see me next week. I have a horse or two more (five in all), and I shall repossess myself of Lido, and I will rise earlier, and we will go and shake our livers over the beach, as heretofore, if you like—and we will make the Adriatic roar again with our hatred of that now empty oyster-shell, without its pearl, the city of Venice.

“Murray sent me a letter yesterday: the impostors have published *two* new *third* cantos of ‘Don Juan:’—the devil take the impudence of some blackguard bookseller or other *therefor!* Perhaps I did not make myself understood; he told me the sale had been great, 1200 out of 1500 quarto, I believe (which is nothing after selling 13,000 of the ‘*Corsair*’ in one day); but that the ‘best judges,’ etc., had said it was very fine, and clever, and particularly good English, and poetry, and all those consolatory things, which are not, however, worth a single copy to a bookseller: and as to the author, of course I am in a d—ned passion at the bad taste of the times, and swear there is nothing like posterity, who, of course, must know more of the matter than their grandfathers. There has been an eleventh

commandment to the women not to read it, and, what is still more extraordinary, they seem not to have broken it. But that can be of little import to them, poor things, for the reading or non-reading a book will never . . .

“Count G. comes to Venice next week, and I am requested to consign his wife to him, which shall be done. What you say of the long evenings at the Mira, or Venice, reminds me of what Curran said to Moore:—‘So I hear you have married a pretty woman, and a very good creature, too,—an excellent creature. Pray—um! *how do you pass your evenings?*’ It is a devil of a question that, and perhaps as easy to answer with a wife as with a mistress.

“If you go to Milan, pray leave at least a *Vice-Consul*—the only vice that will ever be wanting in Venice. D’Orville is a good fellow. But you shall go to England in the spring with me, and plant Mrs. Hoppner at Berne with her relations for a few months. I wish you had been here (at Venice, I mean, not the Mira) when Moore was here—we were very merry and tipsy. He *hated* Venice, by-the-way, and swore it was a sad place.

“So Madame Albrizzi’s death is in danger—poor woman! Moore told me that at Geneva they had made a devil of a story of the Fornaretta:—‘Young lady seduced!—subsequent abandonment!—leap into the Grand Canal!—and her being in the ‘hospital of *fous* in consequence!’ I should like to know who was nearest being made ‘*fou*,’ and be d—d to them! Don’t you think me in the interesting character of a very ill-used gentleman? I hope your little boy is well. Allegrina is flourishing like a pomegranate blossom.

“Yours, etc.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“ Venice, November 8, 1819.

“ Mr Hoppner has lent me a copy of ‘ Don Juan,’ Paris edition, which he tells me is read in Switzerland by clergymen and ladies with considerable approbation. In the second canto, you must alter the 49th stanza to

“ ‘Twas twilight, and the sunless day went down
 Over the waste of waters, like a veil
 Which if withdrawn would but disclose the frown
 Of one whose hate is mask'd but to assail :
 Thus to their hopeless eyes the night was shown,
 And grimly darkled o'er their faces pale
 And the dim desolate deep ; twelve days had Fear
 Been their familiar, and now Death was here.

“ I have been ill these eight days with a tertian fever, caught in the country on horseback in a thunder-storm. Yesterday I had the fourth attack : the two last were very smart, the first day as well as the last being preceded by vomiting. It is the fever of the place and the season. I feel weakened, but not unwell, in the intervals, except headache and lassitude.

“ Count Guiccioli has arrived in Venice, and has presented his spouse (who had preceded him two months for her health and the prescriptions of Dr. Aglietti) with a paper of conditions, regulations of hours and conduct, and morals, etc., etc., which he insists on her accepting, and she persists in refusing. I am expressly, it should seem, excluded by this treaty, as an indispensable preliminary ; so that they are in high discussion, and what the result may be I know not, particularly as they are consulting friends.

“ To-night, as Countess Guiccioli observed me poring over ‘ Don Juan,’ she stumbled by mere chance on the 137th stanza of the first canto, and asked me what it meant. I told her, ‘ Nothing—but “ your husband is coming.” ’ As I said this in Italian, with some emphasis, she started up in a fright, and said, ‘ *Oh my God, is he coming?* ’ thinking it was *her own*, who either was or ought to have been at the

theatre. You may suppose we laughed when she found out the mistake. You will be amused, as I was ;—it happened not three hours ago.

“I wrote to you last week, but have added nothing to the third canto since my fever, nor to ‘The Prophecy of Dante.’ Of the former there are about one hundred and ten octaves done ; of the latter about five hundred lines—perhaps more. Moore saw the third Juan, as far as it then went. I do not know if my fever will let me go on with either, and the tertian lasts, they say, a good while. I had it in Malta on my way home, and the malaria fever in Greece the year before that. The Venetian is not very fierce, but I was delirious one of the nights with it, for an hour or two, and, on my senses coming back, found Fletcher sobbing on one side of the bed, and La Contessa Guiccioli weeping on the other ; so that I had no want of attendance. I have not yet taken any physician, because, though I think they may relieve in chronic disorders, such as gout and the like, etc., etc., etc. (though they can’t cure them)—just as surgeons are necessary to set bones and tend wounds—yet I think fevers quite out of their reach, and remediable only by diet and nature.

“I don’t like the taste of bark, but I suppose that I must take it soon.

“Tell Rose that somebody at Milan (an Austrian, Mr. Hoppner says) is answering his book. William Bankes is in quarantine at Trieste. I have not lately heard from you. Excuse this paper : it is long paper shortened for the occasion. What folly is this of Carlile’s trial ?* why let him have the honours of a martyr ? it will only advertise the books in question. “Yours, etc. “B.

“P. S.—As I tell you that the Guiccioli business is on the eve of exploding in one way or the other, I will just add that, without attempting to influence the decision of the

* For republishing “Paine’s Age of Reason.” This trial occupied three days ; the greater part of the time being consumed in the defence. Carlile was sentenced to pay a fine of fifteen hundred pounds, and be imprisoned three years in Dorchester gaol.

Contessa, a good deal depends upon it. If she and her husband make it up, you will, perhaps, see me in England sooner than you expect. If not, I shall retire with her to France or America, change my name, and lead a quiet provincial life. All this may seem odd, but I have got the poor girl into a scrape; and as neither her birth, nor her rank, nor her connections by birth or marriage are inferior to my own, I am in honour bound to support her through. Besides, she is a very pretty woman—ask Moore—and not yet one-and-twenty.

“If she gets over this, and I get over my tertian, I will, perhaps, look in at Albemarle Street, some of these days, *en passant* to Bolivar.”

TO MR. BANKES.

“Venice, November 20, 1819.

“A tertian ague, which has troubled me for some time, and the indisposition of my daughter, have prevented me from replying before to your welcome letter. I have not been ignorant of your progress nor of your discoveries, and I trust that you are no worse in health from your labours. You may rely upon finding everybody in England eager to reap the fruits of them; and as you have done more than other men, I hope you will not limit yourself to saying less than may do justice to the talents and time you have bestowed on your perilous researches. The first sentence of my letter will have explained to you why I cannot join you at Trieste. I was on the point of setting out for England (before I knew of your arrival) when my child's illness has made her and me dependent on a Venetian Proto-Medico.

“It is now seven years since you and I met;—which time you have employed better for others and more honourably for yourself than I have done.

“In England you will find considerable changes, public and private—you will see some of our old college contemporaries turned into lords of the Treasury, Admiralty, and

the like—others become reformers and orators—many settled in life, as it is called—and others settled in death; among the latter (by-the-way, not our fellow-collegians), Sheridan, Curran, Lady Melbourne, Monk Lewis, Frederick Douglas, etc., etc., etc.; but you will still find Mr. — living and all his family, as also —.

“Should you come up this way, and I am still here, you need not be assured how glad I shall be to see you; I long to hear some part from you of that which I expect in no long time to *see*. At length you have had better fortune than any traveller of equal enterprise (except Humbolt), in returning safe; and after the fate of the Brownes, and the Parkes, and the Burckhardts, it is hardly less surprise than satisfaction to get you back again.

“Believe me ever,

“And very affectionately yours,

“BYRON.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“January 2, 1820.

“My dear Moore,—

“‘To-day it is my wedding day;
And all the folks would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware.’

“Or *thus*:

“Here 's a happy new year! but with reason,
I beg you'll permit me to say—
Wish me *many* returns of the *season*,
But as *few* as you please of the *day*.

“My this present writing is to direct you that, *if she chooses*, she may see the MS. Memoir in your possession. I wish her to have fair-play, in all cases, even though it will not be published till after my decease. For this purpose, it were but just that Lady B. should know what is there said of her and hers, that she may have full power to remark on

or respond to any part or parts, as may seem fitting to herself. This is fair dealing, I presume, in all events.

“To change the subject, are you in England? I send you an epitaph for Castlereagh. . . . Another for Pitt:—

“With death doom'd to grapple
Beneath this cold slab, he
Who lied in the Chapel
Now lies in the Abbey.

“The gods seem to have made me poetical this day:—

“In digging up your bones, Tom Paine,
Will. Corbett has done well:
You visit him on earth again,
He'll visit you in hell.

Or,

“You come to him on earth again,
He'll go with you to hell.

“Pray let not these versiculi go forth with *my* name, except among the initiated, because my friend H. has foamed into a reformer, and, I greatly fear, will subside into Newgate;* since the Honourable House, according to Galignani's Reports of Parliamentary Debates, are menacing a prosecution to a pamphlet of his. I shall be very sorry to hear of anything but good for him, particularly in these miserable squabbles; but these are the natural effects of taking a part in them.

“For my own part, I had a sad scene since you went. Count Gu. came for his wife, and *none* of those consequences which Scott prophesied ensued. There was no damages, as in

* Lord Byron's fears were well founded. When the above was written, his friend Mr. Hobhouse was actually in Newgate. Mr. Stuart Wortley (now Lord Wharncliffe) having, on the 10th of December, called the attention of the House of Commons to certain passages contained in a pamphlet entitled, “A Trifling Mistake in Thomas Lord Erskine's recent Preface,” the said pamphlet was voted a breach of privilege, and the publisher was ordered to attend at the bar; but Mr. (now the Right Honourable) Edward Ellice having stated, that he was authorised to give up the name of the writer, Mr. Hobhouse was committed to Newgate, and remained there till the dissolution in February. At the ensuing election, he was chosen one of the representatives for Westminster.

England, and so Scott lost his wager. But there was a great scene, for she would not, at first, go back with him—at least, she *did* go back with him; but he insisted, reasonably enough, that all communication should be broken off between her and me. So, finding Italy very dull, and having a fever tertian, I packed up my valise, and prepared to cross the Alps; but my daughter fell ill, and detained me.

“After her arrival at Ravenna, the Guiccioli fell ill again too; and at last, her father (who had, all along, opposed the *liaison* most violently till now) wrote to me to say that she was in such a state that *he* begged me to come and see her,—and that her husband had acquiesced, in consequence of her relapse, and that *he* (her father) would guarantee all this, and that there would be no further scenes in consequence between them, and that I should not be compromised in any way. I set out soon after, and have been here ever since. I found her a good deal altered, but getting better:—*all* this comes of reading Corinna.

“The Carnival is about to begin, and I saw about two or three hundred people at the Marquis Cavalli's the other evening, with as much youth, beauty, and diamonds among the women as ever averaged in the like number. My appearance in waiting on the Guiccioli was considered as a thing of course. The Marquis is her uncle, and naturally considered me as her relation.

“The paper is out, and so is the letter. Pray write. Address to Venice, whence the letters will be forwarded. Yours, etc. “B.”

TO MR. HOPPNER.

“Ravenna, January 20, 1820.

“I have not decided anything about remaining at Ravenna. I may stay a day, a week, a year, all my life; but all this depends upon what I can neither see nor foresee. I came because I was called, and will go the moment that I perceive what may render my departure proper. My

attachment has neither the blindness of the beginning, nor the microscopic accuracy of the close to such *liaisons*; but 'time and the hour' must decide upon what I do. I can as yet say nothing, because I hardly know anything beyond what I have told you.

"I wrote to you last post for my movables, as there is no getting a lodging with a chair or table here ready; and as I have already some things of the sort at Bologna which I had last summer there for my daughter, I have directed them to be moved; and wish the like to be done with those of Venice, that I may at least get out of the 'Albergo Imperiale,' which is *imperial* in all true sense of the epithet. Buffini may be paid for his poison. I forgot to thank you and Mrs. Hoppner for a whole treasure of toys for Allegra before our departure; it was very kind, and we are very grateful.

"Your account of the weeding of the Governor's party is very entertaining. If you do not understand the consular exceptions, I do; and it is right that a man of honour, and a woman of probity, should find it so, particularly in a place where there are not 'ten righteous.' As to nobility—in England none are strictly noble but peers, not even peers' sons, though titled by courtesy; nor knights of the garter, unless of the peerage, so that Castlereagh himself would hardly pass through a foreign herald's ordeal till the death of his father.

"The snow is a foot deep here. There is a theatre, and opera,—the Barber of Seville. Balls begin on Monday next. Pay the porter for never looking after the gate, and ship my chattels, and let me know, or let Castelli let me know, how my law-suits go on—but fee him only in proportion to his success. Perhaps we may meet in the spring yet, if you are for England. I see Hobhouse has got into a scrape, which does not please me; he should not have gone so deep among those men without calculating the consequences. I used to think myself the most imprudent of all among my friends and acquaintances, but almost begin to doubt it.

"Yours, etc."

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Ravenna, February 21, 1820.

“The bull-dogs will be very agreeable. I have only those of this country, who, though good, have not the tenacity of tooth and stoicism in endurance of my canine fellow-citizens: then pray send them by the readiest conveyance—perhaps best by sea. Mr. Kinnaird will disburse for them, and deduct from the amount on your application or that of Captain Tyler.

“I see the good old King* is gone to his place. One can't help being sorry, though blindness, and age, and insanity are supposed to be drawbacks on human felicity; but I am not at all sure that the latter, at least, might not render him happier than any of his subjects.

“I have no thoughts of coming to the coronation, though I should like to see it, and though I have a right to be a puppet in it; but my division with Lady Byron, which has drawn an equinoctial line between me and mine in all other things, will operate in this also to prevent my being in the same procession.

“By Saturday's post I send you four packets, containing Cantos third and fourth. Recollect that these two cantos reckon only as *one* with you and me, being, in fact, the third canto cut into two, because I found it too long. Remember this, and don't imagine that there could be any other motive. The whole is about 225 stanzas, more or less, and a lyric of 96 lines, so that they are no longer than the first *single* cantos: but the truth is, that I made the first too long, and should have cut those down also had I thought better. Instead of saying in future for so many cantos, say so many stanzas or pages; it was Jacob Tonson's way,† and certainly the best; it prevents

* George the Third; who died January 29, 1820.

† When Dryden engaged himself in the composition of those imitations of Boccaccio and Chaucer which have been since called the “Fables,” he entered into an agreement with Tonson to furnish ten thousand lines for two hundred and fifty guineas; and, to make up the full number, he gave the bookseller the ‘Epistle to his Cousin,’ and his ‘Alexander's Feast.’

mistakes. I might have sent you a dozen cantos of 40 stanzas each,—those of 'The Minstrel' (Beattie's) are no longer,—and ruined you at once, if you don't suffer as it is. But recollect that you are not *pinned down* to anything you say in a letter, and that, calculating even these two cantos as *one* only (which they were and are to be reckoned), you are not bound by your offer. Act as may seem fair to all parties.

"I have finished my translation of the first canto of 'The Morgante Maggiore' of Pulci, which I will transcribe and send. It is the parent, not only of Whistlecraft, but of all jocosse Italian poetry. You must print it side by side with the original Italian, because I wish the reader to judge of the fidelity: it is stanza for stanza, and often line for line, if not word for word.

"You ask me for a volume of manners, etc., on Italy. Perhaps I am in the case to know more of them than most Englishmen, because I have lived among the natives, and in parts of the country where Englishmen never resided before (I speak of Romagna and this place particularly); but there are many reasons why I do not choose to treat in print on such a subject. I have lived in their houses and in the heart of their families, sometimes merely as 'amico di casa,' and sometimes as 'amico di cuore' of the Dama, and in neither case do I feel myself authorised in making a book of them. Their moral is not your moral; their life is not your life; you would not understand it; it is not English, nor French, nor German, which you would all understand. The conventual education, the cavalier servitude, the habits of thought and living, are so entirely different, and the difference becomes so much more striking the more you live intimately with them, that I know not how to make you comprehend a people who are at once temperate and profligate, serious in their characters and buffoons in their amusements, capable of impressions and passions, which are at once *sudden* and *durable* (what you find in no other nation), and who actually have no society (what we would call so), as you may see by their comedies;

they have no real comedy, not even in Goldoni, and that is because they have no society to draw it from.

“Their conversazioni are not society at all. They go to the theatre to talk, and into company to hold their tongues. The *women* sit in a circle, and the men gather into groups, or they play at dreary faro, or ‘lotto reale,’ for small sums. Their academie are concerts like our own, with better music and more form. Their best things are the carnival balls and masquerades, when everybody runs mad for six weeks. After their dinners and suppers they make extempore verses and buffoon one another; but it is in a humour which you would not enter into, ye of the north.

“In their houses it is better. I should know something of the matter, having had a pretty general experience among their women, from the fisherman’s wife up to the *Nobil Dama*, whom I serve. Their system has its rules, and its fitnesses, and its decorums, so as to be reduced to a kind of discipline or game at hearts, which admits few deviations, unless you wish to lose it. They are extremely tenacious, and jealous as furies, not permitting their lovers even to marry if they can help it, and keeping them always close to them in public as in private, whenever they can. In short, they transfer marriage to adultery, and strike the *not* out of that commandment. The reason is, that they marry for their parents, and love for themselves. They exact fidelity from a lover as a debt of honour, while they pay the husband as a tradesman, that is, not at all. You hear a person’s character, male or female, canvassed, not as depending on their conduct to their husbands or wives, but to their mistress or lover. If I wrote a quarto, I don’t know that I could do more than amplify what I have here noted. It is to be observed that while they do all this, the greatest outward respect is to be paid to the husbands, not only by the ladies, but by their *Serventi*—particularly if the husband serves no one himself (which is not often the case, however): so that you would often suppose them relations—the *Servente* making the figure of one adopted into the family. Sometimes the ladies run a little restive

and elope, or divide, or make a scene: but this is at starting, generally, when they know no better, or when they fall in love with a foreigner, or some such anomaly,—and is always reckoned unnecessary and extravagant.

“You inquire after ‘Dante’s Prophecy:’ I have not done more than six hundred lines, but will vaticinate at leisure.

“Of the bust I know nothing. No cameos or seals are to be cut here or elsewhere that I know of, in any good style. Hobhouse should write himself to Thorwaldsen: the bust was made and paid for three years ago.

“Pray tell Mrs. Leigh to request Lady Byron to urge forward the transfer from the funds. I wrote to Lady Byron on business this post, addressed to the care of Mr. D. Kinnaird.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Ravenna, April 16, 1820.

“Post after post arrives without bringing any acknowledgment from you of the different packets (excepting the first) which I have sent within the last two months, all of which ought to be arrived long ere now; and as they were announced in other letters, you ought at least to say whether they are come or not. You are not expected to write frequent or long letters, as your time is much occupied; but when parcels that have cost some pains in the composition, and great trouble in the copying, are sent to you, I should at least be put out of suspense, by the immediate acknowledgment, per return of post, addressed *directly* to *Ravenna*. I am naturally—knowing what continental posts are—anxious to hear that they are arrived; especially as I loathe the task of copying so much, that if there was a human being that could copy my blotted MSS. he should have all they can ever bring for his trouble. All I desire is two lines, to say, such a day I received such a packet. There are at least six unacknowledged. This is neither kind nor courteous.

“I have, besides, another reason for desiring you to be speedy, which is, that there is THAT brewing in Italy which will speedily cut off all security of communication, and set all your Anglo-travellers flying in every direction, with their usual fortitude in foreign tumults. The Spanish and French affairs have set the Italians in a ferment; and no wonder: they have been too long trampled on. This will make a sad scene for your exquisite traveller, but not for the resident, who naturally wishes a people to redress itself. I shall, if permitted by the natives, remain to see what will come of it, and perhaps to take a turn with them, like Dugald Dalgetty and his horse, in case of business; for I shall think it by far the most interesting spectacle and moment in existence, to see the Italians send the barbarians of all nations back to their own dens. I have lived long enough among them to feel more for them as a nation than for any other people in existence. But they want union, and they want principle; and I doubt their success. However, they will try, probably; and if they do, it will be a good cause. No Italian can hate an Austrian more than I do: unless it be the English, the Austrians seem to me the most obnoxious race under the sky.

“But I doubt, if anything be done, it won't be so quietly as in Spain. To be sure, revolutions are not to be made with rose-water, where there are foreigners as masters.

“Write while you can; for it is but the toss up of a paul that there will not be a row that will somewhat retard the mail by-and-by.

“Yours, etc.,

“BYRON.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Ravenna, April 23, 1820.

“The proofs don't contain the *last* stanzas of Canto Second, but end abruptly with the 105th stanza.

“I told you long ago that the new Cantos* were *not*

* Of ‘Don Juan.’

good, and I also *told you a reason*. Recollect, I do not oblige you to publish them; you may suppress them, if you like, but I can alter nothing. I have erased the six stanzas about those two impostors, Southey and Wordsworth (which I suppose will give you great pleasure), but I can do no more. I can neither recast nor replace; but I give you leave to put it all into the fire, if you like, or *not* to publish, and I think that's sufficient.

"I told you that I wrote on with no good will—that I had been, *not* frightened, but *hurt* by the outcry, and, besides, that when I wrote last November, I was ill in body, and in very great distress of mind about some private things of my own; but *you would* have it: so I sent it to you, and to make it lighter, *cut* it in two—but I can't piece it together again. I can't cobble: I must 'either make a spoon or spoil a horn,'—and there's an end; for there's no remeid: but I leave you free will to suppress the whole, if you like it.

"About the *Morgante Maggiore*, *I won't have a line omitted*. It may circulate, or it may not; but all the criticism on earth shan't touch a line, unless it be because it is *badly* translated. Now you say, and I say, and others say, that the translation is a good one; and so it shall go to press as it is. Pulci must answer for his own irreligion: I answer for the translation only.

"Pray let Mr. Hobhouse look to the *Italian* next time in the *proofs*: this time, while I am scribbling to you, they are corrected by one who passes for the prettiest woman in Romagna, and even the marches, as far as Ancona, be the other who she may.

"I am glad you like my answer to your inquiries about Italian society. It is fit you should like *something*, and be d—d to you.

"My love to Scott. I shall think higher of knighthood ever after for his being dubbed. By-the-way, he is the first poet titled for his talent in Britain: it has happened abroad before now; but on the Continent titles are universal and worthless. Why don't you send me 'Ivanhoe' and the

'Monastery?' I have never written to Sir Walter, for I know he has a thousand things, and I a thousand nothings, to do; but I hope to see him at Abbotsford before very long, and I will sweat his claret for him, though Italian abstemiousness has made my brain but a shilpit concern for a Scotch sitting 'inter pocula.' I love Scott and Moore, and all the better brethren; but I hate and abhor that puddle of water-worms whom you have taken into your troop.

"Yours, etc. -

"P.S.—You say that *one-half* is very good: you are *wrong*; for, if it were, it would be the finest poem in existence. *Where* is the poetry of which *one-half* is good? is it the *Æneid*? is it *Milton's*? is it *Dryden's*? is it any one's except *Pope's* and *Goldsmith's*, of which *all* is good? and yet these two last are the poets your pond poets would explode. But if *one-half* of the two new Cantos be good in your opinion, what the devil would you have more? No—no; no poetry is *generally* good—only by fits and starts—and you are lucky to get a sparkle here and there. You might as well want a midnight *all stars* as rhyme all perfect.

"We are on the verge of a *row* here. Last night they have overwritten all the city walls with 'Up with the republic!' and 'Death to the Pope!' etc., etc. This would be nothing in London, where the walls are privileged. But here it is a different thing: they are not used to such fierce political inscriptions, and the police is all on the alert, and the Cardinal glares pale through all his purple.

"April 24, 1820, 8 o'clock, P.M.

"The police have been, all noon and after, searching for the inscribers, but have caught none as yet. They must have been all night about it, for the 'Live Republics—Death to Popes and Priests,' are innumerable, and plastered over all the palaces: ours has plenty. There is 'Down with the Nobility,' too; they are down enough already, for that matter. A very heavy rain and wind

having come on, I did not get on horseback to go out and 'skirr the country ;' but I shall mount to-morrow, and take a canter among the peasantry, who are a savage, resolute race, always riding with guns in their hands. I wonder they don't suspect the serenaders, for they play on the guitar here all night, as in Spain, to their mistresses.

"Talking of politics, as Caleb Quotem says, pray look at the *conclusion* of my Ode on *Waterloo*, written in the year 1815, and, comparing it with the Duke de Berri's catastrophe in 1820, tell me if I have not as good a right to the character of '*Vates*,' in both senses of the word, as Fitzgerald and Coleridge ?

" 'Crimson tears will follow yet—'

and have not they ?

"I can't pretend to foresee what will happen among you Englishers at this distance, but I vaticinate a row in Italy ; in whilk case, I don't know that I won't have a finger in it. I dislike the Austrians, and think the Italians infamously oppressed ; and if they begin, why, I will recommend 'the erection of a sconce upon Drumsnab,' like Dugald Dalgetty."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, May 20, 1820.

"Murray, my dear, make my respects to Thomas Campbell, and tell him from me, with faith and friendship, three things that he must right in his poets : Firstly, he says Anstey's Bath Guide characters are taken from Smollett. 'Tis impossible :—the Guide was published in 1766, and '*Humphrey Clinker*' in 1771—*dunque*, 'tis Smollett who has taken from Anstey.* Secondly, he does not know to whom Cowper alludes, when he says that there was one who 'built a church to *God*, and then blasphemed

* "*Argal*, if there has been any borrowing, Antsey must be the creditor, and not the debtor."—See *Works*, p. 809.

his name:’ it was ‘*Deo erexit Voltaire*’ to whom that maniacal Calvinist and coddled poet alludes. Thirdly, he misquotes and spoils a passage from Shakespeare, ‘to gild refined gold, to paint the lily,’ etc.; for *lily* he puts *rose*, and bedevils in more words than one the whole quotation.*

“Now, Tom is a fine fellow; but he should be correct; for the first is an *injustice* (to Anstey), the second an *ignorance*, and the third a *blunder*. Tell him all this, and let him take it in good part; for I might have rammed it into a review and rowed him—instead of which, I act like a Christian.

“Yours, etc.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Ravenna, June 7, 1820.

“Enclosed is something which will interest you, to wit, the opinion of *the* greatest man of Germany—perhaps of Europe—upon one of the great men of your advertisements, (all ‘famous hands,’ as Jacob Tonson† used to say of his ragamuffins)—in short, a critique of *Goethe’s* upon *Manfred*. There is the original, an English translation, and an Italian one; keep them all in your archives,—for the opinions of such a man as Goethe, whether favourable or not, are always interesting—and this is more so, as favourable. His *Faust* I never read, for I don’t know German; but

* “In the life of Burns, Mr. Campbell quotes Shakespeare thus:—

“‘To gild refined gold, to paint the rose,
Or *add fresh* perfume to the violet.’

“This version by no means improves the original, which is as follows:—

“‘To gild refined gold, to paint the *lily*,
To throw a perfume on the violet.’” etc.

† “Perhaps I should be much better pleased if I were told you called me your little friend, than if you complimented me with the title of a ‘great genius,’ or an ‘eminent hand,’ as Jacob does all his authors.”—*Pope to Steele*.

Matthew Monk Lewis, in 1816, at Coligny, translated most of it to me *vivâ voce*, and I was naturally much struck with it; but it was the *Staubach* and the *Jungfrau*, and something else, much more than 'Faustus,' that made me write 'Manfred.' The first scene, however, and that of 'Faustus,' are very similar. Acknowledge this letter.

"Yours ever.

"P.S.—I have received *Ivanhoe*;—good. Pray send me some tooth-powder and tincture of myrrh, by *Waite*, etc. Ricciardetto should have been translated literally, or not at all. As to puffing *Whistlecraft*, it won't do.* I'll tell you why some day or other. Cornwall's a poet, but spoilt by the detestable schools of the day. Mrs. Hemans is a poet also, but too stilted and apostrophic,—and quite wrong. Men died calmly before the Christian era, and since, without Christianity; witness the Romans, and, lately, Thistlewood,† Sandt,‡ and Louvel§—men who ought to have been weighed down with their crimes even had they believed. A deathbed is a matter of nerves and constitution, and not of religion. Voltaire was frightened, Frederick of Prussia not: Christians the same, according to their strength rather than their creed. What does Helga Herbert|| mean by his stanza? which is octave got drunk or gone mad. He ought to have his ears boxed with Thor's hammer for rhyming so fantastically."

* Probably this alludes to an article on *Whistlecraft*, in the *Quart. Rev.* vol. xxi. p. 503; in which the reviewer says, "About a hundred years ago, a poem, bearing a certain degree of affinity to the 'Specimen,' was produced by Monsignor Forteguerra, a writer who in genius and means was far inferior to the English Poet," etc., etc.

† Arthur Thistlewood, executed at the Old Bailey, May 1, 1820, for High Treason.

‡ Charles Sandt, the assassin of Kotzebue, at Manheim, in March 1819. After the murder he exclaimed, "God, I thank thee, for having permitted me to accomplish this act!" and plunged the bloody poniard in his own breast. He went to the place of execution as to a fête, and his last words were, that he "died for his country."

§ The murderer of the Duc de Berri, in February 1820.

|| The Hon. William Herbert, uncle to the Earl of Carnarvon, author of "*Helga*," "*Icelandic Translations*," etc., etc.

TO MR. MOORE.

“Ravenna, July 13, 1820.

“To remove or increase your Irish anxiety about my being ‘in a wisp,’* I answer your letter forthwith; premising that, as I am a ‘*Will* of the wisp,’ I may chance to flit out of it. But, first, a word on the Memoir;—I have no objection, nay, I would rather that *one* correct copy was taken and deposited in honourable hands, in case of accidents happening to the original; for you know that I have none, and have never even *re-read*, nor, indeed, *read* at all what is there written; I only know that I wrote it with the fullest intention to be ‘faithful and true’ in my narrative, but *not* impartial—no, by the Lord! I can’t pretend to be that, while I feel. But I wish to give everybody concerned the opportunity to contradict or correct me.

“I have no objection to any proper person seeing what is there written,—seeing it was written, like everything else, for the purpose of being read, however much many writings may fail in arriving at that object.

“With regard to ‘the wisp,’ the Pope has pronounced *their separation*. The decree came yesterday from Babylon,—it was *she* and *her friends* who demanded it, on the grounds of her husband’s (the noble Count Cavalier’s) extraordinary usage. *He* opposed it with all his might because of the alimony, which has been assigned, with all her goods, chattels, carriage, etc., to be restored by him. In Italy they can’t divorce. He insisted on her giving me up, and he would forgive everything,— . . .

. . . But, in this country, the very courts hold such proofs in abhorrence, the Italians being as much more delicate in public than the English, as they are more passionate in private.

“The friends and relatives, who are numerous and powerful, reply to him—‘*You*, yourself, are either fool or knave,—fool, if you did not see the consequences of the

* An Irish phrase for being in a scrape.

approximation of these two young persons,—knave, if you connive at it. Take your choice,—but don't break out (after twelve months of the closest intimacy, under your own eyes and positive sanction) with a scandal, which can only make you ridiculous and her unhappy.'

"He swore that he thought our intercourse was purely amicable, and that I was more partial to him than to her, till melancholy testimony proved the contrary. To this they answer, that 'Will of *this* wisp' was not an unknown person, and that 'clamosa Fama' had not proclaimed the purity of my morals;—that *her* brother, a year ago, wrote from Rome to warn him that his wife would infallibly be led astray by this ignis fatuus, unless he took proper measures, all of which he neglected to take, etc., etc.

"Now he says that he encouraged my return to Ravenna, to see '*in quanti piedi di acqua siamo,*' and he has found enough to drown him in. In short,

“ ‘Ce ne fut pas le tout; sa femme se plaignit—
Procès—Sa parenté se joint en excuse et dit
Que du *Docteur* venoit tout le mauvais ménage;
Que cet homme étoit fou, que sa femme étoit sage.
On fit casser le mariage.’

It is but to let the women alone, in the way of conflict, for they are sure to win against the field. She returns to her father's house, and I can only see her under great restrictions—such is the custom of the country. The relations behave very well:—I offered any settlement, but they refused to accept it, and swear she *shan't* live with G. (as he has tried to prove her faithless), but that he shall maintain her; and, in fact, a judgment to this effect came yesterday. I am, of course, in an awkward situation enough.

"I have heard no more of the carabinieri who protested against my liveries. They are not popular, those same soldiers, and, in a small row, the other night, one was slain, another wounded, and divers put to flight, by some of the Romagnuole youth, who are dexterous, and somewhat liberal of the knife. The perpetrators are not discovered,

but I hope and believe that none of my ragamuffins were in it, though they are somewhat savage, and secretly armed, like most of the inhabitants. It is their way, and saves sometimes a good deal of litigation.

“There is a revolution at Naples. If so, it will probably leave a card at Ravenna in its way to Lombardy.

“Your publishers seem to have used you like mine. M. has shuffled, and almost insinuated that my last productions are *dull*. Dull, sir!—damme, dull! I believe he is right. He begs for the completion of my tragedy of ‘Marino Faliero,’ none of which is yet gone to England. The fifth act is nearly completed, but it is dreadfully long—40 sheets of long paper of 4 pages each—about 150 when printed; but ‘so full of pastime and prodigality’ that I think it will do.

“Pray send and publish your *Pome* upon me; and don’t be afraid of praising me too highly. I shall pocket my blushes.

“‘Not actionable!’—*Chantre d’enfer!*’*—by —— that’s ‘a speech,’ and I won’t put up with it. A pretty title to give a man for doubting if there be any such place!

“So my Gail is gone—and Miss Mahony won’t take money. I am very glad of it—I like to be generous free of expense. But beg her not to translate me.

“Oh, pray tell Galignani that I shall send him a screed of doctrine if he don’t be more punctual. Somebody *regularly detains two*, and sometimes *four*, of his Messengers by the way. Do, pray, entreat him to be more precise. News are worth money in this remote kingdom of the Ostrogoths.

“Pray, reply. I should like much to share some of your Champagne and La Fitte, but I am too Italian for Paris in general. Make Murray send my letter to you—it is full of *epigrams*.
“Yours. etc.”

* The title given him by M. Lamartine, in one of his poems.

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Ravenna, August 31, 1820.

“I have ‘*put my soul*’ into the tragedy (as you *if* it); but you know that there are d—d souls as well as tragedies. Recollect that it is not a political play, though it may look like it: it is strictly historical. Read the history and judge.

“Ada’s picture is her mother’s. I am glad of it—the mother made a good daughter. Send me Gifford’s opinion, and never mind the Archbishop. I can neither send you away, nor give you a hundred pistoles, nor a better taste; I send you a tragedy, and you ask for ‘facetious epistles;’ a little like your predecessor, who advised Dr. Prideaux to ‘put some more humour into his “Life of Mahomet.”’

“Bankes is a wonderful fellow. There is hardly one of my school or college contemporaries that has not turned out more or less celebrated. Peel, Palmerstone, Bankes, Hobhouse, Tavistock, Bob Mills, Douglas Kinnaird, etc., etc., have all talked and been talked about.

“We are here going to fight a little next month, if the Huns don’t cross the Po, and probably if they do. I can’t say more now. If anything happens, you have matter for a posthumous work, in MS.; so pray be civil. Depend upon it, there will be savage work, if once they begin here. The French courage proceeds from vanity, the German from phlegm, the Turkish from fanaticism and opium, the Spanish from pride, the English from coolness, the Dutch from obstinacy, the Russian from insensibility, but the *Italian* from *anger*; so you’ll see that they will spare nothing.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Ravenna, August 31, 1820.

“D—n your ‘*mezzo cammin*’*—you should say ‘the prime of life,’ a much more consolatory phrase. Besides, it

* I had congratulated him upon arriving at what Dante calls the “*mezzo cammin*” of life, the age of thirty-three.

is not correct. I was born in 1788, and consequently am but thirty-two. You are mistaken on another point. The 'Sequin Box' never came into requisition, nor is it likely to do so. It were better that it had, for then a man is not *bound*, you know. As to reform, I did reform—what would you have? 'Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.' I verily believe that nor you, nor any man of poetical temperament, can avoid a strong passion of some kind. It is the poetry of life. What should I have known or written had I been a quiet, mercantile politician, or a lord-in-waiting? A man must travel, and turmoil, or there is no existence. Besides, I only meant to be a Cavalier Servente, and had no idea it would turn out a romance, in the Anglo fashion.

"However, I suspect I know a thing or two of Italy—more than Lady Morgan has picked up in her posting. What do Englishmen know of Italians beyond their museums and saloons—and some hack . . ., *en passant*? Now, I have lived in the heart of their houses, in parts of Italy freshest and least influenced by strangers,—have seen and become (*pars magna fui*) a portion of their hopes, and fears, and passions, and am almost inoculated into a family. This is to see men and things as they are.

"You say that I called you 'quiet'—I don't recollect anything of the sort. On the contrary, you are always in scrapes.

"What think you of the Queen? I hear Mr Hoby says, 'that it makes him weep to see her, she reminds him so much of Jane Shore.'

"Mr. Hoby the bootmaker's heart is quite sore,
For seeing the Queen make's him think of Jane Shore;
And, in fact, . . .

Pray excuse this ribaldry. What is your poem about? Write and tell me all about it and you.

"Yours, etc.

"P.S.—Did you write the lively quiz on Peter Bell?*

* The very clever "quiz" here alluded to was the production of John Hamilton Reynolds, Esq.

has wit enough to be yours, and almost too much to be anybody else's now going. It was in Galignani the other day or week."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, September 28, 1820.

"I thought that I had told you long ago, that it ('Marino Faliero') *never* was intended nor written with any view to the stage. I have said so in the preface too. It is too long and too regular for your stage, the persons too few, and the *unity* too much observed. It is more like a play of Alfieri's than of your stage (I say this humbly in speaking of that great man); but there is poetry, and it is equal to 'Manfred,' though I know not what esteem is held of 'Manfred.'

"I have now been nearly as long *out* of England as I was there during the time when I saw you frequently. I came home July 14th, 1811, and left again April 25th, 1816: so that September 28th, 1820, brings me within a very few months of the same duration of time of my stay and my absence. In course, I can know nothing of the public taste and feelings, but from what I glean from letters, etc. Both seem to be as bad as possible.

"I thought *Anastasius** excellent: did I not say so? Matthews's Diary most excellent; it, and Forsyth, and parts of Hobhouse, are all we have of truth or sense upon Italy. The 'Letter to Julia'† very good indeed. I do not despise Mrs. Hemans; but if she knit blue stockings instead of wearing them, it would be better. *You* are taken in by that false, stilted, trashy style, which is a mixture of all the styles of the day, which are *all bombastic* (I don't except my *own*—no one has done more through

* "Anastasius; or, Memoirs of a Modern Greek," by the late Mr. Thomas Hope, published in 1820. Mr. Hope died in February 1831.

† Mr. Luttrell's "Advice to Julia, a Letter in Rhyme." See Quart. Rev. vol. xxiii. p. 505.

negligence to corrupt the language); but it is neither English nor poetry. Time will show.

"I am sorry Gifford has made no further remarks beyond the first act: does he think all the English equally sterling as he thought the first? You did right to send the proofs: I was a fool; but I do really detest the sight of proofs: it is an absurdity; but comes from laziness.

"You can steal the two Juans into the world quietly, tagged to the others. The play as you will—the Dante too; but the *Pulci* I am proud of: it is superb; you have no such translation. It is the best thing I ever did in my life. I wrote the play, from beginning to end, and not a *single scene without interruption*, and being obliged to break off in the middle; for I had my hands full, and my head, too, just then; so it can be no great shakes—I mean the play; and the head too, if you like.

"P.S.—Politics here still savage and uncertain. However, we are all in our 'bandaliers,' to join the 'Highlanders if they cross the Forth,' *i.e.*, to crush the Austrians if they cross the Po. The rascals!—and that dog Liverpool, to say their subjects are *happy*! If ever I come back, I'll work some of these ministers.

"Sept. 29.

"I open my letter to say, that on reading *more* of the four volumes on Italy*, where the author says 'declined an introduction,' I perceive (*horresco referens*) it is written by a WOMAN!!! In that case you must suppress my note and answer, and all I have said about the book and the writer. I never dreamed of it until now, in my extreme wrath at that precious note. I can only say that I am sorry that a lady should say anything of the kind. What I would have said to one of the other sex you know already. Her book too (as a *she* book) is not a

* "Sketches descriptive of Italy, in the Years 1816-1817, with a brief Account of Travels in various Parts of France and Switzerland," by Miss Jane Waldie.

bad one; but she evidently don't know the Italians, or rather don't like them, and forgets the *causes* of their misery and profligacy (*Matthews* and *Forsyth* are your men for truth and tact), and has gone over Italy in *company*—*always* a *bad* plan: you must be *alone* with people to know them well. Ask her, who was the '*descendant of Lady W. M. Montague,*' and by whom? by Algarotti?

"I suspect that, in '*Marino Faliero,*' you and yours won't like the *politics*, which are perilous to you in these times; but recollect that it is *not a political* play, and that I was obliged to put into the mouths of the characters the sentiments upon which they acted. I hate all things written like '*Pizarro,*' to represent France, England, and so forth. All I have done is meant to be purely Venetian, even to the very prophecy of its present state.

"Your Angles in general know little of the *Italians*, who detest them for their numbers and their GENOA treachery. Besides, the English travellers have not been composed of the best company. How could they?—out of 100,000, how many gentlemen were there, or honest men?

"*Mitchell's Aristophanes* is excellent.—Send me the rest of it.

"These fools will force me to write a book about Italy myself, to give them '*the loud lie.*' They prate about assassination; what is it but the origin of duelling—and '*a wild justice,*' as Lord Bacon calls it? It is the fount of the modern point of honour in what the laws can't or *won't* reach. Every man is liable to it more or less, according to circumstances or place. For instance, I am living here exposed to it daily, for I have happened to make a powerful and unprincipled man my enemy;—and I never sleep the worse for it, or ride in less solitary places, because precaution is useless, and one thinks of it as of a disease which may or may not strike. It is true that there are those here, who, if he did, would '*live to think on't;*' but that would not awake my bones: I should be sorry if it would, were they once at rest."

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Ravenna, 8bre 6°, 1820.

“You will have now received all the acts, corrected, of the ‘Marino Faliero.’ What you say of the ‘bet of 100 guineas’ made by some one who says that he saw me last week, reminds me of what happened in 1810: you can easily ascertain the fact, and it is an odd one.

“In the latter end of 1811 I met one evening at the Alfred my old school and form fellow (for we were within two of each other, *he* the higher, though both very near the top of our remove), *Peel*, the Irish secretary. He told me that, in 1810, he met me, as he thought, in St. James’s Street, but we passed without speaking. He mentioned this, and it was denied as impossible, I being then in Turkey. A day or two afterward, he pointed out to his brother a person on the opposite side of the way: ‘There,’ said he, ‘is the man whom I took for Byron.’ His brother instantly answered, ‘Why, it *is* Byron, and no one else.’ But that is not all:—I was *seen* by somebody to *write down my name* amongst the inquirers after the King’s health, then attacked by insanity. Now, at this very period, as nearly as I could make out, I was ill of a *strong fever* at Patras, caught in the marshes near Olympia, from the *malaria*. If I had died there, this would have been a new ghost story for you. You can easily make out the accuracy of this from Peel himself, who told it in detail. I suppose you will be of the opinion of Lucretius, who (denies the immortality of the soul, but) asserts that from the ‘flying off the surfaces of bodies perpetually, these surfaces or cases, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it, so that the shapes and shadows of both the dead and absent are frequently beheld.’

“But if they are, are their coats and waistcoats also seen? I do not disbelieve that we may be two by some unconscious process, to a certain sign; but which of these

two I happen at present to be, I leave you to decide. I only hope that *t'other me* behaves like a gemman.

"I wish you would get Peel asked how far I am accurate in my recollection of what he told me; for I don't like to say such things without authority.

"I am not sure that I was *not spoken* with; but this also you can ascertain. I have written to you such letters that I stop. "Yours, etc.

"P.S.—Last year (in June 1819) I met at Count Mosti's, at Ferrara, an Italian who asked me 'if I knew Lord Byron?' I told him *no* (no one knows himself, *you* know). 'Then,' says he, 'I do; I met him at Naples the other day.' I pulled out my card, and asked him if that was the way he spelt his name: he answered, *Yes*. I suspect that it was a blackguard navy surgeon who attended a young travelling madam about, and passed himself for a lord at the post-houses. He was a vulgar dog—quite of the cock-pit order—and a precious representative I must have had of him, if it was even so; but I don't know. He passed himself off as a gentleman, and squired about a Countess — (of this place), then at Venice, an ugly, battered woman, of bad morals even for Italy."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, 8bre 8°, 1820.

"Foscolo's letter is exactly the thing wanted; firstly, because he is a man of genius; and, next, because he is an Italian, and therefore the best judge of Italics. Besides,

"He's more an antique Roman than a Dane;

that is, he is more of the ancient Greek than of the modern Italian. Though 'somewhat,' as Dugald Dalgetty says, 'too wild and salvage' (like 'Roland of the Mist', 'tis a wonderful man, and my friends Hobhouse and Rose

both swear by him ; and they are good judges of men and of Italian humanity.

“ Here are in all *two* worthy voices gain'd :

Gifford says it is good, ‘ sterling, genuine English,’ and Foscolo says that the characters are right Venetian. Shakspeare and Otway had a million of advantages over me, besides the incalculable one of being *dead* from one to two centuries, and having been both born blackguards (which ARE such attractions to the gentle living reader) ; let me then preserve the only one which I could possibly have—that of having been at Venice, and entered more into the local spirit of it. I claim no more.

“ I know what Foscolo means about Calendars's *spitting* at Bertram ; *that's* national—the objection, I mean. The Italians and French, with those ‘ flags of abomination,’ their pocket handkerchiefs, spit there, and here, and everywhere else—in your face almost, and therefore *object* to it on the stage as *too familiar*. But we who *spit* nowhere—but in a man's face when we grow savage—are not likely to feel this. Remember *Massinger*, and Kean's Sir Giles Overreach—

“ Lord ! *thus* I *spit* at thee and thy counsel !

Besides, Calendars does *not* spit in Bertram's face, he spits *at* him ; as I have seen the Mussulmans do upon the ground when they are in a rage. Again, he *does not in fact despise* Bertram, though he affects it—as we all do, when angry with one we think our inferior. He is angry at not being allowed to die in his own way (although not afraid of death) ; and recollect that he suspected and hated Bertram from the first. Israel Bertuccio, on the other hand, is a cooler and more concentrated fellow ; he acts upon *principle* and *impulse* ; Calendars upon *impulse* and *example*.

“ So there's argument for you.

“ The Doge *repeats* ;—*true*, but it is from engrossing passion, and because he sees *different* persons, and is always obliged to recur to the *cause* uppermost in his mind. His

speeches are long :—true, but I wrote for the *closet*, and on the French and Italian model rather than yours, which I think not very highly of, for all your *old* dramatists, who are long enough too, God knows : *look* into any of them.

“I return you Foscolo’s letter, because it alludes also to his private affairs. I am sorry to see such a man in straits, because I know what they are, or what they were. I never met but three men who would have held out a finger to me : one was yourself, the other William Bankes, and the third a nobleman long ago dead : but of these the first was the only one who offered it while I *really* wanted it ; the second from good-will—but I was not in need of Bankes’s aid, and would not have accepted it if I had (though I love and esteem him) ; and the *third*——*

“So you see that I have seen some strange things in my time. As for your own offer, it was in 1815, when I was in actual uncertainty of five pounds. I rejected it ; but I have not forgotten it, although you probably have.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Ravenna, Dec. 9, 1820.

“I open my letter to tell you a fact, which will show the state of this country better than I can. The commandant of the troops is *now* lying *dead* in my house. He was shot at a little past eight o’clock, about two hundred paces from my door. I was putting on my great-coat to visit Madame la Contessa G. when I heard the shot. On coming into the hall I found all my servants on the balcony, exclaiming that a man was murdered. I immediately ran down, calling on Tita (the bravest of them) to follow me. The rest wanted to hinder us from going, as it is the custom for everybody here, it seems, to run away from ‘the stricken deer.’

* The paragraph is left thus imperfect in the original.

“However, down we ran, and found him lying on his back, almost, if not quite, dead, with five wounds—one in the heart, two in the stomach, one in the finger, and the other in the arm. Some soldiers cocked their guns, and wanted to hinder me from passing. However, we passed, and I found Diego, the adjutant, crying over him like a child—a surgeon, who said nothing of his profession—a priest, sobbing a frightened prayer—and the commandant, all this time, on his back, on the hard, cold pavement, without light or assistance, or anything around him but confusion and dismay.

“As nobody could, or would, do anything but howl and pray, and as no one would stir a finger to move him, for fear of consequences, I lost my patience—made my servant and a couple of the mob take up the body—sent off two soldiers to the guard—despatched Diego to the Cardinal with the news, and had the commandant carried upstairs into my own quarter.* But it was too late, he was gone—not at all disfigured—bled inwardly—not above an ounce or two came out.

“I had him partly stripped—made the surgeon examine him, and examined him myself. He had been shot by cut balls, or slugs. I felt one of the slugs, which had gone through him all but the skin. Everybody conjectures why he was killed, but no one knows how. The gun was found close by him—an old gun, half filed down.

“He only said, ‘O Dio!’ and ‘Gesu!’ two or three times, and appeared to have suffered very little. Poor fellow! he was a brave officer, but had made himself much disliked by the people. I knew him personally, and had met with him often at conversazioni and elsewhere. My house is full of soldiers, dragoons, doctors, priests, and all

* “Poor fellow! for some reason surely bad

They had slain him with five slugs, and left him there
To perish on the pavement: so I had

Him borne into the house, and up the stair,
And stripp’d and look’d to,” etc.

—*Don Juan*, c. v. st. 34.

kinds of persons,—though I have now cleared it, and clapt sentinels at the doors. To-morrow the body is to be moved. The town is in the greatest confusion, as you may suppose.

“You are to know that, if I had not had the body moved, they would have left him there till morning in the street, for fear of consequences. I would not choose to let even a dog die in such a manner, without succour:—and, as for consequences, I care for none in a duty.

“Yours, etc.

“P.S.—The lieutenant on duty by the body is smoking his pipe with great composure.—A queer people this.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Ravenna, Dec. 25, 1820.

“You will or ought to have received the packet and letters which I remitted to your address a fortnight ago (or it may be more days), and I shall be glad of an answer, as, in these times and places, packets per post are in some risk of not reaching their destination.

“I have been thinking of a project for you and me, in case we both get to London again, which (if a Neapolitan war don't suscite) may be calculated as possible for one of us about the spring of 1821. I presume that you, too, will be back by that time, or never; but on that you will give me some index. The project, then, is for you and me to set up jointly a *newspaper*—nothing more nor less—weekly, or so, with some improvement or modifications upon the plan of the present scoundrels, who degrade that department,—but a *newspaper*, which we will edit, in due form, and, nevertheless, with some attention.

“There must always be in it a piece of poesy from one or other of us *two*, leaving room, however, for such dilettanti rhymers as may be deemed worthy of appearing in the same column: but *this* must be a *sine qua non*; and also as much prose as we can compass. We will take an *office*—

our names *not* announced, but suspected—and, by the blessing of Providence, give the age some new lights upon policy, poesy, biography, criticism, morality, theology, and all other *ism, ality, and ology* whatsoever.

“Why, man, if we were to take to this in good earnest, your debts would be paid off in a twelvemonth, and by dint of a little diligence and practice, I doubt not that we could distance the commonplace blackguards who have so long disgraced common sense and the common reader. They have no merit but practice and impudence, both of which we may acquire; and, as for talent and culture, the devil’s in’t if such proofs as we have given of both can’t furnish out something better than the ‘funeral baked meats’ which have coldly set forth the breakfast-table of all Great Britain for so many years. Now, what think you? Let me know; and recollect that, if we take to such an enterprise, we must do so in good earnest. Here is a hint,—do you make it a plan. We will modify it into as literary and classical a concern as you please, only let us put out our powers upon it, and it will most likely succeed. But you must *live* in London, and I also, to bring it to bear, and *we must keep it a secret.*”

“As for the living in London, I would make that not difficult to you (if you would allow me), until we could see whether one means or other (the success of the plan, for instance) would not make it quite easy for you, as well as your family; and, in any case, we should have some fun, composing, correcting, supposing, inspecting, and supping together over our lucubrations. If you think this worth a thought, let me know, and I will begin to lay in a small literary capital of composition for the occasion.

“Yours ever affectionately,
“B.

“P.S.—If you thought of a middle plan between a *Spectator* and a newspaper, why not?—only not on a *Sunday*. Not that Sunday is not an excellent day, but it is engaged already. We will call it the ‘Tenda Rossa,’ the name Tassoni gave an answer of his in a controversy,

in allusion to the delicate hint of Timour the Lame, to his enemies, by a 'Tenda' of that colour, before he gave battle. Or we will call it 'Gli,' or 'I Carbonari,' if it so please you—or any other name full of 'pastime and prodigality,' which you may prefer. Let me have an answer. I conclude poetically, with the bellman, 'A merry Christmas to you!'"

TO JOHN MURRAY, ESQ., ON THE REV. W. L. BOWLES'S
STRICTURES ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF POPE.*

"I'll play at *Bowls* with the sun and moon."—OLD SONG.

"My mither's auld, Sir, and she has rather forgotten hersel in speaking to my Leddy, that canna weel bide to be contradickit (as I ken nobody likes it, if they could help themsels)."

—TALES OF MY LANDLORD, *Old Mortality*, vol. ii. p. 163.

Ravenna, February 7, 1821.

Dear Sir,—In the different pamphlets which you have had the goodness to send me, on the Pope and Bowles controversy, I perceive that my name is occasionally introduced by both parties. Mr. Bowles refers more than once to what he is pleased to consider "a remarkable circumstance," not only in his letter to Mr. Campbell, but in his reply to the Quarterly. The Quarterly also and Mr. Gilchrist have conferred on me the dangerous honour of a quotation; and Mr. Bowles indirectly makes a kind of appeal to me personally,† by saying, "Lord Byron, *if he*

* "I mean to plunge thick into the contest upon Pope, and to lay about me like a dragon till I make manure of Bowles for the top of Parnassus."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore*, Dec. 9, 1820.

† In a pamphlet entitled "The Invariable Principles of Poetry, in a Letter addressed to Thomas Campbell, Esq., occasioned by some Critical Observations in his Specimens of British Poets, particularly relating to the Poetical Character of Pope." The following is the passage referred to:—"Soon after Lord Byron had published his vigorous satire called 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' in which, alas! *pars magna fui*, I met his Lordship at our common

remembers the circumstance will witness"—(*witness* IN ITALICS, an ominous character for a testimony at present).

I shall not avail myself of a "non mi ricordo," even after so long a residence in Italy;—I *do* "remember the circumstance,"—and have no reluctance to relate it (since called upon so to do), as correctly as the distance of time and the impression of intervening events will permit me. In the year 1812, more than three years after the publication of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," I had the honour of meeting Mr. Bowles in the house of our venerable host of "Human Life," etc., the last Argonaut of classic English poetry, and the Nestor of our inferior race of living poets. Mr. Bowles calls this "soon after" the publication; but to me three years appear a considerable segment of the immortality of a modern poem. I recollect nothing of "the rest of the company going into another room,"—nor, though I well remember the topography of our host's elegant and classically furnished mansion, could I swear to the very room where the conversation occurred, though the "taking *down* the poem" seems to fix it in the library. Had it been "taking *up*," it would probably have been in the drawing-room. I presume also that the "remarkable circumstance" took place *after* dinner; as I conceive that neither Mr. Bowles's politeness nor appetite

friend's house, the author of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' and the still more beautiful poem, 'Human Life.' As the rest of the company were going into another room, I said I wished to speak one word to his Lordship. He came back with much apparent courtesy. I then said to him, in a tone of seriousness, but that of perfectly good humour, 'My Lord, I should not have thought of making any observations on whatever you might be pleased to give to the world as your opinion of any part of my writings; but I think if I can show that you have done me a palpable and public wrong, by charging me with having written what I never wrote or thought of, your own principles of justice will not allow the impression to remain.' I then spoke of a particular couplet which he had introduced into his satire—

'Thy woods, Madeira, trembled with a kiss,'—

and taking down the poem which was at hand, I pointed out the passage," etc.

would have allowed him to detain "the rest of the company" standing round their chairs in the "other room," while we were discussing "the Woods of Madeira," instead of circulating its vintage. Of Mr. Bowles's "good humour" I have a full and not ungrateful recollection; as also of his gentlemanly manners and agreeable conversation. I speak of the *whole*, and not of particulars; for whether he did or did not use the precise words printed in the pamphlet, I cannot say, nor could he with accuracy. Of "the tone of seriousness" I certainly recollect nothing; on the contrary, I thought Mr. Bowles rather disposed to treat the subject lightly; for he said (I have no objection to be contradicted if incorrect), that some of his good-natured friends had come to him and exclaimed, "Eh! Bowles! how came you to make the Woods of Madeira?" etc., etc.; and that he had been at some pains and pulling down of the poem to convince them that he had never made "the Woods" do anything of the kind. He was right, and *I was wrong*, and have been wrong still up to this acknowledgment; for I ought to have looked twice before I wrote that which involved an inaccuracy capable of giving pain. The fact was, that, although I had certainly before read "the Spirit of Discovery," I took the quotation from the review. But the mistake was mine, and not the *review's*, which quoted the passage correctly enough, I believe. I blundered—God knows how—into attributing the tremors of the lovers to "the Woods of Madeira," by which they were surrounded.* And I hereby do fully and freely declare and asseverate, that the Woods did *not* tremble to a kiss, and that the lovers did. I quote from memory,—

———"A kiss

Stole on the listening silence, etc., etc.

They (the lovers) trembled, even as if the power," etc.

* On casually meeting with a copy of the poem in 1816, while at Diodati, Byron wrote against the passage—"Misquoted and misunderstood by me; but not intentionally. It was not the 'woods,' but the people in them, who trembled—why, Heaven only knows, unless they were overheard making the prodigious smack."

And if I had been aware that this declaration would have been in the smallest degree satisfactory to Mr. Bowles, I should not have waited nine years to make it, notwithstanding that 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' had been suppressed some time previously to my meeting him at Mr. Rogers's. Our worthy host might indeed have told him as much, as it was at his representation that I suppressed it. A new edition of that lampoon was preparing for the press, when Mr. Rogers represented to me, that "I was *now* acquainted with many of the persons mentioned in it, and with some on terms of intimacy;" and that he knew "one family in particular to whom its suppression would give pleasure." I did not hesitate one moment,—it was cancelled instantly; and it is no fault of mine that it has ever been republished. When I left England, in April 1816, with no very violent intentions of troubling that country again, and amidst scenes of various kinds to distract my attention,—almost my last act, I believe, was to sign a power of attorney, to yourself, to prevent or suppress any attempts (of which several had been made in Ireland) at a republication. It is proper that I should state, that the persons with whom I was subsequently acquainted, whose names had occurred in that publication, were made my acquaintances at their own desire, or through the unsought intervention of others. I never, to the best of my knowledge, sought a personal introduction to any. Some of them to this day I know only by correspondence; and with one of those it was begun by myself, in consequence, however, of a polite verbal communication from a third person.

I have dwelt for an instant on these circumstances, because it has sometimes been made a subject of bitter reproach to me to have endeavoured to *suppress* that satire. I never shrunk, as those who know me know, from any personal consequences which could be attached to its publication. Of its subsequent suppression, as I possessed the copyright, I was the best judge and the sole master. The circumstances which occasioned the suppression I have

now stated; of the motives, each must judge according to his candour or malignity. Mr. Bowles does me the honour to talk of "noble mind" and "generous magnanimity;" and all this because "the circumstance would have been explained had not the book been suppressed." I see no "nobility of mind" in an act of simple justice; and I hate the word "*magnanimity*," because I have sometimes seen it applied to the grossest of impostors by the greatest of fools; but I would have "explained the circumstance," notwithstanding "the suppression of the book," if Mr. Bowles had expressed any desire that I should. As the "gallant Galbraith" says to "Baillie Jarvie," "Well, the devil take the mistake, and all that occasioned it." I have had as great and greater mistakes made about me personally and poetically, once a month for these last ten years, and never cared very much about correcting one or the other, at least after the first eight-and-forty hours had gone over them.

I must now, however, say a word or two about Pope, of whom you have my opinion more at large in the unpublished letter *on or to* (for I forget which) the editor of *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine*;—and here I doubt that Mr. Bowles will not approve of my sentiments.

Although I regret having published "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," the part which I regret the least is that which regards Mr. Bowles with reference to Pope. Whilst I was writing that publication, in 1807 and 1808, Mr. Hobhouse was desirous that I should express our mutual opinion of Pope, and of Mr. Bowles's edition of his works. As I had completed my outline, and felt lazy, I requested that *he* would do so. He did it. His fourteen lines on Bowles's Pope are in the first edition of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" and are quite as severe and much more poetical than my own in the second. On reprinting the work, as I put my name to it, I omitted Mr. Hobhouse's lines, and replaced them with my own, by which the work gained less than Mr. Bowles. I have stated this in the preface to the second edition. It is many years since

I have read that poem; but the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Octavius Gilchrist, and Mr. Bowles himself, have been so obliging as to refresh my memory, and that of the public. I am grieved to say, that in reading over those lines, I repent of their having so far fallen short of what I meant to express upon the subject of Bowles's edition of Pope's Works. Mr. Bowles says, that "Lord Byron *knows* he does *not* deserve this character." I know no such thing. I have met Mr. Bowles occasionally, in the best society in London; he appeared to me an amiable, well-informed, and extremely able man. I desire nothing better than to dine in company with such a mannered man every day in the week: but of "his character" I know nothing personally; I can only speak to his manners, and these have my warmest approbation. But I never judge from manners, for I once had my pocket picked by the civilest gentleman I ever met with; and one of the mildest persons I ever saw was Ali Pacha. Of Mr. Bowles's "*character*" I will not do him the *injustice* to judge from the edition of Pope, if he prepared it heedlessly; nor the *justice* should it be otherwise, because I would neither become a literary executioner or a personal one. Mr. Bowles the individual, and Mr. Bowles the editor, appear the two most opposite things imaginable.

"And he himself one——antithesis."

I won't say "vile," because it is harsh; nor "mistaken," because it has two syllables too many: but everyone must fill up the blank as he pleases.

What I saw of Mr. Bowles increased my surprise and regret that he should ever have lent his talents to such a task. If he had been a fool, there would have been some excuse for him; if he had been a needy or a bad man, his conduct would have been intelligible: but he is the opposite of all these; and thinking and feeling as I do of Pope, to me the whole thing is unaccountable. However, I must call things by their right names. I cannot call his edition of Pope a "candid" work; and I still think that there

is an affectation of that quality not only in those volumes, but in the pamphlets lately published.

“Why yet he doth deny his prisoners.”

Mr. Bowles says that “he has seen passages in his letters to Martha Blount which were never published by me, and I hope never will be by others; which are so gross as to imply the grossest licentiousness.” Is this fair play? It may, or it may not be, that such passages exist; and that Pope, who was not a monk, although a Catholic, may have occasionally sinned in word and deed with woman in his youth: but is this a sufficient ground for such a sweeping denunciation? Where is the unmarried Englishman of a certain rank of life, who (provided he has not taken orders) has not to reproach himself between the ages of sixteen and thirty with far more licentiousness than has ever yet been traced to Pope? Pope lived in the public eye from his youth upwards; he had all the dunces of his own time for his enemies, and, I am sorry to say, some, who have not the apology of dulness for detraction, since his death; and yet to what do all their accumulated hints and charges amount?—to an equivocal *liaison* with Martha Blount, which might arise as much from his infirmities as from his passions; to a hopeless flirtation with Lady Mary W. Montagu; to a story of Cibber’s; and to two or three coarse passages in his works. Who could come forth clearer from an invidious inquest on a life of fifty-six years? Why are we to be officiously reminded of such passages in his letters, provided that they exist? Is Mr. Bowles aware to what such rummaging among “letters” and “stories” might lead? I have myself seen a collection of letters of another eminent, nay, pre-eminent, deceased poet, so abominably gross, and elaborately coarse, that I do not believe that they could be paralleled in our language. What is more strange is, that some of these are couched as *postscripts* to his serious and sentimental letters, to which are tacked either a piece of prose, or some verses, of the most hyperbolic indecency. He himself says, that if “obscenity (using a much coarser

word) be the sin against the Holy Ghost, he most certainly cannot be saved." These letters are in existence, and have been seen by many besides myself; but would his *editor* have been "*candid*" in even alluding to them? Nothing would have even provoked *me*, an indifferent spectator, to allude to them, but this further attempt at the depreciation of Pope.

What should we say to an editor of Addison, who cited the following passage from Walpole's letters to George Montagu?—"Dr. Young has published a new book, etc., Mr. Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, as he was dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die; unluckily he died of *brandy*: nothing makes a Christian die in peace like being maudlin! but don't say this in Gath, where you are."* Suppose the editor introduced it with this preface, "One circumstance is mentioned by Horace Walpole, which, if true, was indeed *flagitious*. Walpole informs Montagu that Addison sent for the young Earl of Warwick, when dying, to show him in what peace a Christian could die; but unluckily he died drunk," etc., etc. Now, although there might occur on the subsequent, or on the same page, a faint show of disbelief, seasoned with the expression of "*the same candour*" (*the same* exactly as throughout the book), I should say that this editor was either foolish or false to his trust; such a story ought not to have been admitted, except for one brief mark of crushing indignation, unless it were *completely proved*. Why the words "*if true?*"—that "*if*" is not a peacemaker. Why talk of "*Cibber's testimony*" to his licentiousness? To what does this amount? that Pope, when very young, was *once* decoyed by some noblemen and the player to a house of carnal recreation. Mr. Bowles was not always a clergyman; and when he was a very young man, was he never

* See "Correspondence of Horace Walpole." The title of Dr. Young's new book was "Conjectures on Original Composition; in a Letter to the Author of *Sir Charles Grandison*." A review of this work by Goldsmith will be found in the new edition of his Miscellaneous Works.

seduced into as much? If I were in the humour for story-telling, and relating little anecdotes, I could tell a much better story of Mr. Bowles than Cibber's, upon much better authority—viz., that of Mr. Bowles himself. It was not related by *him* in my presence, but in that of a third person, whom Mr. Bowles names oftener than once in the course of his replies. This gentleman related it to me as a humorous and witty anecdote; and so it was, whatever its other characteristics might be. But should I, for a youthful frolic, brand Mr. Bowles with a "libertine sort of love," or with "licentiousness?" Is he the less now a pious or a good man, for not having always been a priest? No such thing; I am willing to believe him a good man, almost as good a man as Pope, but no better.

The truth is, that in these days the grand "*primum mobile*" of England is *cant*; cant political, cant poetical, cant religious, cant moral, but always cant, multiplied through all the varieties of life. It is the fashion, and while it lasts will be too powerful for those who can only exist by taking the tone of the time. I say *cant*, because it is a thing of words, without the smallest influence upon human actions; the English being no wiser, no better, and much poorer, and more divided amongst themselves, as well as far less moral, than they were before the prevalence of this verbal decorum. This hysterical horror of poor Pope's not very well ascertained, and never fully proved, amours (for even Cibber owns that he prevented the somewhat perilous adventure in which Pope was embarking), sounds very virtuous in a controversial pamphlet: but all men of the world who know what life is, or at least what it was to them in their youth, must laugh at such a ludicrous foundation of the charge of a "libertine sort of love;" while the more serious will look upon those who bring forward such charges upon an insulated fact as fanatics or hypocrites, perhaps both. The two are sometimes compounded in a happy mixture.

Mr. Octavius Gilchrist speaks rather irreverently of a "second tumbler of *hot white-wine negus*." What does he

mean? Is there any harm in negus? or is it the worse for being *hot*? or does Mr. Bowles drink negus? I had a better opinion of him. I hoped that whatever wine he drank was neat; or, at least, that, like the ordinary in "Jonathan Wild," "he preferred *punch*, the rather as there was nothing against it in Scripture." I should be sorry to believe that Mr. Bowles was fond of negus; it is such a "candid" liquor, so like a wishy-washy compromise between the passion for wine and the propriety of water. But different writers have divers tastes. Judge Blackstone composed his "Commentaries" (he was a poet too in his youth) with a bottle of port before him. Addison's conversation was not good for much till he had taken a similar dose. Perhaps the prescription of these two great men was not inferior to the very different one of a soi-disant poet of this day, who, after wandering amongst the hills, returns, goes to bed, and dictates his verses, being fed by a bystander with bread and butter during the operation.

I now come to Mr. Bowles's "invariable principles of poetry." These Mr. Bowles and some of his correspondents pronounce "unanswerable;" and they are "unanswered," at least by Campbell, who seems to have been astounded by the title: the sultan of the time being offered to ally himself to a king of France because "he hated the word league;" which proves that the Padishan understood French. Mr. Campbell has no need of my alliance, nor shall I presume to offer it; but I do hate that word "*invariable*." What is there of *human*, be it poetry, philosophy, wit, wisdom, science, power, glory, mind, matter, life, or death, which is "*invariable*?" Of course I put things divine out of the question. Of all arrogant baptisms of a book, this title to a pamphlet appears the most complacently conceited. It is Mr. Campbell's part to answer the contents of this performance, and especially to vindicate his own "Ship," which Mr. Bowles most triumphantly proclaims to have struck to his very first fire.

“Quoth he, there was a *Ship*;
Now let me go, thou grey-haired loon,
Or my staff shall make thee skip.”

It is no affair of mine; but having once begun (certainly not by my own wish, but called upon by the frequent recurrence to my name in the pamphlets), I am like an Irishman in a “row”—“anybody’s customer.” I shall therefore say a word or two on the “*Ship*.”

Mr. Bowles asserts that Campbell’s “*Ship of the Line*”* derives all its poetry, not from “*art*,” but from “*nature*.” “Take away the waves, the winds, the sun, etc., etc., *one* will become a stripe of blue bunting; and the other a piece of coarse canvas on three tall poles.” Very true; take away the “waves,” “the winds,” and there will be no ship at all, not only for poetical, but for any other purpose; and take away “the sun,” and we must read Mr. Bowles’s pamphlet by candlelight. But the “poetry” of the “*Ship*” does *not* depend on “the waves,” etc.; on the contrary, the “*Ship of the Line*” confers its own poetry upon the waters, and heightens *theirs*. I do not deny that the “waves and winds,” and above all “the sun,” are highly poetical; we know it to our cost, by the many descriptions of them in verse; but if the waves bore only the foam upon their bosoms, if the winds wafted only the sea-

* “Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship-of-the line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me.—I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element on which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and the nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.”—CAMPBELL’S *Specimens of British Poets*, vol. i.-p. 265.

weed to the shore, if the sun shone neither upon pyramids, nor fleets, nor fortresses, would its beams be equally poetical? I think not: the poetry is at least reciprocal. Take away "the Ship of the Line" "swinging round" the "calm water," and the calm water becomes a somewhat monotonous thing to look at, particularly if not transparently *clear*; witness the thousands who pass by without looking on it at all. What was it attracted the thousands to the launch? They might have seen the poetical "calm water" at Wapping, or in the "London Dock," or in the Paddington Canal, or in a horse-pond, or in a slop-basin, or in any other vase. They might have heard the poetical winds howling through the chinks of a pig-sty, or the garret window; they might have seen the sun shining on a footman's livery, or on a brass warming-pan; but could the "calm water," or the "wind," or the "sun," make all, or any of these "poetical?" I think not. Mr. Bowles admits "the Ship" to be poetical, but only from those accessories: now if they *confer* poetry so as to make one thing poetical, they would make other things poetical; the more so, as Mr. Bowles calls a "ship of the line" without them,—that is to say, its "masts and sails and streamers,"—"blue bunting," and "coarse canvas," and "tall poles." So it is; and porcelain is clay, and man is dust, and flesh is grass, and yet the two latter at least are the subjects of much poesy.

Did Mr. Bowles ever gaze upon the sea? I presume that he has, at least upon a sea piece. Did any painter ever paint the sea *only*, without the addition of a ship, boat, wreck, or some such adjunct? Is the sea itself a more attractive, a more moral, a more poetical object, with or without a vessel, breaking its vast but fatiguing monotony? Is a storm more poetical without a ship? or, in the poem of the Shipwreck, is it the storm or the ship which most interests? both *much* undoubtedly; but without the vessel, what should we care for the tempest? It would sink into mere descriptive poetry, which in itself was never esteemed a high order of that art.

I look upon myself as entitled to talk of naval matters, at least to poets:—with the exception of Walter Scott, Moore, and Southey, perhaps, who have been voyagers, I have *swam* more miles than all the rest of them together now living ever *sailed*, and have lived for months and months on shipboard; and, during the whole period of my life abroad, have scarcely ever passed a month out of sight of the Ocean*: besides being brought up from two years till ten on the brink of it. I recollect, when anchored off Cape Sigeum in 1810, in an English frigate, a violent squall coming on at sunset, so violent as to make us imagine that the ship would part cable, or drive from her anchorage. Mr. Hobhouse and myself, and some officers, had been up the Dardanelles to Abydos, and were just returned in time. The aspect of a storm in the Archipelago is as poetical as need be, the sea being particularly short, dashing, and dangerous, and the navigation intricate and broken by the isles and currents. Cape Sigeum, the tumuli of the Troad, Lemnos, Tenedos, all added to the associations of the time. But what seemed the most “*poetical*” of all at the moment, were the numbers (about two hundred) of Greek and Turkish craft, which were obliged to “cut and run” before the wind, from their unsafe anchorage, some for Tenedos, some for other isles, some for the main, and some it might be for eternity. The sight of these little scudding vessels, darting over the foam in the twilight, now appearing and now disappearing between the waves in the cloud of night, with their peculiar *white* sails (the Levant sails not being of “*coarse*

* “And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the fresh'ning sea
Made them a terror—'t was a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.”

—*Childe Harold*, c. iv. st. 184.

canvas," but of white cotton), skimming along as quickly, but less safely, than the sea-mews which hovered over them; their evident distress, their reduction to fluttering specks in the distance, their crowded succession, their *littleness*, as contending with the giant element, which made our stout forty-four's *teak* timbers (she was built in India) creak again; their aspect and their motion, all struck me as something far more "poetical" than the mere broad, brawling, shipless sea, and the sullen winds, could possibly have been without them.

The Euxine is a noble sea to look upon, and the port of Constantinople the most beautiful of harbours; and yet I cannot but think that the twenty sail-of-the-line, some of one hundred and forty guns, rendered it more "poetical" by day in the sun, and by night perhaps still more; for the Turks illuminate their vessels of war in a manner the most picturesque, and yet all this is *artificial*. As for the Euxine,* I stood upon the Symplegades—I stood by the broken altar still exposed to the winds upon one of them—I felt all the "*poetry*" of the situation, as I repeated the first lines of "*Medea*;" but would not that "*poetry*" have been heightened by the *Argo*?† It was so even by the

* "The wind swept down the Euxine, and the wave
Broke foaming o'er the blue Symplegades;
'Tis a grand sight from off the 'Giant's Grave'
To watch the progress of those rolling seas
Between the Bosphorus, as they lash and lave
Europe and Asia, you being quite at ease;
There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine."

—*Don Juan*, c. v. st. 5.

† "I scrambled up the Cyanean Symplegades with as great risk as ever the Argonauts escaped in their hoy. You remember the nurse's dole in the "*Medea*," of which I beg you to take the following translation done on the summit:—

"Oh, how I wish that an embargo
Had kept in port the good ship *Argo*!
Who, still unlaunch'd from Grecian docks,
Had never pass'd the Azure rocks;

appearance of any merchant vessel arriving from Odessa. But Mr. Bowles says, "Why bring your ship off the stocks?" for no reason that I know, except that ships are built to be launched. The water, etc., undoubtedly HEIGHTENS the poetical associations, but it does not *make* them; and the ship amply repays the obligation: they aid each other; the water is more poetical with the ship—the ship less so without the water. But even a ship laid up in dock is a grand and a poetical sight. Even an old boat, keel upwards, wrecked upon the barren sand, is a "poetical" object (and Wordsworth, who made a poem about a washing-tub and a blind boy, may tell you so as well as I), whilst a long extent of sand and unbroken water, without the boat, would be as like dull prose as any pamphlet lately published.

What makes the poetry in the image of the "*marble waste of Tadmor*," or Grainger's "Ode to Solitude," so much admired by Johnson? * Is it the "*marble*" or the "*waste*," the *artificial* or the *natural* object? The "*waste*" is like all other *wastes*; but the "*marble*" of Palmyra makes the poetry of the passage as of the place.

The beautiful but barren Hymettus,—the whole coast of Attica, her hills and mountains, Pentelicus, Anchesmus,

But now I fear her trip will be a
Damn'd business for my Miss Medea," etc., etc.

—Lord Byron to Mr. H. Drury, June 1810.

* "Dr. Johnson praised Grainger's 'Ode to Solitude' in Dodsley's collection, and repeated with great energy the exordium—

' O Solitude, romantic maid !
Whether by nodding towers you tread,
Or haunt the desert's trackless gloom,
Or hover o'er the yawning tomb ;
Or climb the Andes' clifted side,
Or by the Nile's coy source abide ;
Or, starting from your half-year's sleep,
From Hecla view the thawing deep ;
Or, at the purple dawn of day,
Tadmor's marble waste survey,'—

observing, 'This, sir, is very noble.'"—*Boswell*, vol. vii. p. 16.

Philopappus, etc., etc.—are in themselves poetical, and would be so if the name of Athens, of Athenians, and her very ruins, were swept from the earth. But am I to be told that the “nature” of Attica would be *more* poetical without the “art” of the Acropolis? of the Temple of Theseus? and of the still all Greek and glorious monuments of her exquisitely artificial genius? Ask the traveller what strikes him as most poetical,—the Parthenon, or the rock on which it stands? The COLUMNS of Cape Colonna, or the Cape itself? The rocks at the foot of it, or the recollection that Falconer’s *ship* was bulged upon them? There are a thousand rocks and capes far more picturesque than those of the Acropolis and Cape Sunium in themselves; what are they to a thousand scenes in the wilder parts of Greece, of Asia Minor, Switzerland, or even of Cintra in Portugal, or to many scenes of Italy, and the Sierras of Spain? But it is the “art,” the columns, the temples, the wrecked vessel, which give them their antique and their modern poetry, and not the spots themselves. Without them, the *spots* of earth would be unnoticed and unknown; buried, like Babylon and Nineveh, in indistinct confusion, without poetry, as without existence; but to whatever spot of earth these ruins were transported, if they were *capable* of transportation, like the obelisk, and the sphinx, and the Memnon’s head, *there* they would still exist in the perfection of their beauty, and in the pride of their poetry. I opposed, and will ever

* “In all Attica,” says Lord Byron, in a note to the second canto of “Childe Harold,” “if we except Athens itself and Marathon, there is no scene more interesting than Cape Colonna. To the antiquary and artist, sixteen columns are an inexhaustible source of observation and design; to the philosopher the supposed scene of Plato’s conversations will not be unwelcome; and the traveller will be struck with the beauty of the prospect over ‘Isles that crown the Ægean deep;’ but, for an Englishman, Colonna has yet an additional interest, as the actual spot of Falconer’s Shipwreck. Pallas and Plato are forgotten in the recollection of Falconer and Campbell—

‘Here in the dead of night by Lonna’s steep,
The seaman’s cry was heard along the deep.’

oppose, the robbery of ruins from Athens, to instruct the English in sculpture; but why did I do so? The *ruins* are as poetical in Piccadilly as they were in the Parthenon; but the Parthenon and its rock are less so without them. Such is the poetry of art.

Mr. Bowles contends again that the pyramids of Egypt are poetical, because of "the association with boundless deserts," and that a "pyramid of the same dimensions" would not be sublime in "Lincoln's Inn Fields:" not so poetical certainly; but take away the "pyramids," and what is the "*desert*?" Take away Stone-henge from Salisbury Plain, and it is nothing more than Hounslow Heath, or any other unenclosed down. It appears to me that St. Peter's, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the Palatine, the Apollo, the Laocoon, the Venus di Medicis, the Hercules, the Dying Gladiator, the Moses of Michael Angelo, and all the higher works of Canova, (I have already spoken of those of ancient Greece, still extant in that country, or transported to England), are as *poetical* as Mont Blanc or Mount Ætna, perhaps still more so, as they are direct manifestations of mind, and *presuppose* poetry in their very conception; and have, moreover, as being such, a something of actual life, which cannot belong to any part of inanimate nature, unless we adopt the system of Spinoza, that the world is the Deity. There can be nothing more poetical in its aspect than the city of Venice; does this depend upon the sea, or the canals?—

"The dirt and sea-weed whence proud Venice rose?"

Is it the canal which runs between the palace and the prison, or the "Bridge of Sighs," which connects them, that renders it poetical? Is it the "Canal Grande," or the Rialto which arches it, the churches which tower over it, the palaces which line, and the gondolas which glide over the waters, that render this city more poetical than Rome itself? Mr. Bowles will say, perhaps, that the Rialto is but marble, the palaces and churches only stone, and the gondolas a "coarse" black cloth, thrown over some planks

of carved wood, with a shining bit of fantastically-formed iron at the prow, "*without*" the water. And I tell him that without these, the water would be nothing but a clay-coloured ditch; and whoever says the contrary, deserves to be at the bottom of that, where Pope's heroes are embraced by the mud nymphs. There would be nothing to make the canal of Venice more poetical than that of Paddington, were it not for the artificial adjuncts above mentioned, although it is a perfectly natural canal, formed by the sea, and the innumerable islands which constitute the site of this extraordinary city.

The very Cloaca of Tarquin at Rome are as poetical as Richmond Hill; many will think more so: take away Rome, and leave the Tibur and the seven hills, in the nature of Evander's time. Let Mr. Bowles, or Mr. Wordsworth, or Mr. Southey, or any of the other "naturals," make a poem upon them, and then see which is most poetical,—their production, or the commonest guide-book, which tells you the road from St. Peter's to the Coliseum, and informs you what you will see by the way. The ground interests in Virgil, because it *will* be Rome, and not because it is Evander's rural domain.

Mr. Bowles then proceeds to press Homer into his service, in answer to a remark of Mr. Campbell's, that "Homer was a great describer of works of art."* Mr. Bowles contends, that all his great power, even in this, depends upon their connection with nature. The "shield of Achilles derives its poetical interest from the subjects described on it." And from what does the *spear* of Achilles derive its interest? and the helmet and the mail worn by Patroclus, and the celestial armour, and the very brazen greaves of the well-booted Greeks? Is it solely from the legs, and the back, and the breast, and the human body, which they enclose? In that case, it would have been more poetical to have made them fight naked; and Gulley and Gregson, as being nearer to a state of nature, are more poetical boxing in a pair of

* Mr. Bowles's epithet is not *great*, but "minute."

drawers than Hector and Achilles in radiant armour, and with heroic weapons.

Instead of the clash of helmets, and the rushing of chariots, and the whizzing of spears, and the glancing of swords, and the cleaving of shields, and the piercing of breast-plates, why not represent the Greeks and Trojans like two savage tribes, tugging and tearing, and kicking and biting, and gnashing, foaming, grinning, and gouging, in all the poetry of martial nature, unencumbered with gross, prosaic, artificial arms; an equal superfluity to the natural warrior and his natural poet? Is there anything unpoetical in Ulysses striking the horses of Rhesus with *his bow* (having forgotten his thong), or would Mr. Bowles have had him kick them with his foot, or smack them with his hand, as being more unsophisticated?

In Gray's "Elegy," is there an image more striking than his "shapeless sculpture?"* Of sculpture in general, it may be observed, that it is more poetical than nature itself, inasmuch as it represents and bodies forth that ideal beauty and sublimity which is never to be found in actual nature. This at least is the general opinion. But, always excepting the Venus di Medicis, I differ from that opinion, at least as far as regards female beauty; for the head of Lady Charlemont (when I first saw her nine years ago) seemed to possess all that sculpture could require for its ideal. I recollect seeing something of the same kind in the head of an Albanian girl, who was actually employed in mending a road in the mountains, and in some Greek, and one or two Italian, faces. But of *sublimity*, I have never seen anything in human nature to approach the expression of sculpture, either in the Apollo, the Moses, or other of the sterner works of ancient or modern art.

Let us examine a little further this "babble of green fields" and of bare nature in general as superior to

* "Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and *shapeless sculpture* deck'd,
Implores the passing trouble of a sigh."

artificial imagery, for the poetical purposes of the fine arts. In landscape-painting the great artist does not give you a literal copy of a country, but he invents and composes one. Nature, in her natural aspect, does not furnish him with such existing scenes as he requires. Even where he presents you with some famous city, or celebrated scene from mountain or other nature, it must be taken from some particular point of view, and with such light, and shade, and distance, etc., as serve not only to heighten its beauties, but to shadow its deformities. The poetry of nature alone, *exactly* as she appears, is not sufficient to bear him out. The very sky of his painting is not the *portrait* of the sky of nature; it is a composition of different *skies*, observed at different times, and not the whole copied from any *particular* day. And why? Because nature is not lavish of her beauties; they are widely scattered, and occasionally displayed, to be selected with care, and gathered with difficulty.

Of sculpture I have just spoken. It is the great scope of the sculptor to heighten nature into heroic beauty; *i.e.*, in plain English, to surpass his model. When Canova forms a statue, he takes a limb from one, a hand from another, a feature from a third, and a shape, it may be, from a fourth, probably at the same time improving upon all, as the Greek of old did in embodying his Venus.

Ask a portrait-painter to describe his agonies in accommodating the faces with which nature and his sitters have crowded his painting-room to the principles of his art: with the exception of perhaps ten faces in as many millions, there is not one which he can venture to give without shading much and adding more. Nature, exactly, simply, barely nature, will make no great artist of any kind, and least of all a poet—the most artificial, perhaps, of all artists in his very essence. With regard to natural imagery, the poets are obliged to take some of their best illustrations from *art*. You say that a “fountain is as clear or clearer than *glass*,” to express its beauty:

“O fons Bandusjæ, splendidior vitro!”

In the speech of Mark Antony, the body of Cæsar is displayed, but so also is his *mantle* :—

“You all do know this *mantle*,” etc.

“Look ! in this place ran Cassius' *dagger* through.”

If the poet had said that Cassius had run his *fist* through the rent of the mantle, it would have had more of Mr. Bowles's “nature” to help it ; but the artificial *dagger* is more poetical than any natural *hand* without it. In the sublime of sacred poetry, “Who is this that cometh from Edom ? with *dyled garments* from Bozrah ?” Would “the comer” be poetical without his “*dyled garments* ?” which strike and startle the spectator, and identify the approaching object.

The mother of Sisera is represented listening for the “*wheels of his chariot*.” Solomon, in his Song, compares the nose of his beloved to “a tower,” which to us appears an eastern exaggeration. If he had said, that her stature was like that of “a tower's,” it would have been as poetical as if he had compared her to a tree.

“The virtuous Marcia *towers* above her sex,”

is an instance of an artificial image to express a *moral* superiority. But Solomon, it is probable, did not compare his beloved's nose to a “tower” on account of its length, but of its symmetry ; and making allowance for eastern hyperbole, and the difficulty of finding a discreet image for a female nose in nature, it is perhaps as good a figure as any other.

Art is *not* inferior to nature for poetical purposes. What makes a regiment of soldiers a more noble object of view than the same mass of mob ? Their arms, their dresses, their banners, and the *art* and artificial symmetry of their position and movements. A Highlander's plaid, a Mussulman's turban, and a Roman toga, are more poetical than the tattooed or untattooed buttocks of a New Sandwich savage, although they were described by William Wordsworth himself like the “idiot in his glory.”

I have seen as many mountains as most men, and more fleets than the generality of landmen; and, to my mind, a large convoy with a few sail-of-the-line to conduct them is as noble and as poetical a prospect as all that inanimate nature can produce. I prefer the "mast of some great admiral," with all its tackle, to the Scotch fir or the alpine tamen; and think that *more* poetry *has been* made out of it. In what does the infinite superiority of Falconer's "Shipwreck" over all other shipwrecks consist? In his admirable application of the terms of his art; in a poet-sailor's description of the sailor's fate. These *very terms*, by his application, make the strength and reality of his poem. Why? Because he was a poet, and in the hands of a poet *art* will not be found less ornamental than nature. It is precisely in general nature, and in stepping out of his element, that Falconer fails; where he digresses to speak of ancient Greece, and "such branches of learning."

In Dyer's "Grongar Hill," upon which his fame rests, the very appearance of nature herself is moralised into an artificial image:

" Thus is nature's *vesture* wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she *dresses green and gay*,
To disperse our cares away."

And here also we have the telescope: the misuse of which, from Milton, has rendered Mr. Bowles so triumphant over Mr. Campbell:—

" So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed through Hope's deluding *glass*."

And here a word *en passant* to Mr. Campbell:—

" As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near
Barren, brown, and rough appear,
Still we tread the same coarse way—
The present's still a cloudy day."

Is not this the original of the far-famed—

“’Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue?”

To return once more to the sea. Let anyone look on the long wall of Malamocco, which curbs the Adriatic, and pronounce between the sea and its master. Surely that Roman work (I mean *Roman* in conception and performance), which says to the ocean, “Thus far shalt thou come, and no further,” and is obeyed, is not less sublime and poetical than the angry waves which vainly break beneath it.

Mr. Bowles makes the chief part of a ship’s poesy depend upon the “*wind* :” then why is a ship under sail more poetical than a hog in a high wind? The hog is all nature, the ship is all art, “coarse canvas,” “blue bunting,” and “tall poles;” both are violently acted upon by the wind, tossed here and there, to and fro, and yet nothing but excess of hunger could make me look upon the pig as the more poetical of the two, and then only in the shape of a griskin.

Will Mr. Bowles tell us that the poetry of an aqueduct consist in the *water* which it conveys? Let him look on that of Justinian, on those of Rome, Constantinople, Lisbon, and Elvas, or even at the remains of that in Attica.

We are asked, “What makes the venerable towers of Westminster Abbey more poetical, as objects, than the tower for the manufactory of patent shot, surrounded by the same scenery?” I will answer—the *architecture*. Turn Westminster Abbey or Saint Paul’s into a powder magazine, their poetry, as objects, remains the same; the Parthenon was actually converted into one by the Turks, during Morosini’s Venetian siege, and part of it destroyed in consequence. Cromwell’s dragoons stalled their steeds in Worcester cathedral: was it less poetical as an object than before? Ask a foreigner on his approach to London, what strikes him as the most poetical of the towers before

him: he will point out Saint Paul's and Westminster Abbey, without, perhaps, knowing the names or associations of either, and pass over the "tower for patent shot,"—not that, for anything he knows to the contrary, it might not be the mausoleum of a monarch, or a Waterloo column, or a Trafalgar monument, but because its architecture is obviously inferior.

To the question, "Whether the description of a game of cards be as poetical, supposing the execution of the artists equal, as a description of a walk in a forest?" it may be answered, that the *materials* are certainly not equal; but that "the *artist*," who has rendered the "game of cards poetical," is *by far the greater* of the two. But all this "ordering" of poets is purely arbitrary on the part of Mr. Bowles. There may or may not be, in fact, different "orders" of poetry, but the poet is always ranked according to his execution, and not according to his branch of the art.

Tragedy is one of the highest presumed orders. Hughes has written a tragedy,* and a very successful one; Fenton another;† and Pope none. Did any man, however,—will even Mr. Bowles himself,—rank Hughes and Fenton as poets above *Pope*? Was even Addison (the author of *Cato*), or Rowe (one of the higher order of dramatists as far as success goes), or Young, or even Otway and Southerne, ever raised for a moment to the same rank with Pope in the estimation of the reader or the critic, before his death or since? If Mr. Bowles will contend for classifications of this kind, let him recollect that descriptive poetry has been ranked as among the lowest branches of the art, and description as a mere ornament, but which should never form the "subject" of a poem. The Italians, with

* The "Siege of Damascus." It was first represented February 17, 1720; on which day the author died. "He was," says Pope, "a good, humble-spirited man, a great admirer of Addison, and but a poor writer, except his play; that is very well."

† Mariamne. It came out at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in 1735, and met with considerable success.

the most poetical language, and the most fastidious taste in Europe, possess now five *great* poets, they say, Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, Tasso, and, lastly, Alfieri;* and whom do they esteem one of the highest of these, and some of them the very highest? Petrarch the *sonneteer*: it is true that some of his Canzoni are *not less* esteemed, but *not more*; who ever dreams of his Latin Africa?

Were Petrarch to be ranked according to the "order" of his compositions, where would the best of sonnets place him? with Dante and the others? no; but, as I have before said, the poet who *executes* best is the highest, whatever his department, and will ever be so rated in the world's esteem.

* Of these there is one ranked with the others for his SONNETS, and *two* for compositions which belong to *no class* at all? Where is Dante? His poem is not an *epic*; then what is it? He himself calls it a "divine comedy;" and why? This is more than all his thousand commentators have been able to explain. Ariosto's is not an *epic* poem; and if poets are to be *classed* according to the *genus* of their poetry, where is he to be placed? Of these five, Tasso and Alfieri only come within Aristotle's arrangement, and Mr. Bowles's class-book. But the whole position is false. Poets are classed by the power of their performance, and not according to its rank in a gradus. In the contrary case, the forgotten epic poets of all countries would rank above Petrarch, Dante, Ariosto, Burns, Gray, Dryden, and the highest names of various countries. Mr. Bowles's title of "*invariable principles of poetry*," is, perhaps, the most arrogant ever prefixed to a volume. So far are the principles of poetry from being "*invariable*," that they never were nor ever will be settled. These "principles" mean nothing more than the predilections of a particular age; and every age has its own, and a different from its predecessor. It is now Homer, and now Virgil; once Dryden, and since Walter Scott; now Corneille, and now Racine; now Crebillon, now Voltaire. The Homerists and Virgilians in France disputed for half a century. Not fifty years ago the Italians neglected Dante—Bettinelli reproved Monti for reading "that barbarian;" at present they adore him. Shakespeare and Milton have had their rise, and they will have their decline. Already they have more than once fluctuated, as must be the case with all the dramatists and poets of a living language. This does not depend upon their merits, but upon the ordinary vicissitudes of human opinions. Schlegel and Madame de Stael have endeavoured also to reduce poetry to *two* systems, classical and romantic. The effect is only beginning.

Had Gray written nothing but his "Elegy," high as he stands, I am not sure that he would not stand higher ; it is the corner-stone of his glory : without it, his odes would be insufficient for his fame. The depreciation of Pope is partly founded upon a false idea of the dignity of his order of poetry, to which he has partly contributed by the ingenious boast,

" That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But *stoop'd* to truth, and moralised his song."

He should have written "rose to truth." In my mind the highest of all poetry is ethical poetry, as the highest of all earthly objects must be moral truth. Religion does not make a part of my subject ; it is something beyond human powers, and has failed in all human hands except Milton's and Dante's, and even Dante's powers are involved in his delineation of human passions, though in supernatural circumstances. What made Socrates the greatest of men ? His moral truth—his ethics. What proved Jesus Christ the Son of God hardly less than his miracles ? His moral precepts. And if ethics have made a philosopher the first of men, and have not been disdained as an adjunct to his Gospel by the Deity himself, are we to be told that ethical poetry, or didactic poetry, or by whatever name you term it, whose object is to make men better and wiser, is not the *very first order* of poetry ; and are we to be told this too by one of the priesthood ? It requires more mind, more wisdom, more power, than all the "forests" that ever were "walked for their description," and all the epics that ever were founded upon fields of battle. The Georgics are indisputably, and, I believe, *undisputedly*, even a finer poem than the Æneid. Virgil knew this ; he did not order *them* to be burnt.

" The proper study of mankind is man."

It is the fashion of the day to lay great stress upon what they call "imagination" and "invention," the two commonest of qualities : an Irish peasant with a little whisky in his head will imagine and invent more than would

furnish forth a modern poem. If Lucretius had not been spoiled by the Epicurean system, we should have had a far superior poem to any now in existence. As mere poetry, it is the first of Latin poems. What then has ruined it? His ethics. Pope has not this defect; his moral is as pure as his poetry is glorious.

In speaking of artificial objects, I have omitted to touch upon one which I will now mention. Cannon may be presumed to be as highly poetical as art can make her objects. Mr. Bowles will, perhaps, tell me that this is because they resemble that grand natural article of sound in heaven, and simile upon earth—thunder. I shall be told triumphantly, that Milton made sad work with his artillery, when he armed his devils therewithal. He did so; and this artificial object must have had much of the sublime to attract his attention for such a conflict. He *has* made an absurd use of it; but the absurdity consists in not using *cannon* against the angels of God, but any *material* weapon. The thunder of the clouds would have been as ridiculous and vain in the hands of the devils, as the “villainous saltpetre;” the angels were as impervious to the one as to the other. The thunderbolts become sublime in the hands of the Almighty, not as such, but because *he* deigns to use them as a means of repelling the rebel spirits; but no one can attribute their defeat to this grand piece of natural electricity: the Almighty willed, and they fell; his word would have been enough; and Milton is as absurd (and, in fact, *blasphemous*), in putting material lightnings into the hands of the Godhead, as in giving him hands at all.

The artillery of the demons was but the first step of his mistake, the thunder the next, and it is a step lower. It would have been fit for Jove, but not for Jehovah. The subject altogether was essentially unpoetical; he has made more of it than another could, but it is beyond him and all men.

In a portion of his reply, Mr. Bowles asserts that Pope “envied Phillips,” because he quizzed his pastorals in the

“Guardian,” in that most admirable model of irony, his paper on the subject. If there was anything enviable about Phillips, it could hardly be his pastorals. They were despicable, and Pope expressed his contempt. If Mr. Fitzgerald published a volume of sonnets, or a “Spirit of Discovery,” or a “Missionary,” and Mr. Bowles wrote in any periodical journal an ironical paper upon them, would this be “envy?” The authors of the “Rejected Addresses” have ridiculed the sixteen or twenty “first living poets” of the day, but do they “envy” them? “Envy” writhes, it don’t laugh. The authors of the “Rejected Addresses” may despise some, but they can hardly “envy” any of the persons whom they have parodied; and Pope could have no more envied Phillips than he did Welsted, or Theobald, or Smedley, or any other given hero of the Dunciad. He could not have envied him, even had he himself *not* been the greatest poet of his age. Did Mr. Ings “envy” Mr. Phillips when he asked him, “How came your Pyrrhus to drive oxen and say, I am *goaded* on by love?” This question silenced poor Phillips; but it no more proceeded from “envy” than did Pope’s ridicule. Did he envy Swift? Did he envy Bolingbroke? Did he envy Gay the unparalleled success of his “Beggars’ Opera?” We may be answered that these were his friends—true: but does *friendship* prevent *envy*? Study the first woman you meet with, or the first scribbler, let Mr. Bowles himself (whom I acquit fully of such an odious quality) study some of his own poetical intimates: the most envious man I ever heard of is a poet, and a high one; besides, it is an *universal* passion. Goldsmith envied not only the puppets for their dancing, and broke his shins in the attempt at rivalry, but was seriously angry because two pretty women received more attention than he did. *This is envy*; but where does Pope show a sign of the passion? In that case Dryden envied the hero of his Mac Flecknoe. Mr. Bowles compares, when and where he can, Pope with Cowper—(the same Cowper whom in his edition of Pope he laughs at for his attachment to an old woman, Mrs. Unwin; search and

you will find it;* I remember the passage, though not the page); in particular he requotes Cowper's Dutch delineation of a wood drawn up, like a seedman's catalogue,† with an affected imitation of Milton's style, as burlesque as the "Splendid Shilling." These two writers, for Cowper is no poet, come into comparison in one great work, the translation of Homer. Now, with all the great, and manifest, and manifold, and reprov'd, and acknowledged, and uncontroverted faults of Pope's translation, and all the scholarship, and pains, and time, and trouble, and blank verse of the other, who can ever read Cowper? and who will ever lay down Pope, unless for the original? Pope's was "not Homer, it was Spondanus;" but Cowper's is not Homer either, it is not even Cowper. As a child I first read Pope's Homer with a rapture which no subsequent work could ever afford, and children are not the worst judges of their own

* "Poor Cowper, being disgusted with the world, fell in love with the first venerable gentlewoman he saw at Huntingdon, and wondered all the world was not like her; when probably he would have met with a being just as good in the first respectable old lady he saw on a Sunday going to church at Brentford!"—BOWLES, *Pope's Works*, vol. ix. p. 60.

† I will submit to Mr. Bowles's own judgment a passage from another poem of Cowper's, to be compared with the same writer's "Sylvan Sampler." In the lines to Mary,—

"Thy *needles*, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary,"

contain a simple, household, "*indoor*," artificial, and ordinary image; I refer Mr. Bowles to the stanza, and ask if these three lines about "*needles*" are not worth all the boasted twaddling about trees, so triumphantly requoted? and yet, in *fact*, what do they convey? A homely collection of images and ideas, associated with the darning of stockings, and the hemming of shirts, and the mending of breeches; but will anyone deny that they are eminently poetical and pathetic as addressed by Cowper to his nurse? The trash of trees reminds me of a saying of Sheridan's. Soon after the "Rejected Address" scene in 1812, I met Sheridan. In the course of dinner, he said, "Lord Byron, did you know that, amongst the writers of addresses, was

language. As a boy I read Homer in the original, as we have all done, some of us by force, and a few by favour: under which description I come is nothing to the purpose, it is enough that I read him. As a man I have tried to read Cowper's version, and I found it impossible. Has any human reader ever succeeded.

And now that we have heard the Catholic reproached with envy, duplicity, licentiousness, avarice—what was the Calvinist? He attempted the most atrocious of crimes in the Christian code—viz., suicide, and why? because he was to be examined whether he was fit for an office which he seems to wish to have made a sinecure. His connection with Mrs. Unwin was pure enough, for the old lady was devout, and he was deranged; but why then is the infirm and then elderly Pope to be reproved for his connection with Martha Blount? Cowper was the almoner of Mrs. Throgmorton; but Pope's charities were his own, and they

Whitbread himself?" I answered by an inquiry of what sort of address he had made. "Of that," replied Sheridan, "I remember little, except that there was a *phoenix* in it."—"A phoenix!! Well, how did he describe it?"—"Like a poulterer." answered Sheridan: "It was green, and yellow, and red, and blue: he did not let us off for a single feather." And just such as this poulterer's account of a phoenix is Cowper's stickpicker's detail of a wood, with all its petty minutiae of this, that, and the other.

One more poetical instance of the power of art, and even its superiority over nature, in poetry, and I have done:—the bust of *Antinous*! Is there anything in nature like this marble, excepting the Venus? Can there be more poetry gathered into existence than in that wonderful creation of perfect beauty? But the poetry of this bust is in no respect derived from nature, nor from any association of moral exaltedness; for what is there in common with moral nature, and the male minion of Adrian? The very execution is *not natural*, but *super-natural*, or rather *super-artificial*, for nature has never done so much.

Away, then, with this cant about nature, and "invariable principles of poetry!" A great artist will make a block of stone as sublime as a mountain, and a good poet can imbue a pack of cards with more poetry than inhabits the forests of America. It is the business and the proof of a poet to give the lie to the proverb, and sometimes to "*make a silken purse out of a sow's ear*;" and to conclude with another homely proverb, a "good workman will not find fault with his tools."

were noble and extensive, far beyond his fortune's warrant. Pope was the tolerant yet steady adherent of the most bigoted of sects; and Cowper the most bigoted and despondent sectary that ever anticipated damnation to himself or others? Is this harsh? I know it is, and I do not assert it as my opinion of Cowper *personally*, but to *show what might* be said, with just as great an appearance of truth and candour, as all the odium which has been accumulated upon Pope in similar speculations. Cowper was a good man, and lived at a fortunate time for his works.

Mr. Bowles, apparently not relying entirely upon his own arguments, has, in person or by proxy, brought forward the names of Southey and Moore. Mr. Southey "agrees entirely with Mr. Bowles in his *invariable* principles of poetry." The least that Mr. Bowles can do in return is to approve the "invariable principles of Mr. Southey." I should have thought that the word "*invariable*" might have stuck in Southey's throat, like Macbeth's "Amen!" I am sure it did in mine, and I am not the least consistent of the two, at least as a voter. Moore (*et tu, Brute!*) also approves, and a Mr. J. Scott. There is a letter also of two lines from a gentleman in asterisks, who, it seems, is a poet of "the highest rank:"—who *can* this be? not my friend Sir Walter, surely. Campbell it can't be; Rogers it won't be.

"You have *hit the nail in the head*, and * * * * [Pope, I presume] *on the head also*.

"I remain yours, affectionately,
" (Five Asterisks.) "

And in asterisks let him remain. Whoever this person may be, he deserves, for such a judgment of Midas, that "the nail" which Mr. Bowles has "hit *in the head*," should be driven through his own ears; I am sure that they are long enough.*

* "How the deuce was I to suppose that the first four asterisks meant 'Campbell' and not Pope, and that the blank signature meant 'Thomas Moore?' You see what comes of being familiar with parsons."—*Lord Byron to Mr. Moore.*

The attempt of the poetical populace of the present day to obtain an ostracism against Pope is as easily accounted for as the Athenian's shell against Aristides; they are tired of hearing him always called "the Just." They are also fighting for life; for, if he maintains his station, they will reach their own by falling. They have raised a mosque by the side of a Grecian temple of the purest architecture; and, more barbarous than the barbarians from whose practice I have borrowed the figure, they are not contented with their own grotesque edifice, unless they destroy the prior, and purely beautiful fabric which preceded, and which shames them and theirs for ever and ever. I shall be told that amongst those I *have* been (or it may be still *am*) conspicuous—true, and I am ashamed of it. I *have* been amongst the builders of this Babel, attended by a confusion of tongues, but *never* amongst the envious destroyers of the classic temple of our predecessor. I have loved and honoured the fame and name of that illustrious and unrivalled man, far more than my own paltry renown, and the trashy jingle of the crowd of "Schools" and upstarts, who pretend to rival, or even surpass him. Sooner than a single leaf should be torn from his laurel, it were better that all which these men, and that I, as one of their set, have ever written, should

"Line trunks, clothe spice, or fluttering in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam, or Soho!"

There are those who will believe this, and those who will not. You, sir, know how far I am sincere, and whether my opinion, not only in the short work intended for publication, and in private letters which can never be published, has or has not been the same. I look upon this as the declining age of English poetry; no regard for others, no selfish feeling, can prevent me from seeing this, and expressing the truth. There can be no worse sign for the taste of the times than the depreciation of Pope. It would be better to receive for proof Mr. Cobbett's rough but strong attack upon Shakespeare and Milton, than to

allow this smooth and "candid" undermining of the reputation of the most *perfect* of our poets, and the purest of our moralists. Of his power in the *passions*, in description, in the mock heroic, I leave others to descant. I take him on his strong ground as an *ethical* poet: in the former, none excel; in the mock heroic and the ethical, none equal him; and, in my mind, the latter is the highest of all poetry, because it does that in *verse* which the greatest of men have wished to accomplish in prose. If the essence of poetry must be a *lie*, throw it to the dogs, or banish it from your republic, as Plato would have done. He who can reconcile poetry with truth and wisdom, is the only true "*poet*" in its real sense, "the *maker*," the "*creator*,"—why must this mean the "liar," the "feigner," the "tale-teller?" A man may make and create better things than these.

I shall not presume to say that Pope is as high a poet as Shakespeare and Milton, though his enemy, Warton, places him immediately under them.* I would no more say this than I would assert in the mosque (once Saint Sophia's), that Socrates was a greater man than Mahomet. But if I say that he is very near them, it is no more than has been asserted of Burns, who is supposed

"To rival all but Shakespeare's name below."

I say nothing against this opinion. But of what "*order*," according to the poetical aristocracy, are Burns's poems? There are his *opus magnum*, "Tam O'Shanter," a *tale*; the "Cottar's Saturday Night," a descriptive sketch; some others in the same style: the rest are songs. So much for the *rank* of his *productions*; the *rank* of *Burns* is the very

* If the opinions cited by Mr. Bowles, of Dr. Johnson *against* Pope, are to be taken as decisive authority, they will also hold good against Gray, Milton, Swift, Thomson, and Dryden: in that case what becomes of Gray's poetical, and Milton's moral character? even of Milton's *poetical* character, or, indeed, of *English* poetry in general? for Johnson strips many a leaf from every laurel. Still Johnson's is the finest critical work extant, and can never be read without instruction and delight.

first of his art. Of Pope I have expressed my opinion elsewhere, as also of the effect which the present attempts at poetry have had upon our literature. If any great national or natural convulsion could or should overwhelm your country in such sort as to sweep Great Britain from the kingdoms of the earth, and leave only that, after all, the most living of human things, a *dead language*, to be studied and read, and imitated by the wise of future and far generations, upon foreign shores; if your literature should become the learning of mankind, divested of party cabals, temporary fashions, and national pride and prejudice;—an Englishman, anxious that the posterity of strangers should know that there had been such a thing as a British Epic and Tragedy, might wish for the preservation of Shakespeare and Milton; but the surviving world would snatch Pope from the wreck, and let the rest sink with the people. He is the moral poet of all civilisation; and as such, let us hope that he will one day be the national poet of mankind. He is the only poet that never shocks; the only poet whose *faultlessness* has been made his reproach. Cast your eye over his productions; consider their extent, and contemplate their variety:—pastoral, passion, mock heroic, translation, satire, ethics,—all excellent, and often perfect. If his great charm be his *melody*, how comes it that foreigners adore him even in their diluted translations? But I have made this letter too long. Give my compliments to Mr. Bowles.

Yours ever, very truly,

BYRON.

To

John Murray, Esq.

Post Scriptum.—Long as this letter has grown, I find it necessary to append a postscript; if possible, a short one. Mr. Bowles denies that he has accused Pope of “a sordid money-getting passion;” but, he adds, “If I had ever done so, I should be glad to find any testimony that might show he was *not* so.” This testimony he may find to his heart’s content in Spence and elsewhere. First, there is Martha

Blount, who, Mr. Bowles charitably says, "probably thought he did not save enough for her, as legatee." Whatever she *thought* upon this point, her words are in Pope's favour. Then there is Alderman Barber; see Spence's Anecdotes.* There is Pope's cold answer to Halifax when he proposed a pension; † his behaviour to Craggs and to Addison upon like occasions, and his own two lines—

"And, thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive;"

written when princes would have been proud to pension, and peers to promote him, and when the whole army of dunces were in array against him, and would have been but too happy to deprive him of this boast of independence. But there is something a little more serious in Mr. Bowles's declaration, that he "*would* have spoken" of his "noble generosity to the outcast Richard Savage," and other instances of a compassionate and generous heart, "*had they occurred to his recollection when he wrote.*" ‡ What! is it come to this? Does Mr. Bowles sit down to write a minute and laboured life and edition of a great poet? Does he anatomise his character, moral and poetical? Does he present us with his faults and with his foibles? Does

* "Mr. Pope never flattered anybody for money. Alderman Barber had a great inclination to have a stroke in his commendation inserted in some part of Mr. Pope's writings. He did not want money and he wanted fame. He would probably have given four or five thousand pounds to have been gratified in this desire, and gave Mr. Pope to understand as much; but Mr. Pope would never comply with such a baseness."—SPENCE, p. 308.

† "I wrote to Lord Halifax to thank him for his most obliging offer; saying, that I had considered the matter over fully, and that all the difference I could find in having or not having a pension was, that if I had one I might live more at large in town; and that if I had not, I might live happily enough in the country. So the thing dropped, and I had my liberty without a coach."—POPE, in *Spence*, p. 305.

‡ "Mr. Pope desired Dr. Young to forward five guineas to poor Savage, when he was in Newgate for the death of Sinclair; the doctor was so good as to carry it himself, and Mr. Pope afterwards told him that if Savage should be in want of necessaries he had five more ready at his service."—SPENCE, p. 356.

he sneer at his feelings, and doubt of his sincerity? Does he unfold his vanity and duplicity? and then omit the good qualities which might, in part, have "covered this multitude of sins?" and then plead that "*they did not occur to his recollection?*" Is this the frame of mind and of memory with which the illustrious dead are to be approached? If Mr. Bowles, who must have had access to all the means of refreshing his memory, did not recollect these facts, he is unfit for his task; but if he *did* recollect and omit them, I know not what he is fit for, but I know what would be fit for him. Is the plea of "not recollecting" such prominent facts to be admitted? Mr. Bowles has been at a public school, and, as I have been publicly educated also, I can sympathise with his predilection. When we were in the third form even, had we pleaded on the Monday morning that we had not brought up the Saturday's exercise, because "we had forgotten it," what would have been the reply? And is an excuse, which would not be pardoned to a school-boy, to pass current in a matter which so nearly concerns the fame of the first poet of his age, if not of his country? If Mr. Bowles so readily forgets the virtues of others, why complain so grievously that others have a better memory for his own faults? * They are but the faults of an author; while the virtues he omitted from his catalogue are essential to the justice due to a man.

Mr. Bowles appears, indeed, to be susceptible beyond the privilege of authorship. There is a plaintive dedication to Mr. Gifford, in which *he* is made responsible for all the articles of the Quarterly. Mr. Southey, it seems, "the most able and eloquent writer in that Review," approves of Mr. Bowles's publication. Now it seems to me the more impartial, that notwithstanding that "the great writer of the Quarterly" entertains opinions opposite to the able article on Spence, nevertheless that essay was permitted to appear. Is a

* "The memory of Mr. Bowles is of a peculiar nature: if it be defective as to one class of ideas, it is remarkably retentive of another; like a sieve, letting the fine slip away, but retaining whatever is coarse and offensive."—*Quart. Rev.* vol. xxxii. p. 278.

review to be devoted to the opinions of any *one* man? Must it not vary according to circumstances, and according to the subjects to be criticised? I fear that writers must take the sweets and bitters of the public journals as they occur, and an author of so long a standing as Mr. Bowles might have become accustomed to such incidents; he might be angry, but not astonished. I have been reviewed in the Quarterly almost as often as Mr. Bowles, and have had as pleasant things said, and some *as unpleasant*, as could be well pronounced. In the review of "The Fall of Jerusalem," it is stated, that I have devoted "my powers, etc., to the worst parts of Manicheism;" which, being interpreted, means that I worship the devil. Now, I have neither written a reply, nor complained to Gifford. I believe that I observed in a letter to you, that I thought "that the critic might have praised Milman without finding it necessary to abuse me;" but did I not add at the same time, or soon after (àpropos, of the note in the book of Travels), that I would not, if it were even in my power, have a single line cancelled on my account in that nor in any other publication? Of course, I reserve to myself the privilege of response when necessary. Mr. Bowles seems in a whimsical state about the author of the article on Spence. You know very well that I am not in your confidence, nor in that of the conductor of the journal. The moment I saw that article, I was morally certain that I knew the author "by his style." You will tell me that I do *not know* him: that is all as it should be; keep the secret, so shall I, though no one has ever intrusted it to me. He is not the person whom Mr. Bowles denounces. Mr. Bowles's extreme sensibility reminds me of a circumstance which occurred on board of a frigate in which I was a passenger and guest of the captain's for a considerable time. The surgeon on board, a very gentlemanly young man, and remarkably able in his profession, wore a *wig*. Upon this ornament he was extremely tenacious. As naval jests are sometimes a little rough, his brother officers made occasional allusions to this delicate appendage to the doctor's person. One day a young

lieutenant, in the course of a facetious discussion, said, "Suppose now, doctor, I should take off your *hat*."—"Sir," replied the doctor, "I shall talk no longer with you; you grow *scurrilous*." He would not even admit so near an approach as to the hat which protected it. In like manner, if anybody approaches Mr. Bowles's laurels, even in his outside capacity of an *editor*, "they grow *scurrilous*." You say that you are about to prepare an edition of Pope; you cannot do better for your own credit as a publisher, nor for the redemption of Pope from Mr. Bowles, and of the public taste from rapid degeneracy.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Ravenna, February 16, 1821.

"In the month of March will arrive from Barcelona Signor Curioni, engaged for the Opera. He is an acquaintance of mine, and a gentlemanly young man, high in his profession. I must request your personal kindness and patronage in his favour. Pray introduce him to such of the theatrical people, editors of papers, and others, as may be useful to him in his profession, publicly and privately.

"The fifth is so far from being the last of 'Don Juan,' that it is hardly the beginning. I meant to take him the tour of Europe, with a proper mixture of siege, battle, and adventure, and to make him finish as *Anacharsis Cloots** in the French Revolution. To how many cantos this may

* John Baptiste Cloots (better known by the name of Anacharsis), a Prussian baron, born at Cleves in 1755. He was the nephew of Cornelius de Pauw, author of "*Recherches Philosophiques sur les Americains*," etc. He travelled in different parts of Europe, and when in England, cultivated the acquaintance of Mr. Burke. In 1790, at the bar of the National Convention, he described himself as "the orator of the human race." Falling however, under the suspicion of Robespierre, he was, in March 1794, condemned to death. On the scaffold, he begged the executioner to decapitate him the last, alleging that he wished to make some observations essential to the establishment of certain principles, while the heads of his companions were falling. The request was obligingly complied with.

extend I know not, nor whether (even if I live) I shall complete it; but this was my notion: I meant to have made him a cavalier servente in Italy, and a cause for a divorce in England, and a sentimental 'Werter-faced man' in Germany, so as to show the different ridicules of the society in each of those countries, and to have displayed him gradually *gâté* and *blasé* as he grew older, as is natural. But I had not quite fixed whether to make him end in hell, or in an unhappy marriage, not knowing which would be the severest: the Spanish tradition says hell: but it is probably only an allegory of the other state. You are now in possession of my notions on the subject.

"You say the Doge will not be popular: did I ever write for *popularity*? I defy you to show a work of mine (except a tale or two) of a popular style or complexion. It appears to me that there is room for a different style of the drama; neither a servile following of the old drama, which is a grossly erroneous one, nor yet *too French*, like those who succeeded the older writers. It appears to me, that good English, and a severer approach to the rules, might combine something not dishonourable to our literature. I have also attempted to make a play without love; and there are neither rings, nor mistakes, nor starts, nor outrageous ranting villains, nor melodrama in it. All this will prevent its popularity, but does not persuade me that it is *therefore* faulty. Whatever faults it has will arise from deficiency in the conduct, rather than in the conception, which is simple and severe.

"So you *epigrammatise* upon my epigram? I will pay you for *that*, mind if I don't, some day. I never let anyone off in the long run (*who first begins*). Remember Sam, and see if I don't do you as good a turn. You unnatural publisher! what! quiz your own authors? you are a paper cannibal!

"In the Letter on Bowles (which I sent by Tuesday's post) after the words '*attempts had been made*' (alluding to the republication of '*English Bards*'), add the words '*in Ireland;*' for I believe that English pirates did not

begin their attempts till after I had left England the second time. Pray attend to this. Let me know what you and your synod think on Bowles.

"I did not think the second *seal* so bad: surely it is far better than the Saracen's head with which you have sealed your *last letter*; the larger, in *profile*, was surely much better than that.

"So Foscolo says he will get you a *seal cut* better in Italy? he means a *throat*—that is the only thing they do dexterously. The Arts—all but Canova's, and Morghen's, and *Ovid's* (I don't mean *poetry*),—are as low as need be: look at the seal which I gave to William Bankes, and own it. How came George Bankes to quote 'English Bards' in the House of Commons? All the world keep flinging that poem in my face.

"Belzoni is a grand traveller, and his English is very prettily broken.

"As for news, the Barbarians are marching on Naples, and if they lose a single battle, all Italy will be up. It will be like the Spanish row, if they have any bottom.

"Letters opened?—to be sure they are, and that's the reason why I always put in my opinion of the German Austrian scoundrels. There is not an Italian who loathes them more than I do; and whatever I could do to scour Italy and the earth of their infamous oppression would be done *con amore*.
"Yours, etc. "B."

* January 1821, on moving the Address in answer to the King's Speech. The following are the lines quoted by Mr. Bankes:—

"So the struck eagle, stretch'd upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
View'd his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quiver'd in his heart;
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impell'd the steel:
While the same plumage that had warm'd his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

—See *Works*, p. 434.

TO MR. HOPPNER.

"Ravenna, April 3, 1821.

"Thanks for the translation. I have sent you some books, which I do not know whether you have read or no—you need not return them, in any case. I enclose you also a letter from Pisa. I have neither spared trouble nor expense in the care of the child; and as she was now four years old complete, and quite above the control of the servants—and as a *man* living without any woman at the head of his house cannot much attend to a nursery—I had no resource but to place her for a time (at a high pension too) in the convent of Bagna-Cavalli (twelve miles off), where the air is good, and where she will, at least, have her learning advanced, and her morals and religion inculcated. I had also another reason;—things were and are in such a state here, that I had no reason to look upon my own personal safety as particularly insurable; and I thought the infant best out of harm's way, for the present.

"It is also fit that I should add that I by no means intended, nor intend, to give a *natural* child an *English* education, because with the disadvantages of her birth, her after settlement would be doubly difficult. Abroad, with a fair foreign education and a portion of five or six thousand pounds, she might and may marry very respectably. In England such a dowry would be a pittance, while elsewhere it is a fortune. It is, besides, my wish that she should be a Roman Catholic, which I look upon as the best religion, as it is assuredly the oldest of the various branches of Christianity. I have now explained my notions as to the *place* where she now is—it is the best I could find for the present; but I have no prejudices in its favour.

"I do not speak of politics, because it seems a hopeless subject, as long as those scoundrels are to be permitted to bully states out of their independence. Believe me,

"Yours ever and truly.

"P.S.—There is a report here of a change in France; but with what truth is not yet known.

“P.S.—My respects to Mrs. H. I *have* the ‘best opinion’ of her countrywomen; and at my time of life (three-and-thirty, 22d January 1821), that is to say, after the life I have led, a *good* opinion is the only rational one which a man should entertain of the whole sex—up to *thirty*, the worst possible opinion a man can have of them in *general*, the better for himself. Afterwards, it is a matter of no importance to *them*, nor to him either, *what opinion* he entertains—his day is over, or, at least, should be.

“You see how sober I am become.”

TO MR. SHELLEY.

“Ravenna, April 26, 1821.

“The child continues doing well, and the accounts are regular and favourable. It is gratifying to me that you and Mrs. Shelley do not disapprove of the step which I have taken, which is merely temporary.

“I am very sorry to hear what you say of Keats—is it *actually* true? I did not think criticism had been so killing. Though I differ from you essentially in your estimate of his performances, I so much abhor all unnecessary pain, that I would rather he had been seated on the highest peak of Parnassus than have perished in such a manner. Poor fellow! though with such inordinate self-love he would probably have not been very happy. I read the review of ‘Endymion’ in the Quarterly. It was severe,—but surely not so severe as many reviews in that and other journals upon others.

“I recollect the effect on me of the Edinburgh on my first poem; it was rage, and resistance, and redress—but not despondency nor despair. I grant that those are not amiable feelings; but, in this world of bustle and broil, and especially in the career of writing, a man should calculate upon his powers of *resistance* before he goes into the arena.

“‘Expect not life from pain nor danger free,
Nor deem the doom of man reversed for thee.’

“You know my opinion of *that second-hand* school of

poetry. You also know my high opinion of your own poetry,—because it is of *no* school. I read 'Cenci'—but, besides that I think the *subject* essentially *un-dramatic*, I am not an admirer of our old dramatists *as models*. I deny that the English have hitherto had a drama at all. Your 'Cenci,' however, was a work of power, and poetry. As to *my* drama, pray revenge yourself upon it, by being as free as I have been with yours.

"I have not yet got your 'Prometheus,' which I long to see. I have heard nothing of mine, and do not know that it is yet published. I have published a pamphlet on the Pope controversy, which you will not like. Had I known that Keats was dead—or that he was alive and so sensitive—I should have omitted some remarks upon his poetry, to which I was provoked by his *attack* upon *Pope*, and my disapprobation of *his own* style of writing.

"You want me to undertake a great poem—I have not the inclination nor the power. As I grow older, the indifference—*not* to life, for we love it by instinct—but to the stimuli of life, increases. Besides, this late failure of the Italians has latterly disappointed me for many reasons,—some public, some personal. My respects to Mrs. S.

"Yours ever.

"P.S.—Could not you and I contrive to meet this summer? Could not you take a run here *alone*?"

TO MR. MOORE.

"Ravenna, April 28, 1821.

"You cannot have been more disappointed than myself, nor so much deceived. I have been so at some personal risk also, which is not yet done away with. However, no time nor circumstances shall alter my tone nor my feelings of indignation against tyranny triumphant. The present business has been as much a work of treachery as of cowardice,—though both may have done their part. If ever you and I meet again, I will have a talk with you

upon the subject. At present, for obvious reasons, I can write but little, as all letters are opened. In *mine* they shall always find *my* sentiments, but nothing that can lead to the oppression of others.

“You will please to recollect that the Neapolitans are nowhere now more execrated than in Italy, and not blame a whole people for the vices of a province. That would be like condemning Great Britain because they plunder wrecks in Cornwall.

“And now let us be literary—a sad falling off, but it is always a consolation. If ‘Othello’s occupation be gone,’ let us take to the next best; and, if we cannot contribute to make mankind more free and wise, we may amuse ourselves and those who like it. What are you writing? I have been scribbling at intervals, and Murray will be publishing about now.

“Lady Noel has, as you say, been dangerously ill, but it may console you to learn that she is dangerously well again.

“I have written a sheet or two more of Memoranda for you; and I kept a little Journal for about a month or two, till I had filled the paper-book. I then left it off, as things grew busy, and, afterwards, too gloomy to set down without a painful feeling. This I should be glad to send you, if I had an opportunity; but a volume, however small, don’t go well by such posts as exist in this inquisition of a country.

“I have no news. As a very pretty woman said to me a few nights ago, with the tears in her eyes, as she sat at the harpsichord, ‘Alas! the Italians must now return to making operas.’ I fear *that* and maccaroni are their forte, and ‘motley their only wear.’ However, there are some high spirits among them still. Pray write.

“And believe me, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“May 14, 1821.

“If any part of the letter to Bowles has (unintentionally, as far as I remember the contents) vexed you, you are fully

avenged ; for I see by an Italian paper that, notwithstanding all my remonstrances through all my friends (and yourself among the rest), the managers persisted in attempting the tragedy, and that it has been ‘unanimously hissed!!’ This is the consolatory phrase of the Milan paper (which detests me cordially, and abuses me, on all occasions, as a Liberal), with the addition, that I ‘brought the play out’ of my own good-will.

“All this is vexatious enough, and seems a sort of dramatic Calvinism—predestined damnation, without a sinner’s own fault. I took all the pains poor mortal could to prevent this inevitable catastrophe—partly by appeals of all kinds, up to the Lord Chamberlain, and partly to the fellows themselves. But, as remonstrance was vain, complaint is useless. I do not understand it—for Murray’s letter of the 24th, and all his preceding ones, gave me the strongest hopes that there would be no representation. As yet, I know nothing but the fact, which I presume to be true, as the date is Paris, and the 30th. They must have been in a *hell* of a hurry for this damnation, since I did not even know that it was published ; and, without its being first published, the histrions could not have got hold of it. Anyone might have seen, at a glance, that it was utterly impracticable for the stage ; and this little accident will by no means enhance its merit in the closet.

“Well, patience is a virtue, and, I suppose, practice will make it perfect. Since last year (spring, that is) I have lost a lawsuit, of great importance, on Rochdale collieries—have occasioned a divorce—have had my poesy disparaged by Murray and the critics—my fortune refused to be placed on an advantageous settlement (in Ireland) by the trustees ;—my life threatened last month (they put about a paper here to excite an attempt at my assassination, on account of politics, and a notion which the priests disseminated that I was in league against the Germans)—and, finally, my mother-in-law recovered last fortnight, and my play was damned last week ! These are like ‘the eight-and-twenty misfortunes of Harlequin.’ But they must be borne. If I

give in, it shall be after keeping up a spirit at least. I should not have cared so much about it, if our southern neighbours had not bungled us all out of freedom for these five hundred years to come.

“Did you know John Keats? They say that he was killed by a review of him in the Quarterly—if he be dead, which I really don't know. I don't understand that *yielding* sensitiveness. What I feel (as at this present) is an immense rage for eight-and-forty hours, and then, as usual—unless this time it should last longer. I must get on horseback to quiet me.

“Yours, etc.

“Francis I. wrote, after the battle of Pavia, ‘All is lost except our honour.’ A hissed author may reverse it—‘*Nothing* is lost except our honour.’ But the horses are waiting, and the paper full. I wrote last week to you.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Ravenna, August 23, 1821.

“With regard to the charges about the shipwreck, I think that I told both you and Mr. Hobhouse, years ago, that there was not a *single circumstance* of it *not* taken from *fact*; not, indeed, from any *single* shipwreck; but all from actual facts of different wrecks. Almost all ‘Don Juan’ is *real* life, either my own, or from people I knew. By-the-way, much of the description of the *furniture*, in Canto third, is taken from *Tully's Tripoli* (pray note this), and the rest from my own observation. Remember, I never meant to conceal this at all, and have only not stated it, because ‘Don Juan’ had no preface nor name to it. If you think it worth while to make this statement, do so in your own way. I laugh at such charges, convinced that no writer ever borrowed less, or made his materials more his own. Much is coincidence: for instance, Lady Morgan (in a really *excellent* book, I assure you, on Italy) calls Venice an *ocean Rome*: I have the very same expression in

Foscari, and yet *you* know that the play was written months ago, and sent to England; the 'Italy' I received only on the 16th instant.

"Your friend, like the public, is not aware that my dramatic simplicity is *studiously* Greek, and must continue so: *no* reform ever succeeded at first. I admire the old English dramatists; but this is quite another field, and has nothing to do with theirs. I want to make a *regular* English drama, no matter whether for the stage or not, which is not my object,—but a *mental theatre*.

"Yours.

"P.S.—Can't accept your courteous offer.

"For Orford and for Waldegrave
You give much more than me you gave;
Which is not fairly to behave,
My Murray.

Because if a live dog, 'tis said,
Be worth a lion fairly sped,
A *live lord* must be worth *two* dead,
My Murray.

And if, as the opinion goes,
Verse hath a better sale than prose—
Certes, I should have more than those,
My Murray.

But now this sheet is nearly cramm'd,
So, if *you will*, I sha'n't be shamm'd,
And if you *won't*,—*you* may be damn'd,
My Murray.

"These matters must be arranged with Mr. Douglas Kinnaird. He is my trustee, and a man of honour. To him you can state all your mercantile reasons, which you might not like to state to me personally, such as 'heavy season'—'flat public'—'don't go off'—'Lordship writes too much'—'won't take advice'—'declining popularity'—'deduction for the trade'—'make very little'—'generally lose by him'—'pirated edition'—'foreign edition'—'severe criticisms,' etc., with other hints and howls for an oration, which I leave Douglas, who is an orator, to answer.

"You can also state them more freely to a third person,

as between you and me they could only produce some smart postscripts, which would not adorn our mutual archives.

“I am sorry for the Queen, and that’s more than you are.

“Yours ever, etc.

“BYRON.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Ravenna, September 12, 1821.

“By Tuesday’s post I forwarded, in three packets, the drama of ‘Cain,’ in three acts, of which I request the acknowledgment when arrived. To the last speech of *Eve*, in the last act (*i.e.*, where she curses Cain), add these three lines to the concluding one—

“May the grass wither from thy foot! the woods
Deny thee shelter! earth a home! the dust
A grave! the sun his light! and Heaven her God!

“There’s as pretty a piece of imprecation for you, when joined to the lines already sent, as you may wish to meet with in the course of your business. But don’t forget the addition of the above three lines, which are clinchers to *Eve*’s speech.

“Let me know what Gifford thinks (if the play arrives in safety); for I have a good opinion of the piece, as poetry; it is in my gay metaphysical style, and in the ‘Manfred’ line.

“You must at least commend my facility and variety, when you consider what I have done within the last fifteen months, with my head, too, full of other and of mundane matters. But no doubt you will avoid saying any good of it, for fear I should raise the price upon you: that’s right, stick to business. Let me know what your other ragamuffins are writing, for I suppose you don’t like starting too many of your vagabonds at once. You may give them the start for anything I care.

“Why don’t you publish my ‘Pulci’—the best thing I ever wrote,—with the Italian to it? I wish I was alongside

TO MR. MOORE.

“Ravenna, September 17, 1821.

“The enclosed lines,* as you will directly perceive, are written by the Rev. W. L. B——. Of course it is for *him* to deny them if they are not.

“Believe me, yours ever and most affectionately,
“B.

“P.S.—Can you forgive this? It is only a reply to your lines against my Italians. Of course I will *stand* by my lines against all men; but it is heartbreaking to see such things in a people as the reception of that unredeemed . . . in an oppressed country. *Your* apotheosis is now reduced to a level with his welcome, and their gratitude to Grattan is cancelled by their atrocious adulation of this, etc., etc., etc.”

TO MR MOORE.

“Ravenna, September 19, 1821.

“I am in all the sweat, dust, and blasphemy of an universal packing of all my things, furniture, etc., for Pisa, whither I go for the winter. The cause has been the exile of all my fellow Carbonics, and, amongst them, of the whole family of Madame G.; who, you know, was divorced from her husband last week, ‘on account of P. P. clerk of this parish,’ and who is obliged to join her father and relatives, now in exile there, to avoid being shut up in a monastery, because the Pope’s decree of separation required her to reside in *casa paterna*, or else, for decorum’s sake, in a

* “The Irish Avatar.” In this copy the following sentence (taken from a letter of Curran, in the able *Life* of that true Irishman, by his son) is prefixed as a motto to the Poem,—“And Ireland, like a bastinadoed elephant, kneeling to receive the paltry rider.”—*Letter of Curran, Life*, vol. ii. p. 336. At the end of the verses are these words:—“(Signed) W. L. B——, M.A., and written with a view to a Bishopric.”

convent. As I could not say with Hamlet, 'Get thee to a nunnery,' I am preparing to follow them.

"It is awful work, this love, and prevents all a man's projects of good or glory. I wanted to go to Greece lately (as everything seems up here) with her brother, who is a very fine, brave fellow (I have seen him put to the proof), and wild about liberty. But the tears of a woman who has left her husband for a man, and the weakness of one's own heart, are paramount to these projects, and I can hardly indulge them.

"We were divided in choice between Switzerland and Tuscany, and I gave my vote for Pisa, as nearer the Mediterranean, which I love for the sake of the shores which it washes, and for my young recollections of 1809. Switzerland is a curst, selfish, swinish country of brutes, placed in the most romantic region of the world. I never could bear the inhabitants, and still less their English visitors; for which reason, after writing for some information about houses, upon hearing that there was a colony of English all over the cantons of Geneva, etc., I at once gave up the thought, and persuaded the Gambas to do the same.

"By the last post I sent you 'The Irish Avatar,'—what think you? The last line—'a name never spoke but with curses or jeers,' must run either 'a name only uttered with curses or jeers,' or 'a wretch never named but with curses or jeers.' *Because* as *how*, 'spoke' is not grammar, except in the House of Commons; and I doubt whether we can say 'a name *spoken*,' for *mentioned*. I have some doubts, too, about 'repay,'—'and for murder repay with a shout and a smile.' Should it not be, 'and for murder repay him with shouts and a smile,' or '*reward* him with shouts and a smile?'

"So, pray put your poetical pen through the MS. and take the least bad of the emendations. Also, if there be any further breaking of Priscian's head, will you apply a plaster; I wrote in the greatest hurry and fury, and sent it to you the day after; so, doubtless, there will be some awful constructions, and a rather lawless conscription of rhythmus.

“With respect to what Anna Seward calls ‘the liberty of transcript,’—when complaining of Miss Matilda Muggleton, the accomplished daughter of a choral vicar of Worcester Cathedral, who had abused the said ‘liberty of transcript,’ by inserting in the *Malvern Mercury* Miss Seward’s ‘Elegy on the South Pole,’ as her *own* production, with her *own* signature, two years after having taken a copy, by permission of the authoress—with regard, I say, to the ‘liberty of transcript,’ I by no means oppose an occasional copy to the benevolent few, provided it does not degenerate into such licentiousness of Verb and Noun as may tend to ‘disparage my parts of speech’ by the carelessness of the transcribblers.

“I do not think that there is much danger of the ‘King’s Press being abused’ upon the occasion, if the publishers of journals have any regard for their remaining liberty of person. It is as pretty a piece of invective as ever put publisher in the way to ‘Botany.’ Therefore, if *they* meddle with it, it is at *their* peril. As for myself, I will answer any jontleman—though I by no means recognise a ‘right of search’ into an unpublished production and unavowed poem. The same applies to things published *sans* consent. I hope you like, at least, the concluding lines of the *Pome*?

“What are you doing, and where are you? in England? Nail Murray—nail him to his own counter, till he shells out the thirteens. Since I wrote to you, I have sent him another tragedy—‘Cain’ by name—making three in MS. now in his hands, or in the printer’s. It is in the ‘Manfred’ metaphysical style, and full of some Titanic declamation;—Lucifer being one of the dram. pers., who takes Cain a voyage among the stars, and afterwards to ‘Hades,’ where he shows him the phantoms of a former world, and its inhabitants. I have gone upon the notion of Cuvier, that the world has been destroyed three or four times, and was inhabited by mammoths, behemoths, and what not; but *not* by man till the Mosaic period, as, indeed, is proved by the strata of bones found;—those of all unknown animals, and known, being dug out, but none of mankind.

I have, therefore, supposed Cain to be shown, in the *rational* Preadamites, beings endowed with a higher intelligence than man, but totally unlike him in form, and with much greater strength of mind and person. You may suppose the small talk which takes place between him and Lucifer upon these matters is not quite canonical.

“The consequence is, that Cain comes back and kills Abel in a fit of dissatisfaction, partly with the politics of Paradise, which had driven them all out of it, and partly because (as it is written in Genesis) Abel’s sacrifice was the more acceptable to the Deity. I trust that the Rhapsody has arrived—it is in three acts, and entitled ‘A Mystery,’ according to the former Christian custom, and in honour of what it probably will remain to the reader.

“Yours, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“September—no—October 1, 1821.

“I have written to you lately, both in prose and verse, at great length, to Paris and London. I presume that Mrs. Moore, or whoever is your Paris deputy, will forward my packets to you in London.

“I am setting off for Pisa, if a slight incipient intermittent fever do not prevent me. I fear it is not strong enough to give Murray much chance of realising his thirteens again. I hardly should regret it, I think, provided you raised your price upon him—as what Lady Holderness (my sister’s grandmother, a Dutchwoman) used to call Augusta, her *Residee Legatoo*—so as to provide for us all: *my* bones with a splendid and larmoyante edition, and you with double what is extractable during my lifetime.

“I have a strong presentiment that (bating some out of the way accident) you will survive me. The difference of eight years, or whatever it is, between our ages, is nothing. I do not feel (nor am, indeed, anxious to feel) the principle of life in me tend to longevity. My father and mother died, the one at thirty-five or six, and the other at forty-

five; and Dr. Rush, or somebody else, says that nobody lives long, without having *one parent*, at least, an old stager.

"I *should*, to be sure, like to see out my eternal mother-in-law, not so much for her heritage, but from my natural antipathy. But the indulgence of this natural desire is too much to expect from the Providence who presides over old women. I bore you with all this about lives, because it has been put in my way by a calculation of insurances which Murray has sent me. I *really think* you should have more, if I evaporate within a reasonable time.

"I wonder if my 'Cain' has got safe to England. I have written since about sixty stanzas of a poem, in octave stanzas (in the Pulci style, which the fools in England think was invented by Whistlecraft—it is as old as the hills in Italy), called 'The Vision of Judgment, by Quevedo Redivivus,' with the motto—

" 'A Daniel come to *judgment*, yea, a Daniel:
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.'

"In this it is my intent to put the said George's Apotheosis in a Whig point of view, not forgetting the Poet Laureate for his preface and his other demerits.

"I am just got to the pass where Saint Peter, hearing that the royal defunct had opposed Catholic Emancipation, rises up, and, interrupting Satan's oration, declares *he* will change places with Cerberus sooner than let him into heaven, while *he* has the keys thereof.

"I must go and ride, though rather feverish and chilly. It is the ague season; but the agues do me rather good than harm. The feel after the *fit* is as if one had got rid of one's body for good and all.

"The gods go with you!—Address to Pisa.

"Ever yours.

"P.S.—Since I came back I feel better, though I stayed out too late for this malaria season, under the thin crescent of a very young moon, and got off my horse to walk in an avenue with a Signora for an hour. I thought of you and—

“ ‘When at eve thou rovest
By the star thou lovest.’

But it was not in a romantic mood, as I should have been once; and yet it was a *new* woman (that is, new to me), and, of course, expected to be made love to. But I merely made a few commonplace speeches. I feel, as your poor friend Curran said, before his death, ‘a mountain of lead upon my heart,’* which I believe to be constitutional, and that nothing will remove it but the same remedy.”

TO MR. ROGERS.

“Ravenna, October 21, 1821.

“I shall be (the gods willing) in Bologna on Saturday next. This is a curious answer to your letter; but I have taken a house in Pisa for the winter, to which all my chattels, furniture, horses, carriages, and live stock are already removed, and I am preparing to follow.

“The cause of this removal is, shortly, the exile or proscription of all my friends’ relations and connections here into Tuscany, on account of our late politics; and where they go I accompany them. I merely remained till now to settle some arrangements about my daughter, and to give time for my furniture, etc., to precede me. I have not here a seat or a bed hardly, except some jury chairs and tables, and a mattress for the week to come.

“If you will go on with me to Pisa, I can lodge you for as long as you like (they write that the house, the Palazzo Lanfranchi, is spacious—it is on the Arno); and I have four carriages, and as many saddle-horses (such as they are in these parts), with all other conveniences, at your command, as also their owner. If you could do this, we may, at least, cross the Apennines together: or if you are going by another road, we shall meet at Bologna, I hope. I

* See his Life, written by his son, Curran died in October 1817.

address this to the post-office (as you desire), and you will probably find me at the *Albergo di San Marco*. If you arrive first, wait till I come up, which will be (barring accidents) on Saturday or Sunday at farthest.

"I presume you are alone in your voyages. Moore is in London *incog.*, according to my latest advices from these climes.

"It is better than a lustre (five years and six months and some days, more or less) since we met; and, like the man from Tadcaster in the farce ('Love Laughs at Locksmiths'), whose acquaintances, including the cat and the terrier, who 'caught a halfpenny in his mouth,' were all 'gone dead,' but too many of our acquaintances have taken the same path. Lady Melbourne, Grattan, Sheridan, Curran, etc., etc.—almost everybody of much name of the old school. But 'so am not I, said the foolish fat scullion,' therefore let us make the most of our remainder.

"Let me find two lines from you 'at the hostel or inn.'

"Yours, ever, etc.,
"B."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, November 3, 1821.

"The two passages cannot be altered without making Lucifer talk like the Bishop of Lincoln, which would not be in the character of the former. The notion is from Cuvier (that of the *old worlds*), as I have explained in an additional note to the preface. The other passage is also in character: if *nonsense*, so much the better, because then it can do no harm, and the sillier Satan is made, the safer for everybody. As to 'alarms,' etc., do you really think such things ever led anybody astray? Are these people more impious than Milton's 'Satan?' or the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus? or even than the 'Sadducees' of —, the 'Fall of Jerusalem'. . . ? Are not Adam, Eve, Adah, and Abel, as pious as the catechism?

"Gifford is too wise a man to think that such things can have any *serious* effect: *who* was ever altered by a poem? I beg leave to observe, that there is no creed nor personal hypothesis of mine in all this: but I was obliged to make Cain and Lucifer talk consistently, and surely this has always been permitted to poesy. Cain is a proud man: if Lucifer promised him kingdom, etc., it would *elate* him: the object of the Demon is to *depress* him still further in his own estimation than he was before, by showing him infinite things and his own abasement, till he falls into the frame of mind that leads to the catastrophe, from mere *internal* irritation, *not* premeditation, or envy of *Abel* (which would have made him contemptible), but from the rage and fury against the inadequacy of his state to his conceptions, and which discharges itself rather against life, and the Author of life, than the mere living.

"His subsequent remorse is the natural effect of looking on his sudden deed. Had the *deed* been *premeditated*, his repentance would have been tardier.

"Either dedicate it to Walter Scott, or, if you think he would like the dedication of 'The Foscaris' better, put the dedication to 'The Foscaris.' Ask him which.

"Your first note was queer enough: but your other two letters, with Moore's and Gifford's opinions, set all right again. I told you before that I can never *recast* anything. I am like the tiger: if I miss the first spring, I go grumbling back to my jungle again; but if I *do hit*, it is crushing. . . . You disparaged the last three cantos to me, and kept them back above a year; but I have heard from England that (notwithstanding the errors of the press) they are well thought of; for instance, by American Irving, which last is a feather in my (fool's) cap.

"You have received my letter (open) through Mr. Kinnaid, and, so, pray, send me no more reviews of any kind. I will read no more of evil or good in that line. Walter Scott has not read a review of *himself* for *thirteen years*.

"The bust is not *my* property, but *Hobhouse's*. I

addressed it to you as an Admiralty man, great at the Custom-house. Pray deduct the expenses of the same, and all others.

“Yours, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Pisa, November 16, 1821.

“There is here Mr. Taaffe, an Irish genius, with whom we are acquainted. He hath written a really *excellent* Commentary on Dante,* full of new and true information, and much ingenuity. But his verse is such as it hath pleased God to endue him withal. Nevertheless, he is so firmly persuaded of its equal excellence, that he won't divorce the Commentary from the traduction, as I ventured delicately to hint,—not having the fear of Ireland before my eyes, and upon the presumption of having shotten very well in his presence (with common pistols too, not with my Manton's) the day before.

“But he is eager to publish all, and must be gratified, though the Reviewers will make him suffer more tortures than there are in his original. Indeed, the *Notes* are well worth publication; but he insists upon the translation for company, so that they will come out together, like Lady C——t chaperoning Miss ——. I read a letter of yours to him yesterday, and he begs me to write to you about his Poeshie. He is really a good fellow, apparently, and I dare say that his verse is very good Irish.

“Now, what shall we do for him? He says that he will risk part of the expense with the publisher. He will never rest till he is published and abused—for he has a high opinion of himself—and I see nothing left but to gratify him, so as to have him abused as little as possible; for I think it would kill him. You must write, then, to Jeffrey to beg him *not* to review him, and I will do the same to

* Mr. Taaffe's “Comment on the Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri,” Vol. i., was published by Mr. Murray in 1823.

Gifford, through Murray. Perhaps they might notice the Comment without touching the text. But I doubt the dogs—the text is too tempting.

“I have to thank you again, as I believe I did before, for your opinion of ‘Cain,’ etc.

“You are right to allow — to settle the claim ; but I do not see why you should repay him out of your *legacy* —at least, not yet. If you *feel* about it (as you are ticklish on such points), pay him the interest now, and the principal when you are strong in cash ; or pay him by instalments ; or pay him as I do my creditors—that is, *not* till they make me.

“I address this to you at Paris, as you desire. Reply soon, and believe me ever, etc.

“P.S.—What I wrote to you about low spirits is, however, very true. At present, owing to the climate, etc. (I can walk down into my garden, and pluck my own oranges, —and, by-the-way, have got a diarrhœa in consequence of indulging in this meridian luxury of proprietorship), my spirits are much better. You seem to think that I could not have written the ‘Vision,’ etc., under the influence of low spirits ; but I think there you err. A man’s poetry is a distinct faculty, or soul, and has no more to do with the everyday individual than the Inspiration with the Pythoness when removed from her tripod.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Pisa, December 4, 1821.

“By extracts in the English papers,—in your holy ally, Galignani’s ‘Messenger,’—I perceive that ‘the two greatest examples of human vanity in the present age’ are, firstly, ‘the ex-Emperor Napoleon,’ and secondly, ‘his Lordship, etc., the noble poet,’ meaning your humble servant, ‘poor guiltless I.’

“Poor Napoleon! he little dreamed to what vile comparisons the turn of the wheel would reduce him!

“I have got here into a famous old feudal palazzo, on the Arno, large enough for a garrison, with dungeons below and cells in the walls, and so full of *ghosts*, that the learned Fletcher (my valet) has begged leave to change his room, and then refused to occupy his *new* room, because there were more ghosts there than in the other. It is quite true that there are most extraordinary noises (as in all old buildings), which have terrified the servants so as to incommode me extremely. There is one place where people were evidently *walled up*; for there is but one possible passage, broken through the wall, and then meant to be closed again upon the inmate. The house belonged to the Lanfranchi family (the same mentioned by Ugolino in his dream, as his persecutor with Sismondi), and has had a fierce owner or two in its time.* The staircase, etc., is said to have been built by Michel Agnolo. It is not yet cold enough for a fire. What a climate!

“I am, however, bothered about these spectres (as they say the last occupants were, too), of whom I have as yet seen nothing, nor, indeed, heard (*myself*); but all the other ears have been regaled by all kinds of supernatural sounds. The first night I thought I heard an odd noise, but it has not been repeated. I have now been here more than a month.

“Yours, etc.,
“BYRON.”

* “It is one of those marble piles that seem built for eternity, whilst the family whose name it bears no longer exists,” said Shelley, as we entered a hall that seemed built for giants. “I remember the lines in the ‘Inferno,’” said I: “a Lanfranchi was one of the persecutors of Ugolino.” “The same,” answered Shelley; “you will see a picture of Ugolino and his sons in his room. Fletcher, his valet, is as superstitious as his master, and says the house is haunted, so that he cannot sleep for rumbling noises overhead, which he compares to the rolling of bowls. No wonder; old Lanfranchi’s ghost is quiet, and walks at night.”—MEDWIN.

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, December 10, 1821.

"This day and this hour (one, on the clock), my daughter is six years old. I wonder when I shall see her again, or if ever I shall see her at all.

"I have remarked a curious coincidence, which almost looks like a fatality.

"My *mother*, my *wife*, my *daughter*, my *half-sister*, my *sister's mother*, my *natural daughter* (as far at least as I am concerned), and *myself*, are all *only children*.

"My father, by his first marriage with Lady Conyers (an only child), had only my sister; and by his second marriage with an only child, an only child again. Lady Byron, as you know, was one also, and so is my daughter, etc.

"Is not this rather odd—such a complication of only children? By-the-way, send me my daughter Ada's miniature. I have only the print, which gives little or no idea of her complexion.

"Yours, etc.,

"B."

TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"Pisa, January 12, 1822.

"My dear Sir Walter,

"I need not say how grateful I am for your letter, but I must own my ingratitude in not having written to you long ago. Since I left England (and it is not for all the usual term of transportation) I have scribbled to five hundred blockheads on business, etc., without difficulty, though with no great pleasure; and yet, with the notion of addressing you a hundred times in my head, and always in my heart, I have not done what I ought to have done. I can only account for it on the same principle of tremulous anxiety with which one sometimes makes love to a beautiful woman of our own degree, with whom one is

enamoured in good earnest; whereas, we attack a fresh-coloured housemaid without (I speak, of course, of earlier times) any sentimental remorse or mitigation of our virtuous purpose.

“I owe to you far more than the usual obligation for the courtesies of literature and common friendship; for you went out of your way in 1817 to do me a service when it required not merely kindness, but courage to do so: to have been recorded by you in such a manner, would have been a proud memorial at any time, but at such a time, when ‘all the world and his wife,’ as the proverb goes, were trying to trample upon me, was something still higher to my self-esteem,—I allude to the Quarterly Review of the Third Canto of ‘Childe Harold,’ which Murray told me was written by you,—and, indeed, I should have known it without his information, as there could not be *two* who *could* and *would* have done this at the time. Had it been a common criticism, however eloquent or panegyric, I should have felt pleased, undoubtedly, and grateful, but not to the extent which the extraordinary good-heartedness of the whole proceeding must induce in any mind capable of such sensations. The very *tardiness* of this acknowledgment will, at least, show that I have not forgotten the obligation; and I can assure you that my sense of it has been out at compound interest during the delay. I shall only add one word upon the subject, which is, that I think that you, and Jeffrey, and Leigh Hunt, were the only literary men, of numbers whom I know (and some of whom I had served), who dared venture even an anonymous word in my favour just then: and that, of those three, I had never seen *one* at all—of the second much less than I desired—and that the third was under no kind of obligation to me, whatever; while the other *two* had been actually attacked by me on a former occasion; *one*, indeed, with some provocation, but the other wantonly enough. So you see you have been heaping ‘coals of fire,’ etc., in the true gospel manner, and I can assure you that they have burnt down to my very heart.

"I am glad that you accepted the inscription.* I meant to have inscribed 'The Foscarini' to you instead; but, first, I heard that 'Cain' was thought the least bad of the two as a composition; and secondly, I have abused Southey like a pickpocket, in a note to the 'Foscarini,' and I recollected that he is a friend of yours (though not of mine), and that it would not be the handsome thing to dedicate to one friend anything containing such matters about another. However, I'll work the Laureate before I have done with him, as soon as I can muster Billingsgate therefor. I like a row, and always did from a boy, in the course of which propensity, I must needs say, that I have found it the most easy of all to be gratified, personally and poetically. You disclaim 'jealousies;' but I would ask, as Boswell did of Johnson, 'of whom could you be jealous?—of none of the living certainly, and (taking all and all into consideration) of which of the dead? I don't like to bore you about the Scotch novels (as they call them, though two of them are wholly English, and the rest half so), but nothing can or could ever persuade me, since I was the first ten minutes in your company, that you are *not* the man. To me those novels have so much of "Auld lang syne" (I was bred a canny Scot till ten years old), that I never move without them; and when I removed from Ravenna to Pisa the

* Sir Walter Scott announced his acceptance of the Dedication in the following letter to Mr. Murray:—

"Edinburgh, 4th December 1821.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I accept, with feelings of great obligation, the flattering proposal of Lord Byron to prefix my name to the very grand and tremendous drama of 'Cain.' I may be partial to it, and you will allow I have cause; but I do not know that his Muse has ever taken so lofty a flight amid her former soarings. He has certainly matched Milton on his own ground. Some part of the language is bold, and may shock one class of readers, whose line will be adopted by others out of affectation or envy. But then they must condemn the 'Paradise Lost,' if they have a mind to be consistent. The fiend-like reasoning and bold blasphemy of the fiend and of his pupil lead exactly to the point which was to be expected,—the commission of the first murder, and the ruin and despair of the perpetrator.

other day, and sent on my library before, they were the only books that I kept by me, although I already have them by heart.

“January 27, 1822.

“I delayed till now concluding, in the hope that I should have got ‘The Pirate,’ who is under way for me, but has not yet hove in sight. I hear that your daughter is married, and I suppose by this time you are half a grandfather—a young one, by-the-way. I have heard great things of Mrs. Lockhart’s personal and mental charms, and much good of her lord: that you may live to see as many novel Scotts as there are Scott’s novels, is the very bad pun, but sincere wish of

“Yours ever most affectionately, etc.

“P.S.—Why don’t you take a turn in Italy? You would find yourself as well known and as welcome as in the Highlands among the natives. As for the English, you would be with them as in London; and I need not add that I should be delighted to see you again, which is far more than I shall ever feel or say for England, or (with a few exceptions ‘of kith, kin, and allies’) anything that it contains. But my ‘heart warms to the tartan,’ or to anything of Scotland, which reminds me of Aberdeen and other parts, not so far from the Highlands as that town, about Invercauld and Braemar, where I was sent to drink

“I do not see how anyone can accuse the author himself of Manicheism. The devil talks the language of that sect, doubtless; because, not being able to deny the existence of the Good Principle, he endeavours to exalt himself—the Evil Principle—to a seeming equality with the Good; but such arguments, in the mouth of such a being, can only be used to deceive and to betray. Lord Byron might have made this more evident, by placing in the mouth of Adam, or some good and protecting spirit, the reasons which render the existence of moral evil consistent with the general benevolence of the Deity. The great key to the mystery is, perhaps, the imperfection of our own faculties which see and feel strongly the partial evils which press upon us, but know too little of the general system of the universe to be aware how the existence of these is to be reconciled with the benevolence of the great Creator.

“Yours, my dear Sir, very truly,

WALTER SCOTT.”

“To John Murray, Esq.

goat's *fey* in 1795-6, in consequence of a threatened decline after the scarlet fever. But I am gossiping, so, good-night—and the gods be with your dreams!

“Pray, present my respects to Lady Scott, who may, perhaps, recollect having seen me in town in 1815.

“I see that one of your supporters (for, like Sir Hildebrand, I am fond of Guillin) is a *mermaid*; it is my *crest* too, and with precisely the same curl of tail. There's concatenation for you. I am building a little cutter at Genoa to go a-cruising in the summer. I know *you* like the sea too.”

TO MR. DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

“Pisa, February 6, 1822.

“‘Try back the deep lane,’ till we find a publisher for the ‘*Vision* ;’ and if none such is to be found, print fifty copies at my expense, and distribute them amongst my acquaintance, and you will soon see that the booksellers *will* publish them, even if we opposed them. That they are now afraid is natural; but I do not see that I ought to give way on that account. I know nothing of Rivington's ‘*Remonstrance*’ by the ‘*eminent Churchman*’;* but I suppose he wants a living. I once heard of a preacher at Kentish Town against ‘*Cain*.’† The same outcry was

* “A Remonstrance addressed to Mr. Murray respecting a recent Publication: by Oxoniensis;” of which the following is a sample:—
“Your noble employer has deceived you, Mr. Murray: he has profited by the celebrity of his name to palm upon you obsolete trash: but I tell you that this poem, this ‘*Mystery*,’ with which you have insulted us, is nothing more than a canto from Voltaire's novels, and the most objectionable articles in Bayle's Dictionary, served up in clumsy cuttings of ten syllables for the purpose of giving it the guise of poetry,” etc., etc.

† Lord Byron alludes to a publication entitled, “*Lord Byron's Works, viewed in connection with Christianity and the Obligations of Social Life; a Sermon, preached in Holland Chapel, Kennington, by the Rev. John Styles, D.D.*,” and in which the poet is described as “a denaturalised being, who, having exhausted every species of sensual gratification, and drained the cup of sin to its bitterest dregs, is resolved to show that he is no longer human, even in his frailties, but a cool, unconcerned fiend.”

raised against Priestley, Hume, Gibbon, Voltaire, and all the men who dared to put tithes to the question.

"I have got Southey's pretended reply,* to which I am surprised that you do not allude. What remains to be done is to call him out. The question is, would he come? for, if he would not, the whole thing would appear ridiculous, if I were to take a long and expensive journey to no purpose.

"You must be my second, and, as such, I wish to consult you.

"I apply to you, as one well versed in the duello, or monomachie. Of course I shall come to England as privately as possible, and leave it (supposing that I was the survivor) in the same manner; having no other object which could bring me to that country except to settle quarrels accumulated during my absence.

"By the last post I transmitted to you a letter upon some Rochdale toll business, from which there are moneys in prospect. My agent says *two thousand pounds*; but supposing it to be only *one*, or even *one hundred*, still they may be moneys; and I have lived long enough to have an exceeding respect for the smallest current coin of any realm, or the least sum, which, although I may not want it myself, may do something for others who may need it more than I.

"They say that 'Knowledge is Power:'—I used to think so; but I now know that they meant '*money*:' and when Socrates declared, 'that all he knew was, that he knew nothing,' he merely intended to declare, that he had not a drachm in the Athenian world.

"The *circulars* are arrived, and circulating like the vortices (or vortexes) of Descartes. Still I have a due care of the needful, and keep a look-out ahead, as my notions upon the score of moneys coincide with yours, and with all men's who have lived to see that every guinea is a philosopher's stone, or at least his *touch-stone*. You will doubt me the less, when I pronounce my firm belief, that *Cash is Virtue*.

* A Letter which appeared in the *London Courier* of the 5th of January 1822, in answer to some strictures made by Lord Byron on the Laureate's Preface to his "Vision of Judgment." See *Works*, p. 513.

"I cannot reproach myself with much expenditure: my only extra expense (and it is more than I have spent upon myself) being a loan of two hundred and fifty pounds to Hunt; and fifty pounds' worth of furniture, which I have bought for him; and a boat which I am building for myself at Genoa, which will cost about a hundred pounds more.

"But to return. I am determined to have all the moneys I can, whether by my own funds, or succession, or lawsuit, or MSS., or any lawful means whatever.

"I will pay (though with the sincerest reluctance) my remaining creditors, and every man of law, by instalments from the award of the arbitrators.

"I recommend to you the notice in Mr. Hanson's letter, on the demands of moneys for the Rochdale tolls.

"Above all, I recommend my interests to your honourable worship.

"Recollect, too, that I expect some moneys for the various MSS. (no matter what); and, in short, '*Rem quocunque modo*, Rem!'—the noble feeling of cupidity grows upon us with our years.

"Yours ever, etc.

"N. B."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, February 8, 1822.

"Attacks upon me were to be expected; but I perceive one upon *you* in the papers, which I confess that I did not expect. How, or in what manner, *you* can be considered responsible for what *I* publish, I am at a loss to conceive.

"If 'Cain' be 'blasphemous,' 'Paradise Lost' is blasphemous; and the very words of the Oxford gentleman, 'Evil, be thou my good,' are from that very poem, from the mouth of Satan; and is there anything more in that of Lucifer in the 'Mystery?' 'Cain' is nothing more than a drama, not a piece of argument. If Lucifer and Cain speak as the first murderer and the first rebel may be supposed to speak, surely all the rest of the personages talk also according to

their characters—and the stronger passions have ever been permitted to the drama.

“I have even avoided introducing the Deity as in Scripture (though Milton does, and not very wisely either), but have adopted his angel as sent to Cain instead, on purpose to avoid shocking any feelings on the subject by falling short of what all uninspired men must fall short in—viz., giving an adequate notion of the effect of the presence of Jehovah. The old Mysteries introduced him liberally enough, and all this is avoided in the new one.

“The attempt to *bully you*, because they think it won't succeed with me, seems to me as atrocious an attempt as ever disgraced the times. What! when Gibbon's, Hume's, Priestley's, and Drummond's publishers have been allowed to rest in peace for seventy years, are you to be singled out for a work of *fiction*, not of history or argument? There must be something at the bottom of this—some private enemy of your own: it is otherwise incredible.

“I can only say, ‘Me, me; en adsum qui feci;’—that any proceedings directed against you, I beg, may be transferred to me, who am willing, and *ought*, to endure them all;—that if you have lost money by the publication, I will refund any or all of the copyright;—that I desire you will say that both *you* and *Mr. Gifford* remonstrated against the publication, as also Mr. Hobhouse;—that *I* alone occasioned it, and I alone am the person who, either legally or otherwise, should bear the burden. If they prosecute, I will come to England—that is, if, by meeting it in my own person, I can save yours. Let me know. You sha'n't suffer for me, if I can help it. Make any use of this letter you please.

“Yours ever, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Pisa, March 4, 1822.

“Since I wrote the enclosed, I have waited another post, and now have your answer acknowledging the arrival of the

packet—a troublesome one, I fear, to you in more ways than one, both from weight external and internal.

“The unpublished things in your hands, in Douglas K.’s, and Mr. John Murray’s, are—‘Heaven and Earth, a lyrical kind of Drama upon the Deluge, etc.’;—‘Werner,’ *now with you*;—a translation of the First Canto of the ‘Morgante Maggiore’;—*ditto* of an Episode in Dante;—some stanzas to the Po, June 1st, 1819;—Hints from Horace, written in 1811, but a good deal, *since*, to be omitted; several prose things, which may, perhaps, as well remain unpublished;—‘The Vision, etc., of Quevedo Redivivus,’ in verse.

“Here you see is ‘more matter for a May morning;’ but how much of this can be published is for consideration. The ‘Quevedo’ (one of my best in that line) has appalled the Row already, and must take its chance at Paris, if at all. The new Mystery is less speculative than ‘Cain,’ and very pious; besides, it is chiefly lyrical. The ‘Morgante’ is the *best* translation that ever was or will be made; and the rest are—whatever you please to think them.

“I am sorry you think ‘Werner’ even *approaching* to any fitness for the stage, which, with my notions upon it, is very far from my present object. With regard to the publication, I have already explained that I have no exorbitant expectations of either fame or profit in the present instances; but wish them published because they are written, which is the common feeling of all scribblers.

“With respect to ‘Religion,’ can I never convince you that I have no such opinions as the characters in that drama, which seems to have frightened everybody? Yet *they* are nothing to the expressions in Goethe’s ‘Faust’ (which are ten times harder), and not a whit more bold than those of Milton’s Satan. My ideas of a character may run away with me: like all imaginative men, I, of course, embody myself with the character while I *draw* it, but not for a moment after the pen is from off the paper.

I am no enemy to religion, but the contrary. As a proof, I am educating my natural daughter a strict Catholic

in a convent of Romagna; for I think people can never have *enough* of religion, if they are to have any. I incline, myself, very much to the Catholic doctrines; but if I am to write a drama, I must make my characters speak as I conceive them likely to argue.

“As to poor Shelley, who is another bugbear to you and the world, he is, to my knowledge, the *least* selfish and the mildest of men—a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any I ever heard of. With his speculative opinions I have nothing in common, nor desire to have.

“The truth is, my dear Moore, you live near the *stove* of society, where you are unavoidably influenced by its heat and its vapours. I did so once—and too much—and enough to give a colour to my whole future existence. As my success in society was *not* inconsiderable, I am surely not a prejudiced judge upon the subject, unless in its favour; but I think it, as now constituted, *fatal* to all great original undertakings of every kind. I never courted it *then*, when I was young and high in blood, and one of its ‘curled darlings;’ and do you think I would do so *now*, when I am living in a clearer atmosphere? One thing *only* might lead me back to it, and that is, to try once more if I could do any good in *politics*; but *not* in the petty politics I see now preying upon our miserable country.

“Do not let me be misunderstood, however. If you speak your *own* opinions, they ever had, and will have, the greatest weight with *me*. But if you merely *echo* the ‘monde’ (and it is difficult not to do so, being in its favour and its ferment), I can only regret that you should ever repeat anything to which I cannot pay attention.

“But I am prosing. The gods go with you, and as much immortality of all kinds as may suit your present and all other existence.

“Yours, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, March 8, 1822.

"You will have had enough of my letters by this time—yet one word in answer to your present missive. You are quite wrong in thinking that your '*advice*' had offended me; but I have already replied (if not answered) on that point.

"With regard to Murray, as I really am the meekest and mildest of men since Moses (though the public and mine '*excellent wife*' cannot find it out), I had already pacified myself and subsided back to Albemarle Street, as my yesterday's *yepistle* will have informed you. But I thought that I had explained my causes of bile—at least to you. Some instances of vacillation, occasional neglect, and troublesome sincerity, real or imagined, are sufficient to put your truly great author and man into a passion. But reflection, with some aid from hellebore, hath already cured me '*pro tempore*,' and, if it had not, a request from you and Hobhouse would have come upon me like two out of the '*tribus Anticyris*,'—with which, however, Horace despairs of purging a poet. I really feel ashamed of having bored you so frequently and fully of late. But what could I do? You are a friend—an absent one, alas!—and as I trust no one more, I trouble you in proportion.

"This war of '*Church and State*' has astonished me more than it disturbs; for I really thought '*Cain*' a speculative and hardy, but still a harmless, production. As I said before, I am really a great admirer of tangible religion; and am breeding one of my daughters a Catholic, that she may have her hands full. It is by far the most elegant worship, hardly excepting the Greek mythology. What with incense, pictures, statues, altars, shrines, relics, and the real presence, confession, absolution,—there is something sensible to grasp at. Besides, it leaves no possibility of doubt; for those who swallow their Deity, really and truly, in transubstantiation, can hardly find anything else otherwise than easy of digestion.

"I am afraid that this sounds flippant, but I don't mean it to be so; only my turn of mind is so given to taking things in the absurd point of view, that it breaks out in spite of me every now and then. Still, I do assure you that I am a very good Christian. Whether you will believe me in this, I do not know; but I trust you will take my word for being

"Very truly and affectionately yours, etc.

"P.S.—Do tell Murray that one of the conditions of peace is, that he publisheth (or obtaineth a publisher for) Taaffe's 'Commentary on Dante,' against which there appears in the trade an unaccountable repugnance. It will make the man so exuberantly happy. He dines with me and half-a-dozen English to-day; and I have not the heart to tell him how the bibliopolar world shrink from his Commentary;—and yet it is full of the most orthodox religion and morality. In short, I make it a point that he shall be in print. He is such a good-natured, heavy . . . Christian, that we must give him a shove* through the press. He naturally thirsts to be an author, and has been the happiest of men for these two months, printing, correcting, collating, dating, anticipating, and adding to his treasures of learning. Besides, he has had another fall from his horse into a ditch the other day, while riding out with me into the country."

TO MR MURRAY.

"Pisa, March 15, 1822.

"I am glad that you and your friends approve of my letter of the 8th ultimo. You may give it what publicity you think proper in the circumstances. I have since written to you twice or thrice.

"As to 'a Poem in the old way, to interest the women,' I shall attempt of that kind nothing further. I follow the

* An allusion to Richard Baxter's "Shove for a heavy . . . Christian." See *Works*, p. 444.

bias of my own mind, without considering whether women or men are or are not to be pleased ; but this is nothing to my publisher, who must judge and act according to popularity.

“ Therefore let the things take their chance ; if *they pay*, you will pay me in proportion ; and if they don't, I must.

“ The Noel affairs, I hope, will not take me to England. I have no desire to revisit that country, unless it be to keep you out of a prison (if this can be effected by my taking your place), or perhaps to get myself into one, by exacting satisfaction from one or two persons who take advantage of my absence to abuse me. Further than this, I have no business nor connection with England, nor desire to have, *out* of my own family and friends, to whom I wish all prosperity. Indeed, I have lived upon the whole so little in England (about five years since I was one-and-twenty), that my habits are too continental, and your climate would please me as little as the society.

“ I saw the Chancellor's Report in a French paper. Pray, why don't they prosecute the translation of *Lucretius*? or the original with its

“ ‘ Primus in orbe Deos fecit Timor,’

or

“ ‘ Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum ?’

“ You must really get something done for Mr. Taaffe's Commentary : what can I say to him ?

“ Yours, etc.”

TO MR. SHELLEY.

“ April 23, 1822.

“ The blow was stunning and unexpected ; for I thought the danger over, by the long interval between her stated amelioration and the arrival of the express. But I have borne up against it as I best can, and so far successfully, that I can go about the usual business of life with the same

well mounted, etc. ; but he turned out to be a serjeant-major. He called out the guard at the gates to arrest us (we being unarmed) ; upon which I and another (an Italian) rode through the said guard ; but they succeeded in detaining others of the party. I rode to my house, and sent my secretary to give an account of the attempted and illegal arrest to the authorities, and then, without dismounting, rode back towards the gates, which are near my present mansion. Half-way I met my man vapouring away and threatening to draw upon me (who had a cane in my hand, and no other arms). I, still believing him an officer, demanded his name and address, and gave him my hand and glove thereupon. A servant of mine thrust in between us (totally without orders), but let him go on my command. He then rode off at full speed ; but about forty paces further was stabbed, and very dangerously (so as to be in peril), by some *Callum Beg* or other of my people (for I have some rough-handed folks about me), I need hardly say without my direction or approval. The said dragoon had been sabring our unarmed countrymen, however, at the gate, after they were in arrest, and held by the guards, and wounded one, Captain Hay, very severely. However, he got his paiks—having acted like an assassin, and being treated like one. Who wounded him, though it was done before thousands of people, they have never been able to ascertain, or prove, nor even the *weapon* ; some said a *pistol*, an *air-gun*, a *stiletto*, a *sword*, a *lance*, a *pitchfork*, and what not. They have arrested and examined servants and people of all descriptions, but can make out nothing. Mr. Dawkins, our minister, assures me that no suspicion is entertained of the man who wounded him having been instigated by me, or any of the party. I enclose you copies of the depositions of those with us, and Dr. Craufurd, a canny Scot (*not* an acquaintance), who saw the latter part of the affair. They are in Italian.

“These are the only literary matters in which I have been engaged since the publication and row about ‘Cain ;’—but Mr. Murray has several things of mine in his obstetrical

hands. Another Mystery—a Vision—a Drama—and the like. But *you won't* tell me what *you* are doing—however, I shall find you out, write what you will. You say that I should like your son-in-law—it would be very difficult for me to dislike any one connected with you; but I have no doubt that his own qualities are all that you describe.

“I am sorry you don't like Lord Orford's new work. My aristocracy, which is very fierce, makes him a favourite of mine. Recollect that those ‘little factions’ comprised Lord Chatham and Fox, the father; and that *we* live in gigantic and exaggerated times, which make all under Gog and Magog appear pigmean. After having seen Napoleon begin like Tamerlane and end like Bajazet in our own time, we have not the same interest in what would otherwise have appeared important history. But I must conclude.

“Believe me ever and most truly yours,

“NOEL BYRON.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Montenero,* near Leghorn, May 26, 1822.

“The body is embarked, in what ship I know not, neither could I enter into the details; but the Countess G. G. has had the goodness to give the necessary orders to Mr. Dunn, who superintends the embarkation, and will write to you. I wish it to be buried in Harrow Church.

“There is a spot in the churchyard, near the footpath, on the brow of the hill looking towards Windsor, and a tomb under a large tree (bearing the name of Peachie, or Peachey), where I used to sit for hours and hours when a boy. This was my favourite spot; but, as I wish to erect a tablet to her memory, the body had better be deposited in the church. Near the door, on the left hand as you enter, there is a monument with a tablet containing these words:—

* A hill, three or four miles from Leghorn, much resorted to as a place of residence during the summer months.

“ ‘ When Sorrow weeps o’er Virtue’s sacred dust,
 Our tears become us, and our grief is just :
 Such were the tears she shed, who grateful pays
 This last sad tribute of her love and praise.

I recollect them (after seventeen years), not from anything remarkable in them, but because from my seat in the gallery I had generally my eyes turned towards that monument. As near it as convenient I could wish Allegra to be buried, and on the wall a marble tablet placed, with these words :—

“ In Memory of
 Allegra,
 Daughter of G. G. Lord Byron,
 who died at Bagna Cavallo,
 in Italy, April 20th, 1822,
 aged five years and three months.

‘ I shall go to her, but she shall not return to me.’
 2d Samuel, xii. 23.

“ The funeral I wish to be as private as is consistent with decency ; and I could hope that Henry Drury will, perhaps, read the service over her. If he should decline it, it can be done by the usual minister for the time being. I do not know that I need add more just now.

“ Since I came here, I have been invited by the Americans on board their squadron, where I was received with all the kindness which I could wish, and with *more ceremony* than I am fond of. I found them finer ships than your own of the same class, well manned and officered. A number of American gentlemen also were on board at the time, and some ladies. As I was taking leave, an American lady asked me for a *rose* which I wore, for the purpose, she said, of sending to America something which I had about me, as a memorial. I need not add that I felt the compliment properly. Captain Chauncey showed me an American and very pretty edition of my poems, and offered me a passage to the United States, if I would go there. Commodore Jones was also not less kind and attentive. I have since received the enclosed letter, desiring to sit for my picture for some Americans. It is singular that, in the

same year that Lady Noel leaves by will an interdiction for my daughter to see her father's portrait for many years,* the individuals of a nation, not remarkable for their liking to the English in particular, nor for flattering men in general, request me to sit for my 'pourtraicture,' as Baron Bradwardine calls it. I am also told of considerable literary honours in Germany. Goethe, I am told, is my professed patron and protector. At Leipsic, this year, the highest prize was proposed for a translation of two cantos of 'Childe Harold.' I am not sure that this was at *Leipsic*, but Mr. Rowcroft was my authority—a good German scholar (a young American), and an acquaintance of Goethe's.

"Goethe and the Germans are particularly fond of 'Don Juan,' which they judge of as a work of art. I had heard something of this before through Baron Lutzerode. The translations have been very frequent of several of the works, and Goethe made a comparison between 'Faust' and 'Manfred.'

"All this is some compensation for your English native brutality, so fully displayed this year to its highest extent.

"I forgot to mention a little anecdote of a different kind. I went over the *Constitution* (the Commodore's flag-ship), and saw, among other things worthy of remark, a little boy *born* on board of her by a sailor's wife. They had christened him 'Constitution Jones.' I, of course, approved the name; and the woman added, 'Ah, sir, if he turns out but half as good as his name!'

"Yours, ever, etc."

* By the will of Lady Noel, proved in Doctors' Commons, by Dr. Lushington and Nicholas Ridley Colbourne, Esq., the executors, a portrait of Lord Byron, described to be in a case at the house of Kirkby Malory, is left to the trustees, with directions to keep it safely enclosed and shut up till Ada Augusta attains the age of twenty-one, when it is to be delivered to her; but should Lady Byron be then living, it is not to be so delivered until after her decease, unless with her Ladyship's assent.

TO MR. ELLICE.

“ Montenero, Leghorn, June 12, 1822.

“ My dear Ellice,—It is a long time since I have written to you, but I have not forgotten your kindness, and I am now going to tax it—I hope not too highly—but *don't* be alarmed; it is *not* a loan, but *information*, which I am about to solicit. By your extensive connections, no one can have better opportunities of hearing the real state of *South America*—I mean Bolivar's country. I have many years had transatlantic projects of settlement, and what I could wish from you would be some information of the best course to pursue, and some letters of recommendation in case I should sail for Angostura. I am told that land is very cheap there; but though I have no great disposable funds to vest in such purchases, yet my income, such as it is, would be sufficient in any country (except England) for all the comforts of life, and for most of its luxuries. The war there is now over; and as I do not go there to *speculate*, but to settle, without any views but those of independence and the enjoyment of the common civil rights, I should presume such an arrival would not be unwelcome.

“ All I request of you is, not to *discourage* nor *encourage*, but to give me such a statement as you think prudent and proper. I do not address my other friends upon this subject, who would only throw obstacles in my way, and bore me to return to England; which I never will do, unless compelled by some insuperable cause. I have a quantity of furniture, books etc., etc., etc., which I could easily ship from Leghorn; but I wish to ‘look before I leap’ over the Atlantic. Is it true that for a few thousand dollars a large tract of land may be obtained? I speak of *South America*, recollect. I have read some publications on the subject, but they seemed violent and vulgar party productions. Please to address your answer to me at this place, and believe me ever and truly yours, etc.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Pisa, July 8, 1822.

"Last week I returned you the packet of proofs. You had, perhaps, better not publish in the same volume the *Po* and *Rimini* translation.

"I have consigned a letter to Mr. John Hunt for the 'Vision of Judgment,' which you will hand over to him. Also the 'Pulci,' original and Italian, and any *prose* tracts of mine; for Mr. Leigh Hunt is arrived here, and thinks of commencing a periodical work, to which I shall contribute. I do not propose to you to be the publisher, because I know that you are unfriends; but all things in your care, except the volume now in the press, and the manuscript purchased of Mr. Moore, can be given for this purpose, according as they are wanted.

"With regard to what you say about your 'want of memory,' I can only remark, that you inserted the note to 'Marino Faliero' against my positive revocation, and that you omitted the Dedication of 'Sardanapalus' to Goethe (place it before the volume now in the press), both of which were things not very agreeable to me, and which I could wish to be avoided in future, as they might be with very little care, or a simple memorandum in your pocket.

"It is not impossible that I may have three or four cantos of 'Don Juan' ready by autumn, or a little later, as I obtained a permission from my dictatress to continue it,—*provided always* it was to be more guarded and decorous and sentimental in the continuation than in the commencement. How far these conditions have been fulfilled may be seen, perhaps, by-and-by; but the embargo was only taken off upon these stipulations. You can answer at your leisure.

"Yours, etc."

TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, July 12, 1822.

"I have written to you lately, but not in answer to your last letter of about a fortnight ago. I wish to know (and

request an answer to *that* point) what became of the stanzas to Wellington (intended to open a canto of 'Don Juan' with) which I sent you several months ago. If they have fallen into Murray's hands, he and the Tories will suppress them, as those lines rate that hero at his real value. Pray be explicit on this, as I have no other copy, having sent you the original; and if you have them, let me have *that* again, or a *copy* correct.

"I subscribed at Leghorn two hundred Tuscan crowns to your Irishism committee; it is about a thousand francs, more or less. As Sir C. S., who receives thirteen thousand a-year of the public money, could not afford more than a thousand livres out of his enormous salary, it would have appeared ostentatious in a private individual to pretend to surpass him; and therefore I have sent but the above sum, as you will see by the enclosed receipt.*

"Leigh Hunt is here, after a voyage of eight months, during which he has, I presume, made the Periplus of Hanno the Carthaginian, and with much the same speed. He is setting up a Journal, to which I have promised to contribute; and in the first number the 'Vision of Judgment, by Quevedo Redivivus,' will probably appear, with other articles.

"Can you give us anything? He seems sanguine about the matter, but (*entre nous*) I am not. I do not, however, like to put him out of spirits by saying so; for he is bilious and unwell. Do, pray, answer *this* letter immediately.

"Do send Hunt anything in prose or verse of yours, to start him handsomely—any lyrical, *irical*, or what you please.

"Has not your Potato Committee been blundering? Your advertisement says, that Mr. L. Callaghan (a queer name for a banker) hath been disposing of money in Ireland 'sans authority of the Committee.' I suppose it will end in

* "Received from Mr. Henry Dunn the sum of two hundred Tuscan crowns (for account of the Right Honourable Lord Noel Byron), for the purpose of assisting the Irish poor. "THOMAS HALL.

"Leghorn, 9th July 1822. Tuscan crowns, 200."

Callaghan's calling out the Committee, the chairman of which carries pistols in his pocket, of course.

"When you can spare time from *duetting, coquetting,* and claretting with your Hibernians of both sexes, let me have a line from you. I doubt whether Paris is a good place for the composition of your new poesy."

TO MR. MOORE.

"Pisa, August 8, 1822.

"You will have heard by this time that Shelley and another gentleman (Captain Williams) were drowned about a month ago (a *month* yesterday), in a squall off the Gulf of Spezia. There is thus another man gone about whom the world was ill-naturedly, and ignorantly, and brutally mistaken. It will, perhaps, do him justice *now*, when he can be no better for it.*

"I have not seen the thing you mention,† and only heard of it casually, nor have I any desire. The price is, as I saw in some advertisements, fourteen shillings, which is too much to pay for a libel on oneself. Some one said in a letter, that it was a Dr. Watkins, who deals in the life and libel line. It must have diminished your natural pleasure, as a friend (*vide* Rochefoucault), to see yourself in it.

"With regard to the Blackwood fellows, I never published anything against them; nor, indeed, have seen their magazine (except in Galignani's extracts) for these three years past. I once wrote, a good while ago, some remarks on their review of 'Don Juan,' but saying very little about

* In a letter to Mr. Murray, of an earlier date, which has been omitted to avoid repetitions, he says on the same subject, "You were all mistaken about Shelley, who was, without exception, the *best* and least selfish man I ever knew." There is also another passage in the same letter which, for its perfect truth, I must quote:—"I have received your scrap, with Henry Drury's letter enclosed. It is just like him—always kind and ready to oblige his old friends."

† A book which had just appeared, entitled "Memoirs of the Right Hon. Lord Byron."

themselves, and these were *not* published. If you think that I ought to follow your example (and I like to be in your company when I can) in contradicting their impudence, you may shape this declaration of mine into a similar paragraph for me. It is possible that you may have seen the little I *did* write (and never published) at Murray's:—it contained much more about Southey than about the Blacks.

“If you think that I ought to do anything about Watkins's book, I should not care much about publishing *my Memoir now*, should it be necessary to counteract the fellow. But, in *that* case, I should like to look over the *press* myself. Let me know what you think, or whether I had better *not*;—at least, not the second part, which touches on the actual confines of still existing matters.

“I have written three more cantos of ‘Don Juan,’ and am hovering on the brink of another (the ninth). The reason I want the stanzas again which I sent you is, that as these cantos contain a full detail (like the storm in Canto Second) of the siege and assault of Ismael, with much of sarcasm on those butchers in large business, your mercenary soldiery, it is a good opportunity of gracing the poem with ——. With these things and these fellows, it is necessary, in the present clash of philosophy and tyranny, to throw away the scabbard. I know it is against fearful odds; but the battle must be fought; and it will be eventually for the good of mankind, whatever it may be for the individual who risks himself.

“What do you think of your Irish bishop? Do you remember Swift's line, ‘Let me have a *barrack*—a fig for the *clergy*?’ This seems to have been his reverence's motto.

“Yours, etc.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Pisa, August 27, 1822.

“It is boring to trouble you with ‘such small gear;’ but it must be owned that I should be glad if you would inquire whether my Irish subscription ever reached the

committee in Paris from Leghorn. My reasons, like Vellum's, 'are threefold:—First, I doubt the accuracy of all almoners, or remitters of benevolent cash; second, I do suspect that the said Committee, having in part served its time to time-serving, may have kept back the acknowledgment of an obnoxious politician's name in their lists; and third, I feel pretty sure that I shall one day be twitted by the government scribes for having been a professor of love for Ireland, and not coming forward with the others in her distress.

"It is not, as you may opine, that I am ambitious of having my name in the papers, as I can have that any day in the week gratis. All I want is to know if the Reverend Thomas Hall did or did not remit my subscription (200 scudi of Tuscany, or about a thousand francs, more or less) to the Committee at Paris.

"The other day at Viareggio, I thought proper to swim off to my schooner (the Bolivar) in the offing, and thence to shore again—about three miles, or better, in all. As it was at mid-day, under a broiling sun, the consequence has been a feverish attack, and my whole skin's coming off; after going through the process of one large continuous blister, raised by the sun and sea together. I have suffered much pain; not being able to lie on my back, or even side; for my shoulders and arms were equally St. Bartholomewed. But it is over,—and I have got a new skin, and am as glossy as a snake in its new suit.

"We have been burning the bodies of Shelley and Williams on the sea-shore, to render them fit for removal and regular interment. You can have no idea what an extraordinary effect such a funeral pile has, on a desolate shore, with mountains in the back-ground and the sea before, and the singular appearance the salt and frankincense gave to the flame. All of Shelley was consumed, except his *heart*, which would not take the flame, and is now preserved in spirits of wine.

"Your old acquaintance Londonderry has quietly died at North Cray! and the virtuous De Witt was torn in pieces

by the populace! What a lucky — the Irishman has been in his life and end. In him your Irish Franklin est mort!

“Leigh Hunt is sweating articles for his new Journal; and both he and I think it somewhat shabby in *you* not to contribute. Will you become one of the *properrioters*? ‘Do, and we go snacks.’ I recommend you to think twice before you respond in the negative.

“I have nearly (*quite three*) four new cantos of ‘Don Juan’ ready. I obtained permission from the female Censor Morum of *my* morals to continue it, provided it were immaculate; so I have been as decent as need be. There is a deal of war—a siege, and all that, in the style, graphical and technical, of the shipwreck in Canto Second, which ‘took,’ as they say in the Row.

“Yours, etc.

“P.S.—That — Galignani has about ten lies in one paragraph. It was not a Bible that was found in Shelley’s pocket, but John Keats’s poems. However, it would not have been strange, for he was a great admirer of Scripture as a composition. I did not send my bust to the academy of New York; but I sat for my picture to young West, an American artist, at the request of some members of that Academy to *him* that he would take my portrait,—for the Academy, I believe.*

I had, and still have, thoughts of South America, but am fluctuating between it and Greece. I should have gone, long ago, to one of them, but for my liaison with the Countess Gi.; for love, in these days, is little compatible with glory. *She* would be delighted to go too; but I do not choose to expose her to a long voyage, and a residence in an unsettled country, where I shall probably take a part of some sort.”

* This portrait, though destined for America, was, it appears, never sent thither. A few copies of it have since been painted by Mr. West; but the original picture was purchased by Mr. Joy, of Hartham Park, Wilts, who is also the possessor of the original portrait of Madame Guiccioli, by the same artist.

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Genoa, 9bre 23, 1822.

“I have to thank you for a parcel of books, which are very welcome, especially Sir Walter's gift of ‘Halidon Hill.’ You have sent me a copy of ‘Werner,’ but *without* the preface. If you have published it *without*, you will have plunged me into a very disagreeable dilemma, because I shall be accused of plagiarism from Miss Lee's German's Tale, whereas I have fully and freely acknowledged that the drama is entirely taken from the story.

“I return you the *Quarterly Review*, uncut and unopened, not from disrespect or disregard or pique; but it is a kind of reading which I have some time disused, as I think the periodical style of writing hurtful to the habits of the mind, by presenting the superficies of too many things at once. I do not know that it contains anything disagreeable to me—it may or it may not; nor do I return it on account that there *may* be an article which you hinted at in one of your late letters, but because I have left off reading these kind of works, and should equally have returned you any other number.

“I am obliged to take in one or two abroad, because solicited to do so. The Edinburgh came before me by mere chance in Galignani's picnic sort of gazette, where he had inserted a part of it.

“You will have received various letters from me lately, in a style which I used with reluctance; but you left me no other choice by your obstinate refusal to communicate with a man you did not like, upon the mere simple matter of transfer of a few papers of little consequence (except to their author), and which could be of no moment to yourself.

“I hope that Mr. Kinnaird is better. It is strange that you never alluded to his accident, if it be true, as stated in the papers.

“I am yours, etc., etc.

“I hope that you have a milder winter than we have had here. We had inundations worthy of the Trent or

Po, and the conductor (Franklin's) of my house was struck (or supposed to be stricken) by a thunderbolt. I was so near the window that I was dazzled and my eyes hurt for several minutes, and everybody in the house felt an electric shock at the moment. Madame Guiccioli was frightened, as you may suppose.

"I have thought since that your bigots would have 'saddled me with a judgment' (as Thwackum did Square when he bit his tongue in talking metaphysics), if anything had happened of consequence. These fellows always forget Christ in their Christianity, and what he said when 'the tower of Siloam fell.'

"To-day is the 9th, and the 10th is my surviving daughter's birthday. I have ordered, as a regale, a mutton chop and a bottle of ale. She is seven years old, I believe. Did I ever tell you that the day I came of age I dined on eggs and bacon and a bottle of ale? For once in a way they are my favourite dish and drinkable; but as neither of them agree with me, I never use them but on great jubilees—once in four or five years or so.

"I see somebody represents the Hunts and Mrs. Shelley as living in my house: it is a falsehood. They reside at some distance, and I do not see them twice in a month. I have not met Mr. Hunt a dozen times since I came to Genoa, or near it.

"Yours ever, etc."

TO MR. MURRAY.

"Genoa, 10bre 25°, 1822.

"I had sent you back the Quarterly, without perusal, having resolved to read no more reviews—good, bad, or indifferent; but 'who can control his fate?' Galignani, to whom my English studies are confined, has forwarded a copy of at least one-half of it, in his indefatigable catch-penny weekly compilation; and as, 'like honour it came unlooked for,' I have looked through it. I must say that, upon the *whole*, that is, the whole of the *half* which I have read (for the other half is to be the segment of Galignani's

next week's circular), it is extremely handsome, and anything but unkind or unfair. As I take the good in good part, I must not, nor will not, quarrel with the bad. What the writer says of 'Don Juan' is harsh, but it is inevitable. He must follow, or at least not directly oppose, the opinion of a prevailing, and yet not very firmly seated, party. A Review may and will direct and 'turn awry' the currents of opinion, but it must not directly oppose them. 'Don Juan' will be known by-and-by for what it is intended,—a *Satire* on *abuses* of the present states of society, and not an eulogy of vice. It may be now and then voluptuous: I can't help that. Ariosto is worse; Smollett (see Lord Strutwell in the second volume of 'Roderick Random') ten times worse; and Fielding no better. No girl will ever be seduced by reading 'Don Juan':—no, no; she will go to Little's poems and Rousseau's *romans* for that, or even to the immaculate De Stael. They will encourage her, and not the Don, who laughs at that, and—and—most other things. But never mind—*ça ira!*

"Now, do you see what you and your friends do by your injudicious rudeness?—actually cement a sort of connection which you strove to prevent, and which, had the Hunts *prospered*, would not in all probability have continued. As it is, I will not quit them in their adversity, though it should cost me character, fame, money, and the usual *et cetera*.

"My original motives I already explained (in the letter which you thought proper to show): they are the *true* ones, and I abide by them, as I tell you, and I told Leigh Hunt when he questioned me on the subject of that letter. He was violently hurt, and never will forgive me at bottom; but I can't help that. I never meant to make a parade of it; but if he chose to question me, I could only answer the plain truth: and I confess I did not see anything in the letter to hurt him, unless I said he was 'a *bore*,' which I don't remember. Had their Journal gone on well, and I could have aided to make it better for them, I should then have left them, after my safe pilotage off a lee shore, to

make a prosperous voyage by themselves. As it is, I can't, and would not, if I could, leave them among the breakers.

"As to any community of feeling, thought, or opinion between Leigh Hunt and me, there is little or none. We meet rarely, hardly ever; but I think him a good-principled and able man, and must do as I would be done by. I do not know what world he has lived in, but I have lived in three or four; but none of them like his Keats and kangaroo terra incognita. Alas! poor Shelley! how he would have laughed had he lived, and how we used to laugh now and then, at various things, which are grave in the suburbs!

"You are all mistaken about Shelley. You do not know how mild, how tolerant, how good he was in society; and as perfect a gentleman as ever crossed a drawing-room, when he liked, and where he liked.

"I have some thoughts of taking a run down to Naples (*solus*, or, at most, *cum soldo*) this spring, and writing, when I have studied the country, a fifth and sixth canto of 'Childe Harold': but this is merely an idea for the present, and I have other excursions and voyages in my mind. The busts* are finished: are you worthy of them?

"Yours, etc.,

"N. B.

"P.S.—Mrs. Shelley is residing with the Hunts at some distance from me. I see them very seldom, and generally on account of their business. Mrs. Shelley, I believe, will go to England in the spring.

"Count Gamba's family, the father and son and daughter, are residing with me by Mr. Hill (the minister's) recommendation, as a safer asylum from the political persecutions than they could have in another residence; but they occupy one part of a large house, and I the other, and our establishments are quite separate.

* Of the bust of himself by Bartollini, he says, in one of the omitted letters to Mr. Murray—"The bust does not turn out a good one,—though it may be like, for aught I know, as it exactly resembles a superannuated Jesuit." Again: "I assure you Bartollini's is dreadful, though my mind misgives me that it is hideously like. If it is, I cannot be long for this world, for it overlooks seventy."

“Since I have read the Quarterly, I shall erase two or three passages in the latter six or seven cantos, in which I had lightly stroked over two or three of your authors; but I will not return evil for good. I liked what I read of the article much.

“Mr. J. Hunt is most likely the publisher of the new cantos; with what prospects of success I know not, nor does it very much matter, as far as I am concerned; but I hope that it may be of use to him; he is a stiff, sturdy, conscientious man, and I like him; he is such a one as Prynne or Pym might be. I bear you no ill-will for declining the ‘Don Juans.’

“Have you aided Madame de Yossy, as I requested? I sent her three hundred francs. Recommend her, will you, to the Literary Fund, or to some benevolence within your circles.”

TO LADY —.

“Albaro, November 10, 1822.

“The Chevalier persisted in declaring himself an ill-used gentleman, and describing you as a kind of cold Calypso, who lead astray people of an amatory disposition without giving them any sort of compensation, contenting yourself, it seems, with only making *one* fool instead of two, which is the more approved method of proceeding on such occasions. For my part, I think you are quite right; and be assured from me that a woman (as society is constituted in England) who gives any advantage to a man may expect a lover, but will sooner or later find a tyrant; and this is not the man's fault either, perhaps, but is the necessary and natural result of the circumstances of society, which, in fact, tyrannise over the man equally with the woman; that is to say, if either of them have any feeling of honour.

“You can write to me at your leisure and inclination. I have always laid it down as a maxim, and found it justified by experience, that a man and a woman make far better friendships than can exist between two of the

same sex ; but *these* with this condition, that they never have made, or are to make, love with each other. Lovers may, and, indeed, generally *are* enemies, but they never can be friends ; because there must always be a spice of jealousy and a something of self in all their speculations.

“ Indeed, I rather look upon love altogether as a sort of hostile transaction, very necessary to make or to break matches, and keep the world going, but by no means a sinecure to the parties concerned.

“ Now, as my love perils are, I believe, pretty well over, and yours, by all accounts, are never to begin, we shall be the best friends imaginable, as far as both are concerned ; and with this advantage, that we may both fall to loving right and left through all our acquaintance, without either sullenness or sorrow from that amiable passion, which are its inseparable attendants.

“ Believe me, etc.

“ N. B.”

To MRS. —.

“ I presume that you, at least, know enough of me to be sure that I could have no intention to insult Hunt's poverty. On the contrary, I honour him for it ; for I know what it is, having been as much embarrassed as ever he was, without perceiving aught in it to diminish an honourable man's self-respect. If you mean to say that, had he been a wealthy man, I would have joined in this Journal, I answer in the negative. . . . I engaged in the Journal from good-will towards him, added to respect for his character, literary and personal ; and no less for his political courage, as well as regret for his present circumstances : I did this in the hope that he might, with the same aid from literary friends of literary contributions (which is requisite for all journals of a mixed nature), render himself independent.

“ I have always treated him, in our personal intercourse, with such scrupulous delicacy, that I have forborne

intruding advice which I thought might be disagreeable, lest he should impute it to what is called 'taking advantage of a man's situation.'

"As to friendship, it is a propensity in which my genius is very limited. I do not know the *male* human being, except Lord Clare, the friend of my infancy, for whom I feel anything that deserves the name. All my others are men-of-the-world friendships. I did not even feel it for Shelley, however much I admired and esteemed him; so that you see not even vanity could bribe me into it, for, of all men, Shelley thought highest of my talents,—and, perhaps, of my disposition.

"I will do my duty by my intimates, upon the principle of doing as you would be done by. I have done so, I trust, in most instances. I may be pleased with their conversation—rejoice in their success—be glad to do them service, or to receive their counsel and assistance in return. But as for friends and friendship, I have (as I already said) named the only remaining male for whom I feel anything of the kind, excepting, perhaps, Thomas Moore. I have had, and may have still, a thousand friends, as they are called, in *life*, who are like one's partners in the waltz of this world—not much remembered when the ball is over, though very pleasant for the time. Habit, business, and companionship in pleasure or in pain, are links of a similar kind, and the same faith in politics is another." . . .

TO LADY —.

"Genoa, March 28, 1823.

"Mr. Hill is here: I dined with him on Saturday before last; and on leaving his house at S. P. d'Arena, my carriage broke down. I walked home, about three miles,—no very great feat of pedestrianism; but either the coming out of hot rooms into a bleak wind chilled me, or the walking uphill to Albaro heated me, or something or other set me

wrong, and next day I had an inflammatory attack in the face, to which I have been subject this winter for the first time, and I suffered a good deal of pain, but no peril. My health is now much as usual. Mr. Hill is, I believe, occupied with his diplomacy. I shall give him your message when I see him again.

“My name, I see in the papers, has been dragged into the unhappy Portsmouth business, of which all that I know is very succinct. Mr. Hanson is my solicitor. I found him so when I was ten years old—at my uncle’s death—and he was continued in the management of my legal business. He asked me, by a civil epistle, as an old acquaintance of his family, to be present at the marriage of Miss Hanson. I went very reluctantly, one misty morning (for I had been up at two balls all night), to witness the ceremony, which I could not very well refuse without affronting a man who had never offended me. I saw nothing particular in the marriage. Of course I could not know the preliminaries, except from what he said, not having been present at the wooing, nor after it; for I walked home, and they went into the country as soon as they had promised and vowed. Out of this simple fact I hear the *Débats de Paris* has quoted Miss H. as ‘*autrefois très liée avec le célèbre,*’ etc., etc. I am obliged to him for the celebrity, but beg leave to decline the liaison, which is quite untrue; my liaison was with the father, in the unsentimental shape of long lawyers’ bills, through the medium of which I have had to pay him ten or twelve thousand pounds within these few years. She was not pretty, and I suspect that the indefatigable Mr. A—— was (like all her people) more attracted by her title than her charms. I regret very much that I was present at the prologue to the happy state of horse-whipping and black jobs, etc., etc.; but I could not foresee that a man was to turn out mad, who had gone about the world for fifty years, as competent to vote, and walk at large; nor did he seem to me more insane than any other person going to be married.

“I have no objection to be acquainted with the Marquis

Palavicini, if he wishes it. Lately I have gone little into society, English or foreign, for I had seen all that was worth seeing in the former before I left England, and at the time of life when I was more disposed to like it; and of the latter I had a sufficiency in the first few years of my residence in Switzerland, chiefly at Madame de Stael's, where I went sometimes, till I grew tired of conversazioni and carnivals, with their appendages; and the bore is, that if you go once you are expected to be there daily, or rather nightly. I went the round of the most noted soirées at Venice or elsewhere (where I remained not any time)—to the Benzona, and the Albrizzi, and the Michelli, etc., etc., and to the Cardinals and the various potentates of the Legation in Romagna—that is, Ravenna—and only receded for the sake of quiet, when I came into Tuscany. Besides, if I go into society, I generally get, in the long run, into some scrape of some kind or other, which don't occur in my solitude. However, I am pretty well settled now, by time and temper, which is so far lucky, as it prevents restlessness; but, as I said before, as an acquaintance of yours, I will be ready and willing to know your friends. He may be a sort of connection for aught I know; for a Palavicini, of *Bologna*, I believe, married a distant relative of mine half-a-century ago. I happen to know the fact, as he and his spouse had an annuity of five hundred pounds on my uncle's property, which ceased at his demise; though I recollect hearing they attempted, naturally enough, to make it survive him. If I can do anything for you, here or elsewhere, pray order, and be obeyed."

TO MR. MOORE.

"Genoa, April 2, 1823.

"I have just seen some friends of yours, who paid me a visit yesterday, which, in honour of them and of you, I returned to-day;—as I reserve my bear-skin and teeth, and paws and claws, for our enemies.

"I have also seen Henry Fox,* Lord Holland's son, whom I had not looked upon since I left him a pretty, mild boy, without a neckcloth, in a jacket, and in delicate health, seven long years ago, at the period of mine eclipse—the third, I believe, as I have generally one every two or three years. I think that he has the softest and most amiable expression of countenance I ever saw, and manners correspondent. If to those he can add hereditary talents, he will keep the name of Fox in all its freshness for half-a-century more, I hope. I speak from a transient glimpse—but I love still to yield to such impressions; for I have ever found that those I liked longest and best, I took to at first sight; and I always liked that boy—perhaps, in part, from some resemblance in the less fortunate part of our destinies—I mean, to avoid mistakes, his lameness. But there is this difference, that *he* appears a halting angel, who has tripped against a star; whilst I am *Le Diable Boiteux*,—a soubriquet which I marvel that, amongst their various *nominis umbræ*, the Orthodox have not hit upon.

"Your other allies, whom I have found very agreeable personages, are Milor Blessington† and *épouse*, travelling with a very handsome companion, in the shape of a 'French Count'‡ (to use Farquhar's phrase in the 'Beaux Stratagem'), who has all the air of a *Cupidon déchainé*, and is one of the few specimens I have seen of our ideal of a Frenchman *before* the Revolution—an old friend with a new face, upon whose like I never thought that we should look again. Miladi seems highly literary, to which, and your honour's acquaintance with the family, I attribute the

* The Hon. Henry-Edward Fox, now Secretary of Embassy at the Court of Austria, 1833.

† Charles-John Gardiner, first Earl of Blessington. His lordship married—first, in 1812, Mrs. Browne, relict of Major Browne; and, secondly, in 1818, Mrs. Farmer, daughter of Edmund Power, and widow of M. St. Leger Farmer, Esq. By his lordship's death, in 1827, the earldom became extinct.

‡ Count Alfred D'Orsay. He afterwards married Lady Harriet Gardiner, only daughter of the Earl of Blessington.

pleasure of having seen them. She is also very pretty even in a morning,—a species of beauty on which the sun of Italy does not shine so frequently as the chandelier. Certainly, English women wear better than their continental neighbours of the same sex. Mountjoy seems very good-natured, but is much tamed, since I recollect him in all the glory of gems and snuff-boxes, and uniforms, and theatricals, and speeches in our house—‘I mean, of peers,’—(I must refer you to Pope—whom you don't read and won't appreciate—for that quotation, which you must allow to be poetical)—and sitting to Stroelling, the painter (do you remember our visit, with Leckie, to the German?), to be depicted as one of the heroes of Agincourt, ‘with his long sword, saddle, bridle, Whack fal de, etc., etc.’

“I have been unwell—caught a cold and inflammation, which menaced a conflagration, after dining with our ambassador, Monsieur Hill,—not owing to the dinner, but my carriage broke down in the way home, and I had to walk some miles, up hill partly, after hot rooms, in a very bleak, windy evening, and over-hotted, or over-colded myself. I have not been so robustious as formerly, ever since the last summer, when I fell ill after a long swim in the Mediterranean, and have never been quite right up to this present writing. I am thin,—perhaps thinner than you saw me, when I was nearly transparent, in 1812,—and am obliged to be moderate of my mouth; which, nevertheless, won't prevent me (the gods willing) from dining with your friends the day after to-morrow.

“They give me a very good account of you, and of your

* Lady Blessington, who, for the first time, saw Lord Byron the day before this letter was written, thus describes his appearance:—“He is extremely thin—indeed, so much so that his figure has almost a boyish air; his face is peculiarly pale, but not the paleness of ill-health, as its character is that of fairness, the fairness of a dark-haired person; and his hair (which is getting rapidly grey) is of a very dark brown, and curls naturally. He was very gay at dinner, ate of most of the dishes, and drank three glasses of champagne, saying, that as he considered it a jour de fête, he would eat, drink, and be merry.”—*Conversations.*

nearly 'Emprisoned Angels.'* But why did you change your title?—you will regret this some day. The bigots are not to be conciliated; and, if they were—are they worth it? I suspect that I am a more orthodox Christian than you are; and, whenever I see a real Christian, either in practice or in theory (for I never yet found the man who could produce either, when put to the proof), I am his disciple. But, till then, I cannot truckle to tithe-mongers,—nor can I imagine what has made *you* to circumcise your Seraphs.

"I have been far more persecuted than you, as you may judge by my present decadence,—for I take it that I am as low in popularity and bookselling as any writer can be. At least, so my friends assure me—blessings on their benevolence! This they attribute to Hunt; but they are wrong—it must be, partly at least, owing to myself; be it so. As to Hunt, I prefer *not* having turned him to starve in the streets to any personal honour which might have accrued from such genuine philanthropy. I really act upon principle in this matter, for we have nothing much in common; and I cannot describe to you the despairing sensation of trying to do something for a man who seems incapable or unwilling to do anything further for himself,—at least, to the purpose. It is like pulling a man out of a river who directly throws himself in again. For the last three or four years Shelley assisted, and had once actually extricated him. I have since his demise,—and even before,—done what I could: but it is not in my power to make this permanent. I want Hunt to return to England, for which I would furnish him with the means in comfort; and his situation *there*, on the whole, is bettered, by the payment of a portion of his debts, etc.; and he would be on the spot to continue his Journal, or Journals, with his brother, who seems a sensible, plain, sturdy, and enduring person." . . .

* Mr. Moore's "Loves of the Angels" was published in December 1822.

TO THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

" April 5, 1823.

" My dear Lord,—How is your gout? or rather, how are you? I return the Count D'Orsay's Journal, which is a very extraordinary production, and of a most melancholy truth in all that regards high life in England. I know, or knew personally, most of the personages and societies which he describes; and after reading his remarks, have the sensation fresh upon me as if I had seen them yesterday. I would, however, plead in behalf of some few exceptions, which I will mention by-and-by. The most singular thing is, *how* he should have penetrated *not* the *fact*, but the *mystery* of the English *ennui*, at two-and-twenty. I was about the same age when I made the same discovery, in almost precisely the same circles,—(for there is scarcely a person mentioned whom I did not see nightly or daily, and was acquainted more or less intimately with most of them),—but I never could have described it so well. *Il faut être Français*, to effect this.

" But he ought also to have been in the country during the hunting season, with 'a select party of distinguished guests,' as the papers term it. He ought to have seen the gentlemen after dinner (on the hunting days), and the *soirée* ensuing thereupon,—and the women looking as if they had hunted, or rather been hunted; and I could have wished that he had been at a dinner in town, which I recollect at Lord Cowper's—small, but select, and composed of the most amusing people. The dessert was hardly on the table, when, out of twelve, I counted *five asleep*; of that five, there were *Tierney*, Lord —, and Lord Darnley—I forget the other two, but they were either wits or orators, perhaps poets.

" My residence in the East and in Italy has made me somewhat indulgent of the *siesta*;—but then they set regularly about it in warm countries, and perform it in solitude (or at most in a *tête-à-tête* with a proper companion), and retire quietly to their rooms to get out of the sun's way for an hour or two.

“Altogether, your friend’s Journal is a very formidable production. Alas! our dearly beloved countrymen have only discovered that they are tired, and not that they are tiresome; and I suspect that the communication of the latter unpleasant verity will not be better received than truths usually are. I have read the whole with great attention and instruction. I am too good a patriot to say *pleasure*—at least I won’t say so, whatever I may think. I showed it (I hope no breach of confidence) to a young Italian lady of rank, *très instruite* also; and who passes, or passed, for being one of the three most celebrated belles in the district of Italy where her family and connections resided in less troublesome times as to politics (which is not Genoa, by-the-way), and she was delighted with it, and says that she has derived a better notion of English society from it than from all Madame de Stael’s metaphysical disputations on the same subject, in her work on the Revolution. I beg that you will thank the young philosopher, and make my compliments to Lady B. and her sister.

“Believe me your very obliged and faithful

“N. B.

“P.S.—There is a rumour in letters of some disturbance or complot in the French Pyrenean army—generals suspected or dismissed, and ministers of war travelling to see what’s the matter. ‘Marry (as David says), this hath an angry favour.’

“Tell Count D’Orsay that some of the names are not quite intelligible, especially of the clubs; he speaks of *Watts*—perhaps he is right, but in my time *Watier’s* was the Dandy Club, of which (though no dandy) I was a member, at the time too of its greatest glory, when Brummel and Mildmay, Alvanley and Pierrepont, gave the Dandy Balls; and we (the club, that is) got up the famous masquerade at Burlington House and Garden, for Wellington. He does not speak of the *Alfred*, which was the most *recherché* and most tiresome of any, as I know, by being a member of that too.”

TO THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

"April 6, 1823.

"It *would* be worse than idle, knowing, as I do, the utter worthlessness of words on such occasions, in me to attempt to express what I ought to feel, and do feel for the loss you have sustained;* and I must thus dismiss the subject, for I dare not trust myself further with it *for your* sake, or for my own. I shall *endeavour* to see you as soon as it may not appear intrusive. Pray excuse the levity of my yesterday's scrawl—I little thought under what circumstances it would find you.

"I have received a very handsome and flattering note from Count D'Orsay. He must excuse my apparent rudeness and real ignorance in replying to it in English, through the medium of your kind interpretation. I would not on any account deprive him of a production, of which I really think more than I have even *said*, though you are good enough not to be dissatisfied even with that; but whenever it is completed, it would give me the greatest pleasure to have a *copy*—but *how* to keep it secret? literary secrets are like others. By changing the names, or at least omitting several, and altering the circumstances indicative of the writer's real station or situation, the author would render it a most amusing publication. His countrymen have not been treated, either in a literary or personal point of view, with such deference in English recent works as to lay him under any very great national obligation of forbearance; and really the remarks are so true and piquante, that I cannot bring myself to wish their suppression; though, as Dangle says, 'He is *my* friend,' many of these personages 'were *my* friends,' but much such friends as Dangle and his allies.

"I return you Dr. Parr's letter—I have met him at Payne Knight's and elsewhere, and he did me the honour

* The death of Lord Blessington's son, which had been long expected, but of which the account had just then arrived. (Luke-Wellington-Gardiner, Viscount Mountjoy, died March 1823, in his tenth year.)

once to be a patron of mine, although a great friend of the other branch of the House of Atreus, and the Greek teacher (I believe) of my *moral* Clytemnestra—I say *moral*, because it is true, and is so useful to the virtuous, that it enables them to do anything without the aid of an Ægisthus.

“I beg my compliments to Lady B., Miss P., and your *Alfred*. I think, since his Majesty of the same name, there has not been such a learned surveyor of our Saxon society. “Ever yours most truly, “N. B.

“April 9, 1823.

“P.S.—I salute Miledi, Mademoiselle Mama, and the illustrious Chevalier Count D'Orsay; who, I hope, will continue his history of 'his own times.' There are some strange coincidences between a part of his remarks and a certain work of mine, now in MS. in England (I do not mean the hermetically-sealed Memoirs, but a continuation of certain cantos of a certain poem), especially in *what a man may do in London with impunity while he is 'à la mode'*;* which I think it well to state, that he may not suspect me of taking advantage of his confidence. The observations are very general.”

TO THE EARL OF BLESSINGTON.

“April 14, 1823.

“I am truly sorry that I cannot accompany you in your ride this morning, owing to a violent pain in my face, arising from a wart to which I by medical advice applied a caustic. Whether I put too much, I do not know; but the consequence is, that not only I have been put to some

* See “Don Juan,” canto xii. :—

“—— O my gentle Juan!
Thou art in London—in that pleasant place,
Where every kind of mischief's daily brewing
Which can await warm youth in its wild race,” etc.

pain, but the peccant part and its immediate environ are as black as if the printer's devil had marked me for an author. As I do not wish to frighten your horses, or their riders, I shall postpone waiting upon you until six o'clock, when I hope to have subsided into a more Christian-like resemblance to my fellow-creatures. My infliction has partially extended even to my fingers; for on trying to get the black from off my upper lip at least, I have only transfused a portion thereof to my right hand, and neither lemon-juice nor eau de Cologne, nor any other eau, have been able as yet to redeem it also from a more inky appearance than is either proper or pleasant. But 'out, damn'd spot'—you may have perceived something of the kind yesterday; for on my return, I saw that during my visit it had increased, was increasing, and ought to be diminished; and I could not help laughing at the figure I must have cut before you. At any rate, I shall be with you at six, with the advantage of twilight.

“Ever most truly, etc.

“Eleven o'clock.

“P.S.—I wrote the above at three this morning. I regret to say that the whole of the skin of about an *inch* square above my upper lip has come off, so that I cannot even shave or masticate, and I am equally unfit to appear at your table, and to partake of its hospitality. Will you therefore pardon me, and not mistake this rueful excuse for a 'make-believe,' as you will soon recognise whenever I have the pleasure of meeting you again, and I will call the moment I am, in the nursery phrase, 'fit to be seen.' Tell Lady B., with my compliments, that I am rummaging my papers for a MS. worthy of her acceptance. I have just seen the younger Count Gamba; and as I cannot prevail on his infinite modesty to take the field without me, I must take this piece of diffidence on myself, and beg your indulgence for both.”

TO THE COUNT D'ORSAY.

"April 22, 1823.

"My dear Count D'Orsay (if you will permit me to address you so familiarly), you should be content with writing in your own language, like Grammont, and succeeding in London as nobody has succeeded since the days of Charles the Second and the records of Antonio Hamilton, without deviating into our barbarous language,—which you understand and write, however, much better than it deserves.

"My 'approbation,' as you are pleased to term it, was very sincere, but perhaps not very impartial; for, though I love my country, I do not love my countrymen—at least, such as they now are. And, besides the seduction of talent and wit in your work, I fear that to me there was the attraction of vengeance. I have *seen* and *felt* much of what you have described so well. I have known the persons, and the re-unions so described,—(many of them, that is to say), and the portraits are so like that I cannot but admire the painter no less than his performance.

"But I am sorry for you; for if you are so well acquainted with life at your age, what will become of you when the illusion is still more dissipated? But never mind—*en avant!*—live while you can; and that you may have the full enjoyment of the many advantages of youth, talent, and figure, which you possess, is the wish of an—Englishman—I suppose, but it is no treason; for my mother was Scotch, and my name and my family are both Norman; and as for myself, I am of no country. As for my 'Works,' which you are pleased to mention, let them go to the Devil, from whence (if you believe many persons) they came.

"I have the honour to be your obliged, etc., etc."

TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

" May 3, 1823.

" Dear Lady Blessington,

" My request would be for a copy of the miniature of Lady B., which I have seen in possession of the late Lady Noel, as I have no picture, or indeed memorial of any kind of Lady B., as all her letters were in her own possession before I left England, and we have had no correspondence since—at least on her part.

" My message, with regard to the infant, is simply to this effect—that in the event of any accident occurring to the mother, and my remaining the survivor, it would be my wish to have her plans carried into effect, both with regard to the education of the child, and the person or persons under whose care Lady B. might be desirous that she should be placed. It is not my intention to interfere with her in any way on the subject during her life; and I presume that it would be some consolation to her to know (if she is in ill-health, as I am given to understand), that in *no* case would anything be done, as far as I am concerned, but in strict conformity with Lady B.'s own wishes and intentions—left in what manner she thought proper.

" Believe me, dear Lady B., your obliged, etc."

 TO THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

" Albaro, May 6, 1823.

" My dear Lady —,—I send you the letter which I had forgotten, and the book,* which I ought to have remembered. It contains (the book, I mean) some melancholy truths; though I believe that it is too triste a work ever to have been popular. The first time I ever read it (not the edition I send you,—for I got it since) was at the desire of Madame de Stael, who was supposed by the good-natured world to be the heroine;—

* " Adolphe," by M. Benjamin Constant.

which she was not, however, and was furious at the supposition. This occurred in Switzerland, in the summer of 1816, and the last season in which I ever saw that celebrated person.

“I have a request to make to my friend Alfred (since he has not disdained the title)—viz., that he would condescend to add a *cap* to the gentleman in the jacket,—it would complete his costume,—and smooth his brow, which is somewhat too inveterate a likeness of the original, God help me!

“I did well to avoid the water-party,—*why*, is a mystery, which is not less to be wondered at than all my other mysteries. Tell Milor that I am deep in his MS., and will do him justice by a diligent perusal.

“The letter which I enclose I was prevented from sending by my despair of its doing any good. I was perfectly sincere when I wrote it, and am so still. But it is difficult for me to withstand the thousand provocations on that subject, which both friends and foes have for seven years been throwing in the way of a man whose feelings were once quick, and whose temper was never patient. But ‘returning were as tedious as go o’er.’ I feel this as much as ever Macbeth did; and it is a dreary sensation, which at least avenges the real or imaginary wrongs of one of the two unfortunate persons whom it concerns.

“But I am going to be gloomy;—so ‘to bed, to bed.’ Good night,—or rather morning. One of the reasons why I wish to avoid society is, that I can never sleep after it, and the pleasanter it has been the less I rest.

“Ever most truly, etc. etc.”

TO LADY BYRON.*

(TO THE CARE OF THE HON. MRS. LEIGH, LONDON.)

“Pisa, November 17, 1821.

“I have to acknowledge the receipt of ‘Ada’s hair,’ which is very soft and pretty, and nearly as dark already as mine

* This letter was never sent.

was at twelve years old, if I may judge from what I recollect of some in Augusta's possession, taken at that age. But it don't curl,—perhaps from its being let grow.

“I also thank you for the inscription of the date and name, and I will tell you why ;—I believe that they are the only two or three words of your hand-writing in my possession. For your letters I returned ; and except the two words, or rather the one word, ‘Household,’ written twice in an old account book, I have no other. I burnt your last note, for two reasons :—firstly, it was written in a style not very agreeable ; and, secondly, I wished to take your word without documents, which are the worldly resources of suspicious people.

“I suppose that this note will reach you somewhere about Ada's birthday—the 10th of December, I believe. She will then be six, so that in about twelve more I shall have some chance of meeting her ;—perhaps sooner, if I am obliged to go to England by business or otherwise. Recollect, however, one thing, either in distance or nearness ;—every day which keeps us asunder should, after so long a period, rather soften our mutual feelings, which must always have one rallying-point as long as our child exists, which I presume we both hope will be long after either of her parents.

“The time which has elapsed since the separation has been considerably more than the whole brief period of our union, and the not much longer one of our prior acquaintance. We both made a bitter mistake ; but now it is over, and irrevocably so. For, at thirty-three on my part, and a few years less on yours, though it is no very extended period of life, still it is one when the habits and thought are generally so formed as to admit of no modification ; and as we could not agree when younger, we should with difficulty do so now.

“I say all this, because I own to you, that, notwithstanding everything, I considered our re-union as not impossible for more than a year after the separation ;—but then I gave up the hope entirely and forever. But this very

impossibility of re-union seems to me at least a reason why, on all the few points of discussion which can arise between us, we should preserve the courtesies of life, and as much of its kindness as people who are never to meet may preserve perhaps more easily than nearer connections. For my own part, I am violent, but not malignant; for only fresh provocations can awaken my resentments. To you, who are colder and more concentrated, I would just hint, that you may sometimes mistake the depth of a cold anger for dignity, and a worse feeling for duty. I assure you that I bear you *now* (whatever I may have done) no resentment whatever. Remember, that *if you have injured me* in aught, this forgiveness is something; and that, if I have *injured you*, it is something more still, if it be true, as the moralists say, that the most offending are the least forgiving.

“Whether the offence has been solely on my side, or reciprocal, or on yours chiefly, I have ceased to reflect upon any but two things—viz., that you are the mother of my child, and that we shall never meet again. I think if you also consider the two corresponding points with reference to myself, it will be better for all three. “Yours ever,
“NOEL BYRON.”

TO MR. BOWRING.

“Genoa, May 12, 1823.

“Sir—I have great pleasure in acknowledging your letter, and the honour which the Committee have done me: I shall endeavour to deserve their confidence by every means in my power. My first wish is to go up into the Levant in person, where I might be enabled to advance, if not the cause, at least the means of obtaining information which the Committee* might be desirous of acting upon; and my former residence in the country, my familiarity

* Committee formed in London to aid the Greeks in their war of independence.—ED.

with the Italian language (which is there universally spoken, or at least to the same extent as French in the more polished parts of the Continent), and my *not* total ignorance of the Romaic, would afford me some advantages of experience. To this project the only objection is of a domestic nature, and I shall try to get over it;—if I fail in this, I must do what I can where I am; but it will be always a source of regret to me, to think that I might perhaps have done more for the cause on the spot.

“Our last information of Captain Blaquiere is from Ancona, where he embarked with a fair wind for Corfu, on the 15th ult. ; he is now probably at his destination. My last letter *from* him personally was dated Rome; he had been refused a passport through the Neapolitan territory, and returned to strike up through Romagna for Ancona:—little time, however, appears to have been lost by the delay.

“The principal material wanted by the Greeks appears to be, first, a park of field artillery—light, and fit for mountain-service; secondly, gunpowder; thirdly, hospital or medical stores. The readiest mode of transmission is, I hear, by Idra, addressed to Mr. Negri, the minister. I meant to send up a certain quantity of the two latter—no great deal—but enough for an individual to show his good wishes for the Greek success,—but am pausing, because, in case I should go myself, I can take them with me. I do not want to limit my own contribution to this merely, but more especially, if I can get to Greece myself, I should devote whatever resources I can muster of my own, to advancing the great object. I am in correspondence with Signor Nicolas Karrellas (well known to Mr. Hobhouse), who is now at Pisa; but his latest advice merely stated that the Greeks are at present employed in organising their *internal* government, and the details of its administration: this would seem to indicate *security*, but the war is however far from being terminated.

“The Turks are an obstinate race, as all former wars have proved them, and will return to the charge for years to come, even if beaten, as it is to be hoped they will be.

But in no case can the labours of the Committee be said to be in vain; for in the event even of the Greeks being subdued, and dispersed, the funds which could be employed in succouring and gathering together the remnant, so as to alleviate in part their distresses, and enable them to find or make a country (as so many emigrants of other nations have been compelled to do), would 'bless both those who gave and those who took,' as the bounty both of justice and of mercy.

"With regard to the formation of a brigade (which Mr. Hobhouse hints at in his short letter of this day's receipt, enclosing the one to which I have the honour to reply), I would presume to suggest—but merely as an opinion, resulting rather from the melancholy experience of the brigades embarked in the Columbian service than from any experiment yet fairly tried in GREECE—that the attention of the Committee had better, perhaps, be directed to the employment of *officers* of experience than the enrolment of *raw British* soldiers, which latter are apt to be unruly, and not very serviceable, in irregular warfare, by the side of foreigners. A small body of good officers, especially artillery; an engineer, with quantity (such as the Committee might deem requisite) of stores of the nature which Captain Blaquiere indicated as most wanted, would, I should conceive, be a highly useful accession. Officers, also, who had previously served in the Mediterranean would be preferable, as some knowledge of Italian is nearly indispensable.

"It would also be as well that they should be aware that they are not going 'to rough it on a beef-steak and bottle of port,'—but that Greece—never, of late years, very plentifully stocked for a *mess*—is at present the country of all kinds of *privations*. This remark may seem superfluous; but I have been led to it, by observing that many *foreign* officers—Italian, French, and even Germans (but *fewer* of the *latter*)—have returned in disgust, imagining either that they were going up to make a party of pleasure, or to enjoy full pay, speedy promotion, and

a very moderate degree of duty. They complain, too, of having been ill received by the Government or inhabitants; but numbers of these complainants were mere adventurers, attracted by a hope of command and plunder, and disappointed of both. Those Greeks I have seen strenuously deny the charge of inhospitality, and declare that they shared their pittance to the last crumb with their foreign volunteers.

"I need not suggest to the Committee the very great advantage which must accrue to Great Britain from the success of the Greeks, and their probable commercial relations with England in consequence; because I feel persuaded that the first object of the Committee is their EMANCIPATION, without any interested views. But the consideration might weigh with the English people in general, in their present passion for every kind of speculation,—they need not cross the American seas for one much better worth their while, and nearer home. The resources even for an emigrant population, in the Greek islands alone, are rarely to be paralleled; and the cheapness of every kind of, not *only necessary*, but *luxury* (that is to say, *luxury of nature*), fruits, wine, oil, etc., in a state of peace, are far beyond those of the Cape, and Van Dieman's Land, and the other places of refuge, which the English people are searching for over the waters.

"I beg that the Committee will command me in any and every way. If I am favoured with any instructions, I shall endeavour to obey them to the letter, whether conformable to my own private opinion or not. I beg leave to add, personally, my respect for the gentleman whom I have the honour of addressing,

"And am, Sir, your obliged, etc."

TO MR. BOWRING.

"Genoa, May 21, 1823.

"Sir—I received yesterday the letter of the Committee, dated the 14th of March. What has occasioned the delay,

I know not. It was forwarded by Mr. Galignani, from Paris, who stated that he had only had it in his charge four days, and that it was delivered to him by a Mr. Grattan. I need hardly say that I gladly accede to the proposition of the Committee, and hold myself highly honoured by being deemed worthy to be a member. I have also to return my thanks, particularly to yourself, for the accompanying letter, which is extremely flattering.

“Since I last wrote to you, through the medium of Mr. Hobhouse, I have received and forwarded a letter from Captain Blaquiere to me, from Corfu, which will show how he gets on. Yesterday I fell in with two young Germans, survivors of General Normann’s band. They arrived at Genoa in the most deplorable state—without food—without a sou—without shoes. The Austrians had sent them out of their territory on their landing at Trieste; and they had been forced to come down to Florence, and had travelled from Leghorn here, with four Tuscan *livres* (about three francs) in their pockets. I have given them twenty Genoese scudi (about a hundred and thirty-three *livres*, French money) and new shoes, which will enable them to get to Switzerland, where they say that they have friends. All that they could raise in Genoa, besides, was thirty *sous*. They do not complain of the Greeks, but say that they have suffered more since their landing in Italy.

“I tried their veracity, first, by their passports and papers; secondly, by topography, cross-questioning them about Arta, Argos, Athens, Missolonghi, Corinth, etc.; and, thirdly, in *Romaic*, of which I found one of them, at least, knew more than I do. One of them (they are both of good families) is a fine, handsome young fellow of three-and-twenty—a Wirtembergher, and has a look of *Sandt* about him—the other a Bavarian, older and flat-faced, and less ideal, but a great, sturdy, soldier-like personage. The Wirtembergher was in the action at Arta, where the Philhellenists were cut to pieces after killing six hundred Turks, they themselves being only a hundred

and fifty in number, opposed to about six or seven thousand; only eight escaped, and of them about three only survived; so that General Normann 'posted his ragamuffins where they were well peppered—not three of the hundred and fifty left alive—and they are for the town's end for life'*

"These two left Greece by the direction of the Greeks. When Churschid Pacha overrun the Morea, the Greeks seem to have behaved well, in wishing to save their allies, when they thought that the game was up with themselves. This was in September last (1822): they wandered from island to island, and got from Milo to Smyrna, where the French consul gave them a passport, and a charitable captain a passage to Ancona, whence they got to Trieste, and were turned back by the Austrians. They complain only of the minister (who has always been an indifferent character); say that the Greeks fight very well in their own way, but were at *first* afraid to *fire* their own cannon—but mended with practice.

"Adolphe (the younger) commanded at Navarino for a short time; the other, a more material person, 'the bold Bavarian in a luckless hour,'* seems chiefly to lament a fast of three days at Argos, and the loss of twenty-five paras a day of pay in arrear, and some baggage at Tripolitza; but takes his wounds, and marches, and battles in very good part. Both are very simple, full of naïveté, and quite unpretending: they say the foreigners quarrelled among themselves, particularly the French with the Germans, which produced duels.

"The Greeks accept muskets, but throw away *bayonets*, and will *not* be disciplined. When these lads saw two Piedmontese regiments yesterday, they said, 'Ah! if we had but *these* two, we should have cleared the Morea:' in that case the Piedmontese must have behaved better than they did against the Austrians. They seem to lay

* Henry the Fourth, first part, act iv. sc. 3.

† "The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cesarean power," etc.—JOHNSON.

great stress upon a few regular troops—say that the Greeks have arms and powder in plenty, but want victuals, hospital stores, and lint and linen, etc., and money, very much. Altogether, it would be difficult to show more practical philosophy than this remnant of our 'puir hill folk' have done; they do not seem the least cast down, and their way of presenting themselves was as simple and natural as could be. They said, a Dane here had told them that an Englishman, friendly to the Greek cause, was here; and that, as they were reduced to beg their way home, they thought they might as well begin with me. I write in haste to snatch the post.

“Believe me, and truly,

“Your obliged, etc.

“P.S.—I have, since I wrote this, seen them again. Count P. Gamba asked them to breakfast. One of them means to publish his Journal of the campaign. The Bavarian wonders a little that the Greeks are not quite the same with them of the time of Themistocles (they were not then very tractable, by-the-bye), and at the difficulty of disciplining them; but he is a 'bon homme' and a tactician, and a little like Dugald Dalgetty, who would insist upon the erection of 'a sponce on the hill of Drum-snab,' or whatever it was;—the other seems to wonder at nothing.”

To LADY ———.

“May 17, 1823.

“My voyage to Greece will depend upon the Greek Committee (in England) partly, and partly on the instructions which some persons now in Greece on a private mission may be pleased to send me. I am a member, lately elected, of the said Committee; and my object in going up would be to do any little good in my power;—but as there are some *pros* and *cons* on the subject, with regard to how far the intervention of strangers may be advisable, I know

no more than I tell you; but we shall probably hear something soon from England and Greece, which may be more decisive.

“With regard to the late person (Lord Londonderry), whom you hear that I have attacked, I can only say that a bad minister’s memory is as much an object of investigation as his conduct while alive,—for his measures do not die with him like a private individual’s notions. He is a matter of *history*; and, wherever I find a tyrant or a villain, *I will mark him*. I attacked him no more than I had been wont to do. As to the *Liberal*,—it was a publication set up for the advantage of a persecuted author and a very worthy man. But it was foolish in me to engage in it; and so it has turned out—for I have hurt myself without doing much good to those for whose benefit it was intended.

“Do *not defend* me—it will never do—you will only make *yourself* enemies.

“Mine are neither to be diminished nor softened, but they may be overthrown; and there are events which may occur, less improbable than those which have happened in our time, that may reverse the present state of things—*nous verrons*.

“I send you this gossip that you may laugh at it, which is all it is good for, if it is even good for so much. I shall be delighted to see you again; but it will be melancholy, should it be only for a moment.

“Ever yours,
“N. B.”

To MR. BOWRING.

“July 7, 1823.

“We sail on the 12th for Greece.—I have had a letter from Mr. Blaquiere, too long for present transcription, but very satisfactory. The Greek Government expects me without delay.

“In conformity to the desires of Mr. B. and other correspondents in Greece, I have to suggest, with all deference to the Committee, that a remittance of even ‘*ten thousand*

pounds only' (Mr. B.'s expression) would be of the greatest service to the Greek Government at present. I have also to recommend strongly the attempt of a loan, for which there will be offered a sufficient security by deputies now on their way to England. In the meantime, I hope that the Committee will be enabled to do something effectual.

"For my own part, I mean to carry up, in cash or credits, above eight, and nearly nine thousand pounds sterling, which I am enabled to do by funds I have in Italy, and credits in England. Of this sum I must necessarily reserve a portion for the subsistence of myself and suite; the rest I am willing to apply in the manner which seems most likely to be useful to the cause—having, of course, some guarantee or assurance that it will not be misapplied to any individual speculation.

"If I remain in Greece, which will mainly depend upon the presumed probable utility of my presence there, and of the opinion of the Greeks themselves as to its propriety—in short, if I am welcome to them, I shall continue, during my residence at least, to apply such portions of my income, present and future, as may forward the object—that is to say, what I can spare for that purpose. Privations I can, or at least could once, bear—abstinence I am accustomed to—and as to fatigue, I was once a tolerable traveller. What I may be now, I cannot tell—but I will try.

"I await the commands of the Committee.—Address to Genoa—the letters will be forwarded me, wherever I may be, by my bankers, Messrs. Webb and Barry. It would have given me pleasure to have had some more *defined* instructions before I went; but these, of course, rest at the option of the Committee. I have the honour to be,

"Yours obediently, etc.

"P.S.—Great anxiety is expressed for a printing press and types, etc. I have not the time to provide them, but recommend this to the notice of the Committee. I presume the types must, partly at least, be *Greek*: they wish to publish papers, and perhaps a *Journal*, probably in *Romaic*, with Italian translations."

TO GOETHE.

“Leghorn, July 24, 1823.

“Illustrious Sir,—I cannot thank you as you ought to be thanked for the lines which my young friend, Mr. Sterling, sent me of yours ; and it would but ill become me to pretend to exchange verses with him who, for fifty years, has been the undisputed sovereign of European literature. You must therefore accept my most sincere acknowledgments in prose—and in hasty prose too ; for I am at present on my voyage to Greece once more, and surrounded by hurry and bustle, which hardly allow a moment even to gratitude and admiration to express themselves.

“I sailed from Genoa some days ago, was driven back by a gale of wind, and have since sailed and arrived here, ‘Leghorn,’ this morning, to receive on board some Greek passengers for their struggling country.

“Here also I found your lines and Mr. Sterling’s letter ; and I could not have had a more favourable omen, a more agreeable surprise, than a word of Goethe, written by his own hand.

“I am returning to Greece, to see if I can be of any little use there : if ever I come back, I will pay a visit to Weimar, to offer the sincere homage of one of the many millions of your admirers. I have the honour to be, ever and most,

“Your obliged,

“NOEL BYRON.”

TO MR. BOWRING.

“9bre 29, 1823.

“This letter will be presented to you by Mr. Hamilton Browne, who precedes or accompanies the Greek deputies. He is both capable and desirous of rendering any service to the cause, and information to the Committee. He has already been of considerable advantage to both, of my own

knowledge. Lord Archibald Hamilton, to whom he is related, will add a weightier recommendation than mine.

“Corinth is taken, and a Turkish squadron said to be beaten in the Archipelago. The public progress of the Greeks is considerable, but their internal dissensions still continue. On arriving at the seat of Government, I shall endeavour to mitigate or extinguish them—though neither is an easy task. I have remained here till now, partly in expectation of the squadron in relief of Missolonghi, partly of Mr. Parry’s detachment, and partly to receive from Malta or Zante the sum of four thousand pounds sterling, which I have advanced for the payment of the expected squadron. The bills are negotiating, and will be cashed in a short time, as they would have been immediately in any other mart; but the miserable Ionian merchants have little money, and no great credit, and are besides *politically shy* on this occasion; for although I had letters of Messrs. Webb (one of the strongest houses of the Mediterranean), and also of Messrs. Ransom, there is no business to be done on *fair* terms except through English merchants. These, however, have proved both able and willing,—and upright as usual.

“Colonel Stanhope has arrived, and will proceed immediately; he shall have my co-operation in all his endeavours: but, from everything that I can learn, the formation of a brigade at present will be extremely difficult, to say the least of it. With regard to the reception of foreigners,—at least of foreign officers,—I refer you to a passage in Prince Mavrocordato’s recent letter, a copy of which is enclosed in my packet sent to the Deputies. It is my intention to proceed by sea to Napoli di Romania as soon as I have arranged this business for the Greeks themselves— I mean the advance of two hundred thousand piastres for their fleet.

“My time here has not been entirely lost,—as you will perceive by some former documents that any advantage from my *then* proceeding to the Morea was doubtful. We have at last moved the Deputies, and I have made a strong remonstrance on their divisions to Mavrocordato, which, I

understand, was forwarded by the Legislative to the Prince. With a loan they *may* do much, which is all that *I*, for particular reasons, can say on the subject.

“I regret to hear from Colonel Stanhope that the Committee have exhausted their funds. Is it supposed that a brigade can be formed without them? or that three thousand pounds would be sufficient? It is true that money will go farther in Greece than in most countries; but the regular force must be rendered a *national concern*, and paid from a national fund; and neither individuals nor committees, at least with the usual means of such as now exist, will find the experiment practicable.

“I beg once more to recommend my friend, Mr. Hamilton Browne, to whom I have also personal obligations, for his exertions in the common cause, and have the honour to be

“Yours very truly.”

TO THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT OF GREECE.

“Cephalonia, November 30, 1823.

“The affair of the Loan, the expectations so long and vainly indulged of the arrival of the Greek fleet, and the danger to which Missolonghi is still exposed, have detained me here, and will still detain me till some of them are removed. But when the money shall be advanced for the fleet, I will start for the Morea; not knowing, however, of what use my presence can be in the present state of things. We have heard some rumours of new dissensions, nay, of the existence of a civil war. With all my heart I pray that these reports may be false or exaggerated, for I can imagine no calamity more serious than this; and I must frankly confess that unless union and order are established, all hopes of a Loan will be vain; and all the assistance which the Greeks could expect from abroad—and assistance neither trifling nor worthless—will be suspended or destroyed; and, what is worse, the great powers of Europe,

of whom no one was an enemy to Greece, but seemed to favour her establishment of an independent power, will be persuaded that the Greeks are unable to govern themselves, and will, perhaps, themselves undertake to settle your disorders in such a way as to blast the brightest hopes of yourselves and of your friends.

“Allow me to add, once for all,—I desire the well-being of Greece, and nothing else; I will do all I can to secure it; but I cannot consent, I never will consent, that the English public, or English individuals, should be deceived as to the real state of Greek affairs. The rest, Gentlemen, depends on you. You have fought gloriously;—act honourably towards your fellow-citizens and the world, and it will then no more be said, as has been repeated for two thousand years with the Roman historians, that Philopœmen was the last of the Grecians. Let not calumny itself (and it is difficult, I own, to guard against it in so arduous a struggle) compare the patriot Greek, when resting from his labours, to the Turkish pacha, whom his victories have exterminated.

“I pray you to accept these my sentiments as a sincere proof of my attachment to your real interests, and to believe that I am and always shall be,

“Yours, etc.”

TO PRINCE MAVROCORDATO.

“Cephalonia, Dec. 2, 1823.

“Prince,—The present will be put into your hands by Colonel Stanhope, son of Major-General the Earl of Harrington, etc., etc. He has arrived from London in fifty days, after having visited all the Committees of Germany. He is charged by our Committee to act in concert with me for the liberation of Greece. I conceive that his name and his mission will be a sufficient recommendation, without the necessity of any other from a foreigner, although one who, in common with all Europe, respects and admires the

courage, the talents, and, above all, the probity of Prince Mavrocordato.

"I am very uneasy at hearing that the dissensions of Greece still continue, and at a moment when she might triumph over everything in general, as she has already triumphed in part. Greece is, at present, placed between three measures: either to reconquer her liberty, to become a dependence of the sovereigns of Europe, or to return to a Turkish province. She has the choice only of these three alternatives. Civil war is but a road which leads to the two latter. If she is desirous of the fate of Wallachia and the Crimea, she may obtain it to-morrow; if of that of Italy, the day after; but if she wishes to become truly Greece, free and independent, she must resolve to-day, or she will never again have the opportunity.

"I am, with all respect,

"Your Highness's obedient servant,

"N. B.

"P.S.—Your Highness will already have known that I have sought to fulfil the wishes of the Greek Government, as much as it lay in my power to do so: but I should wish that the fleet so long and so vainly expected were arrived, or, at least, that it were on the way; and especially that your Highness should approach these parts, either on board the fleet, with a public mission, or in some other manner."

TO MR. BOWRING.

"Iobre 7, 1823.

"I confirm the above:* it is certainly my opinion that Mr. Millingen is entitled to the same salary with Mr. Tindall, and his service is likely to be harder.

* He here alludes to a letter, forwarded with his own, from Mr. Millingen, who was about to join, in his medical capacity, the Suliotes, near Patras, and requested of the Committee an increase of pay. This gentleman, having mentioned in his letter "that the retreat of the Turks from before Missolonghi had rendered unnecessary the

"I have written to you (as to Mr. Hobhouse *for* your perusal) by various opportunities, mostly private; also by the Deputies, and by Mr. Hamilton Browne.

"The public success of the Greeks has been considerable, —Corinth taken, Missolonghi nearly safe, and some ships in the Archipelago taken from the Turks; but there is not only dissension in the Morea, but *civil war*, by the latest accounts;* to what extent we do not yet know, but hope trifling.

"For six weeks I have been expecting the fleet, *which has not arrived*, though I have, at the request of the Greek Government, advanced—that is, prepared, and have in hand—two hundred thousand piastres (deducting the commission and bankers' charges) of my own monies to forward their projects. The Suliotes (now in Acarnania) are very anxious that I should take them under my directions, and go over and put things to rights in the Morea, which without a force seems impracticable; and, really, though very reluctant (as my letters will have shown you) to take such a measure, there seems hardly any milder remedy. However, I will not do anything rashly, and have only continued here so long in the hope of seeing things reconciled, and have done all in my power thereto. Had *I gone sooner, they would have forced me into one party or other*, and I doubt as much now; but we will do our best.

"Yours, etc."

appearance of the Greek fleet," Lord Byron, in a note on this passage, says, "By the special providence of the Deity, the Mussulmans were seized with a panic, and fled; but no thanks to the fleet, which ought to have been here months ago, and has no excuse to the contrary, lately—at least since I had the money ready to pay."

* The Legislative and Executive bodies having been for some time at variance, the latter had at length resorted to violence, and some skirmishes had already taken place between the factions.

TO MR. BOWRING.

"October 10, 1823.

"Colonel Napier will present to you this letter. Of his military character it were superfluous to speak: of his personal, I can say, from my own knowledge, as well as from all public rumour or private report, that it is as excellent as his military: in short, a better or a braver man is not easily to be found. *He* is our man to lead a regular force, or to organise a national one for the Greeks. Ask the army—ask any one. He is besides a personal friend of both Prince Mavrocordato, Colonel Stanhope, and myself, and in such concord with all three that we should all pull together—an indispensable, as well as a rare point, especially in Greece at present.

"To enable a regular force to be properly organised, it will be requisite for the loan-holders to set apart at least £500,000 sterling for that particular purpose—perhaps more; but by so doing they will guarantee their own monies, 'and make assurance doubly sure.' They can appoint commissioners to see that part properly expended—and I recommend a similar precaution for the whole.

"I hope that the deputies have arrived, as well as some of my various despatches (chiefly addressed to Mr. Hobhouse) for the Committee. Colonel Napier will tell you the recent special interposition of the gods, in behalf of the Greeks—who seem to have no enemies in heaven or on earth to be dreaded but their own tendency to discord amongst themselves. But these, too, it is to be hoped, will be mitigated, and then we can take the field on the offensive, instead of being reduced to the *petite guerre* of defending the same fortresses year after year, and taking a few ships, and starving out a castle, and making more fuss about them than Alexander in his cups, or Buonaparte in a bulletin. Our friends have done something in the way of the *Spartans*—(though not one-tenth of what is told)—but have not yet inherited *their* style.

"Believe me yours, etc."

TO MR. BOWRING.

“October 13, 1823.

“Since I wrote to you on the 10th instant, the long-desired squadron has arrived in the waters of Missolonghi and intercepted two Turkish corvettes—ditto transports—destroying or taking all four—except some of the crews escaped on shore in Ithaca—and an unarmed vessel, with passengers, chased into a port on the opposite side of Cephalonia. The Greeks had fourteen sail, the Turks *four*—but the odds don't matter—the victory will make a very good *puff*, and be of some advantage besides. I expect momentarily advices from Prince Mavrocordato, who is on board, and has (I understand) despatches from the Legislative for me; in consequence of which, after paying the squadron (for which I have prepared, and am preparing), I shall probably join him at sea or on shore.

“I add the above communication to my letter by Colonel Napier, who will inform the Committee of everything in detail much better than I can do.

“The mathematical, medical, and musical preparations of the Committee have arrived, and in good condition, abating some damage from wet, and some ditto from a portion of the letterpress being spilt in landing—(I ought not to have omitted the press—but forgot it a moment—excuse the same)—they are excellent of their kind, but till we have an engineer and a trumpeter (we have surgeons already) mere ‘pearls to swine,’ as the Greeks are quite ignorant of mathematics, and have a bad ear for *our* music. The maps, etc., I will put into use for them, and take care that *all* (with proper caution) are turned to the intended uses of the Committee—but I refer you to Colonel Napier, who will tell you that much of your really valuable supplies should be removed till proper persons arrive to adapt them to actual service. “Believe me, my dear Sir, to be, etc.

“P.S.—*Private*.—I have written to our friend Douglas Kinnaird on my own matters, desiring him to send me out

all the further credits I can command,—and I have a year's income, and the sale of a manor besides, he tells me, before me,—for till the Greeks get *their* Loan, it is probable that I shall have to stand partly paymaster—as far as I am 'good upon *Change*,' that is to say. I pray you to repeat as much to *him*, and say that I must in the interim draw on Messrs. Ransom most formidably. To say the truth, I do not grudge it now the fellows have begun to fight *again*—and still more welcome shall they be if they will go on. But they have had, or are to have, some four thousand pounds (besides some private extraordinaries for widows, orphans, refugees, and rascals of all descriptions) of mine at one 'swoop;' and it is to be expected the next will be at least as much more. And how can I refuse it if they *will* fight?—and especially if I should happen ever to be in their company? I therefore request and require that you should apprise my trusty and trustworthy trustee and banker, and crown and sheet-anchor, Douglas Kinnaird the Honourable, that he prepare all monies of mine, including the purchase money of Rochdale manor and mine income for the year ensuing, A.D. 1824, to answer, or anticipate, any orders or drafts of mine for the good cause, in good and lawful money of Great Britain, etc., etc. May you live a thousand years! which is nine hundred and ninety-nine longer than the Spanish Cortes' Constitution."

TO THE HON. DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

"Cephalonia, December 23, 1823.

"I shall be as saving of my purse and person as you recommend; but you know that it is as well to be in readiness with one or both in the event of either being required.

"I presume that some agreement has been concluded with Mr. Murray about 'Werner.' Although the copyright should only be worth two or three hundred pounds, I will tell you what can be done with them. For three hundred

pounds, I can maintain in Greece, at more than the *fullest pay* of the Provisional Government, rations included, one hundred armed men for *three months*. You may judge of this when I tell you that the four thousand pounds advanced by me to the Greeks is likely to set a fleet and an army in motion for some months.

"A Greek vessel has arrived from the squadron to convey me to Missolonghi, where Mavrocordato now is, and has assumed the command, so that I expect to embark immediately. Still address, however, to Cephalonia, through Messrs. Welch and Barry of Genoa, as usual; and get together all the means and credit of mine you can, to face the war establishment, for it is 'in for a penny, in for a pound,' and I must do all that I can for the ancients.

"I have been labouring to reconcile these parties, and there is *now* some hope of succeeding. Their public affairs go on well. The Turks have retreated from Acarnania without a battle, after a few fruitless attempts on Anatoliko. Corinth is taken, and the Greeks have gained a battle in the Archipelago. The squadron here, too, has taken a Turkish corvette with some money and a cargo. In short, if they can obtain a Loan, I am of opinion that matters will assume and preserve a steady and favourable aspect for their independence.

"In the meantime I stand paymaster, and what not; and lucky it is that, from the nature of the warfare and of the country, the resources even of an individual can be of a partial and temporary service.

"Colonel Stanhope is at Missolonghi. Probably we shall attempt Patras next. The Suliotes, who are friends of mine, seem anxious to have me with them, and so is Mavrocordato. If I can but succeed in reconciling the two parties (and I have left no stone unturned), it will be something; and if not, we must go over to the Morea with the Western Greeks—who are the bravest, and at present the strongest, having beaten back the Turks—and try the effect of a little *physical* advice, should they persist in rejecting *moral* persuasion.

“Once more recommending to you the reinforcement of my strong box and credit from all lawful sources and resources of mine to their practicable extent—for, after all, it is better playing at nations than gaming at Almack’s or Newmarket—and requesting you to write to me as often as you can,

“I remain ever, etc.,

“N. BYRON.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Cephalonia, December 27, 1823.

“I received a letter from you some time ago. I have been too much employed latterly to write as I could wish, and even now must write in haste.

“I embark for Missolonghi to join Mavrocordato in four-and-twenty hours. The state of parties (but it were a long story) has kept me here till *now*; but now that Mavrocordato (their Washington, or their Kosciusko) is employed again, I can act with a *safe conscience*. I carry money to pay the squadron, etc., and I have influence with the Suliotes, *supposed* sufficient to keep them in harmony with some of the dissentients;—for there are plenty of differences, but trifling.

“It is imagined that we shall attempt either Patras or the castles on the Straits; and it seems, by most accounts, that the Greeks, at any rate the Suliotes, who are in affinity with me of ‘bread and salt,’—expect that I should march with them, and—be it even so! If anything in the way of fever, fatigue, famine, or otherwise, should cut short the middle age of a brother warbler,—like Garcilasso de la Vega, Kleist, Körner, Joukoffsky (a Russian nightingale—see Bowring’s ‘Anthology’), or Thersander, or,—or somebody else—but never mind—I pray you to remember me in your ‘smiles and wine.’

“I have hopes that the cause will triumph; but whether it does or not, still ‘honour must be minded as strictly as milk diet.’ I trust to observe both. “Ever, etc.”

TO THE HONOURABLE COLONEL STANHOPE.

“Scrofer (or some such name), on board a
Cephaloniote Mistico, Dec. 31, 1823.

“My dear Stanhope,—We are just arrived here, that is, part of my people and I, with some things, etc., and which it may be as well not to specify in a letter (which has a risk of being intercepted, perhaps);—but Gamba, and my horses, negro, steward, and the press, and all the Committee things, also some eight thousand dollars of mine (but never mind, we have more left, do you understand?) are taken by the Turkish frigates, and my party and myself, in another boat, have had a narrow escape last night (being close under their stern and hailed, but we would not answer, and bore away) as well as this morning. Here we are, with the sun and clearing weather, within a pretty little port enough; but whether our Turkish friends may not send in their boats and take us out (for we have no arms except two carbines and some pistols, and, I suspect, not more than four fighting people on board) is another question, especially if we remain long here, since we are blocked out of Missolonghi by the direct entrance.

“You had better send my friend George Drake (Draco), and a body of Suliotes, to escort us by land or by the canals, with all convenient speed. Gamba and our Bombard are taken into Patras, I suppose; and we must take a turn at the Turks to get them out: but where the devil is the fleet gone?—the Greek, I mean; leaving us to get in without the least intimation to take heed that the Moslems were out again.

“Make my respects to Mavrocordato, and say that I am here at his disposal. I am uneasy at being here: not so much on my own account as on that of a Greek boy with me, for you know what his fate would be; and I would sooner cut him in pieces, and myself too, than have him taken out by those barbarians. We are all very well.

“N. B.”

TO MR. MUIR.

“Dragomestri, January 2, 1824.

“My dear Muir,—I wish you many returns of the season, and happiness therewithal. Gamba and the Bombard (there is a strong reason to believe) are carried into Patras by a Turkish frigate, which we saw chase them at dawn on the 31st: we had been close under the stern in the night, believing her a Greek till within pistol shot, and only escaped by a miracle of all the saints (our captain says), and truly I am of his opinion, for we should never have got away of ourselves. They were signalling their consort with lights, and had illuminated the ship between decks, and were shouting like a mob;—but then why did they not fire? Perhaps they took us for a Greek brûlot, and were afraid of kindling us—they had no colours flying even at dawn nor after.

“At daybreak my boat was on the coast, but the wind unfavourable for *the port*;—a large vessel with the wind in her favour standing between us and the Gulf, and another in chase of the Bombard about twelve miles off, or so. Soon after they stood (*i.e.*, the Bombard and frigate) apparently towards Patras, and a Zantiote boat making signals to us from the shore to get away. Away we went before the wind, and ran into a creek called Scrofes, I believe, where I landed Luke* and another (as Luke's life was in most danger), with some money for themselves, and a letter for Stanhope, and sent them up the country to Missolonghi, where they would be in safety, as the place where we were could be assailed by armed boats in a moment, and Gamba had all our arms except two carbines, a fowling-piece, and some pistols.

“In less than an hour the vessel in chase neared us, and we dashed out again, and showing our stern (our boat sails very well), got in before night to Dragomestri, where we now are. But where is the Greek fleet? I don't know—

* A Greek youth whom he had brought with him, in his suite, from Cephalonia,

do you? I told our master of the boat that I was inclined to think the two large vessels (there were none else in sight) Greeks. But he answered, 'They are too large—why don't they show their colours?' and his account was confirmed, be it true or false, by several boats which we met or passed, as we could not at any rate have got in with that wind without beating about for a long time; and as there was much property, and some lives to risk (the boy's especially) without any means of defence, it was necessary to let our boatmen have their own way.

"I despatched yesterday another messenger to Missolonghi for an escort, but we have yet no answer. We are here (those of my boat) for the fifth day without taking our clothes off, and sleeping on deck in all weathers, but are all very well, and in good spirits. It is to be supposed that the Government will send, for their own sakes, an escort, as I have 16,000 dollars on board, the greater part for their service. I had (besides personal property to the amount of about 5000 more) 8000 dollars in specie of my own, without reckoning the Committee's stores; so that the Turks will have a good thing of it, if the prize be good.

"I regret the detention of Gamba, etc., but the rest we can make up again; so tell Hancock to set my bills into cash as soon as possible, and Corgialeagno to prepare the remainder of my credit with Messrs. Webb to be turned into monies. I shall remain here, unless something extraordinary occurs, till Mavrocordato sends, and then go on, and act according to circumstances. My respects to the two colonels, and remembrances to all friends. Tell '*Ultima Analise*'* that his friend Raidi did not make his appearance with the brig, though I think that he might as well have spoken with us *in* or *off* Zante, to give us a gentle hint of what we had to expect.

"Yours ever effecttionately,

"N. B.

* Count Delladecima, to whom he gives this name, in consequence of a habit which that gentleman had of using the phrase "in ultima analise" frequently in conversation.

“P.S.—Excuse my scrawl on account of the pen and the frosty morning at daybreak. I write in haste, a boat starting for Kalamo. I do not know whether the detention of the *Bombard* (if she be detained, for I cannot swear to it, and I can only judge from appearances, and what all these fellows say) be an affair of the Government, and neutrality, and etc.—but *she was stopped at least twelve miles distant from any port, and had all her papers regular from Zante for Kalamo and we also.* I did not land at Zante, being anxious to lose as little time as possible; but Sir F. S. came off to invite me, etc., and everybody was as kind as could be, even in Cephalonia.”

TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

“Missolonghi, January 13, 1824.

“Dear Sir,—Many thanks for yours of the fifth; ditto to Muir for his. You will have heard that *Gamba* and my vessel got out of the hands of the Turks safe and intact; nobody knows well how or why, for there’s a mystery in the story somewhat melodramatic. Captain *Valsamachi* has, I take it, spun a long yarn by this time in *Argostoli*. I attribute their release entirely to *Saint Dionisio*, of *Zante*, and the *Madonna of the Rock*, near *Cephalonia*.

“The adventures of my separate luck were also not finished at *Dragomestri*: we were conveyed out by some Greek gun-boats, and found the *Leonidas* brig-of-war at sea to look after us. But blowing weather coming on, we were driven on the rocks *twice* in the passage of the *Scrofes*, and the dollars had another narrow escape. Two-thirds of the crew got ashore over the bowsprit: the rocks were rugged enough, but water very deep close in-shore; so that she was, after much swearing and some exertion, got off again, and away we went with a third of our crew, leaving the rest on a desolate island, where they might have been now, had not one of the gun-boats taken them off, for we were in no condition to take them off again.

"Tell Muir that Dr. Bruno did not show much fight on the occasion ; for besides stripping to his flannel waistcoat, and running about like a rat in an emergency, when I was talking to a Greek boy (the brother of the Greek girls in Argostoli), and telling him of the fact that there was no danger for the passengers, whatever there might be for the vessel, and assuring him that I could save both him and myself without difficulty* (though he can't swim), as the water, though deep, was not very rough,—the wind *not* blowing *right* on shore (it was a blunder of the Greeks who missed stays),—the Doctor exclaimed, 'Save *him*, indeed ! by G—d ! save *me* rather—I'll be first if I can'—a piece of egotism which he pronounced with such emphatic simplicity as to set all who had leisure to hear him laughing, and in a minute after the vessel drove off again after striking twice. She sprung a small leak, but nothing further happened, except that the captain was very nervous afterwards.

"To be brief, we had bad weather almost always, though not contrary ; slept on deck in the wet generally for seven or eight nights, but never was in better health (I speak personally)—so much so that I actually bathed for a quarter of an hour on the evening of the 4th instant in the sea (to kill the fleas, and other, etc.), and was all the better for it.

"We were received at Missolonghi with all kinds of kindness and honours ; and the sight of the fleet saluting, etc., and the crowds and different costumes, was really picturesque. We think of undertaking an expedition soon, and I expect to be ordered with the Suliotes to join the army.

"All well at present. We found Gamba already arrived, and everything in good condition. Remember me to all friends.

"Yours ever,

"N. B.

* He meant to have taken the boy on his shoulders and swam with him to shore. This feat would have been but a repetition of one of his early sports at Harrow ; where it was a frequent practice of his thus to mount one of the smaller boys on his shoulders, and, much to the alarm of the urchin, dive with him into the water.

“P.S.—You will, I hope, use every exertion to realise the *assets*. For besides what I have already advanced, I have undertaken to maintain the Suliotes for a year (and will accompany them either as a Chief, or whichever is most agreeable to the Government), besides sundries. I do not understand Brown’s ‘*letters of credit*.’ I neither gave nor ordered a letter of credit that I know of; and though, of course, if you have done it, I will be responsible, I was not aware of anything, except that I would have backed his bills, which you said was unnecessary. As to *orders*—I ordered nothing but some *red cloth* and *oil cloths*, both of which I am ready to receive; but if Gamba has exceeded my commission, *the other things must be sent back, for I cannot permit anything of the kind, nor will*. The servants’ journey will of course be paid for, though *that* is exorbitant. As for Brown’s letter, I do not know anything more than I have said, and I really cannot defray the charges of half Greece and the Frank adventurers besides. Mr. Barff must send us some dollars soon, for the expenses fall on me for the present.

“January 14, 1824.

“P.S.—Will you tell Saint (Jew) Geronimo Corgialeagno that I mean to draw for the balance of my credit with Messrs. Webb and Co. I shall draw for two thousand dollars (that being the amount, more or less); but, to facilitate the business, I shall make the draft payable also at Messrs. Ransom and Co., Pall-Mall East, London. I believe I already showed you my letters (but if not, I have them to show), by which, besides the credits now realising, you will have perceived that I am not limited to any particular amount of credit with my bankers. The Honourable Douglas, my friend and trustee, is a principal partner in that house, and having the direction of my affairs, is aware to what extent my present resources may go, and the letters in question were from him. I can merely say, that within the *current* year, 1824, besides the money already advanced to the Greek Government, and the credits now in your

hands and your partner's (Mr. Barff), which are all from the income of 1823, I have anticipated nothing from that of the present year hitherto. I shall or ought to have at my disposition upwards of one hundred thousand dollars (including my income, and the purchase-monies of a manor lately sold), and perhaps more, without infringing on my income for 1825, and not including the remaining balance of 1823.

"Yours ever,

"N. B."

TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

"Missolonghi, January 17, 1824.

"I have answered, at some length, your obliging letter, and trust that you have received my reply by means of Mr. Tindal. I will also thank you to remind Mr. Tindal that I would thank him to furnish you, on my account, with *an order of the Committee* for one hundred dollars, which I advanced to him on their account through Signor Corgialeagno's agency at Zante on his arrival in October, as it is but fair that the said Committee should pay their own expenses. An order will be sufficient, as the money might be inconvenient for Mr. T. at present to disburse.

"I have also advanced to Mr. Blackett the sum of fifty dollars, which I will thank Mr. Stevens to pay to you, on my account, from monies of Mr. Blackett now in his hands. I have Mr B.'s acknowledgment in writing.

"As the wants of the State here are still pressing, and there seems very little specie stirring except mine, I will stand paymaster; and must again request you and Mr. Barff to forward by a *safe* channel (if possible) all the dollars you can collect upon the bills now negotiating. I have also written to Corgialeagno for two thousand dollars, being about the balance of my separate letter from Messrs. Webb and Co., making the bills also payable at Ransom's in London.

"Things are going on better, if not well; there is some

order, and considerable preparation. I expect to accompany the troops on an expedition shortly, which makes me particularly anxious for the remaining remittance, as 'money is the sinew of war,' and of peace, too, as far as I can see, for I am sure there would be no peace here without it. However, a little does go a good way, which is a comfort. The Government of the Morea and of Candia have written to me for a further advance from my own peculium of 20 or 30,000 dollars, to which I demur for the present (having undertaken to pay the Suliotes as a free gift and other things already, besides the loan which I have already advanced), till I receive letters from England, which I have reason to expect.

"When the expected credits arrive, I hope that you will bear a hand, otherwise I must have recourse to Malta, which will be losing time and taking trouble; but I do not wish you to do more than is perfectly agreeable to Mr. Barff and to yourself. I am very well, and have no reason to be dissatisfied with my personal treatment, or with the posture of public affairs—others must speak for themselves.

"Yours ever and truly, etc.

"P.S.—Respects to Colonels Wright and Duffie, and the officers civil and military; also to my friends Muir and Stevens particularly, and to Delladecima."

TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

"Missolonghi, January 19, 1824.

"Since I wrote on the seventeenth I have received a letter from Mr. Stevens, enclosing an account from Corfu, which is so exaggerated in price and quantity, that I am at a loss whether most to admire Gamba's folly, or the merchant's knavery. All that I requested Gamba to order was red cloth enough to make a *jacket*, and some oil-skin for trousers, etc.—the latter has not been sent—the whole could not have amounted to fifty dollars. The account is

six hundred and forty-five!!! I will guarantee Mr. Stevens against any loss, of course, but I am not disposed to take the articles (which I never ordered), nor to pay the amount. I will take one hundred dollars' worth; the rest may be sent back, and I will make the merchant an allowance of so much per cent.; or, if that is not to be done, you must sell the whole by auction at what price the things may fetch; for I would rather incur the dead loss of *part*, than be encumbered with a quantity of things, to me at present superfluous or useless. Why, I could have maintained three hundred men for a month for the sum in Western Greece.

When the dogs, and the dollars, and the negro, and the horses fell into the hands of the Turks, I acquiesced with patience, as you may have perceived, because it was the work of the elements, of war, or of Providence: but this is a piece of mere human knavery or folly, or both, and I neither can nor will submit to it.* I have occasion for every dollar I can muster to keep the Greeks together, and I do not grudge any expense for the cause; but to throw away as much as would equip, or at least maintain, a corps

* We have here as striking an instance as could be adduced of that peculiar feature of his character which shallow or malicious observers have misrepresented as avarice, but which in reality was the result of a strong sense of justice and fairness, and an indignant impatience of being stultified or over-reached. Colonel Stanhope, in referring to the circumstance mentioned above, has put Lord Byron's angry feeling respecting it in the true light.

"He was constantly attacking Count Gamba, sometimes, indeed, playfully, but more often with the bitterest satire, for having purchased for the use of his family, while in Greece, 500 dollars' worth of cloth. This he used to mention as an instance of the Count's imprudence and extravagance. Lord Byron told me one day, with a tone of great gravity, that this 500 dollars would have been most serviceable in promoting the siege of Lepanto; and that he never would, to the last moment of his existence, forgive Gamba, for having squandered away his money in the purchase of cloth. No one will suppose that Lord Byron could be serious in such a denunciation: he entertained, in reality, the highest opinion of Count Gamba, who, both on account of his talents and devotedness to his friend, merited his Lordship's esteem. As to Lord Byron's generosity, it is before the world; he promised to devote his large income to the cause of Greece, and he honestly acted up to his pledge."

of excellent ragamuffins with arms in their hands, to furnish Gamba and the Doctor with blank bills (see list), broad cloth, Hessian boots, and horsewhips (the *latter* I own that they have richly earned), is rather beyond my endurance, though a pacific person, as all the world knows, or at least my acquaintances. I pray you to try to help me out of this damnable commercial speculation of Gamba's, for it is one of those pieces of impudence or folly which I don't forgive him in a hurry. I will, of course, see Stevens free of expense out of the transaction;—by-the-way, the Greek of a Corfiote has thought proper to draw a bill, and get it discounted at 24 dollars: if I had been there, it should have been *protested* also.

“Mr. Blackett is here ill, and will soon set out for Cephalonia. He came to me for some pills, and I gave him some reserved for particular friends, and which I never knew anybody recover from under several months; but he is no better, and, what is odd, no worse; and as the doctors have had no better success with him than I, he goes to Argostoli, sick of the Greeks and of a constipation.

“I must reiterate my request for *specie*, and that speedily, otherwise public affairs will be at a stand-still here. I have undertaken to pay the Suliotes for a year, to advance in March 3000 dollars, besides, to the Government for a balance due to the troops, and some other smaller matters for the Germans, and the press, etc., etc., etc.; so that with these, and the expenses of my suite, which, though not extravagant, is expensive, with Gamba's d—d nonsense, I shall have occasion for all the monies I can muster; and I have credits wherewithal to face the undertakings, if realised, and expect to have more soon.

“Believe me ever and truly yours, etc.”

TO MR. CHARLES HANCOCK.

“ Missolonghi, February 5, 1824.

“Tell Muir that, notwithstanding his remonstrances, which I receive thankfully, it is perhaps best that I should advance with the troops; for if we do not do something soon, we shall only have a third year of defensive operations and another siege, and all that. We hear that the Turks are coming down in force, and sooner than usual; and as these fellows do mind me a little, it is the opinion that I should go,—firstly, because they will sooner listen to a foreigner than one of their own people, out of native jealousies; secondly, because the Turks will sooner treat or capitulate (if such occasion should happen) with a Frank than a Greek; and, thirdly, because nobody else seems disposed to take the responsibility—Mavrocordato being very busy here, the foreign military men too young or not of authority enough to be obeyed by the natives, and the Chiefs (as aforesaid) inclined to obey anyone except, or rather than, one of their own body. As for me, I am willing to do what I am bidden, and to follow my instructions. I neither seek nor shun that nor anything else they may wish me to attempt: as for personal safety, besides that it ought not to be a consideration, I take it that a man is on the whole as safe in one place as another; and, after all, he had better end with a bullet than bark in his own body. If we are not taken off with the sword, we are like to march off with an ague in this mud basket; and to conclude with a very bad pun, to the ear rather than to the eye, better *martially* than *marsh-ally*;—the situation of Missolonghi is not unknown to you. The dykes of Holland when broken down are the Deserts of Arabia for dryness, in comparison.

“And now for the sinews of war. I thank you and Mr. Barff for your ready answers, which, next to ready money, is a pleasant thing. Besides the assets and balance, and the relics of the Corgialeagno correspondence with Leghorn and Genoa (I sold the dog flour, tell him, but not at *his*

price), I shall request and require, from the beginning of March ensuing, about five thousand dollars every two months, *i.e.*, about twenty-five thousand within the current year, at regular intervals, independent of the sums now negotiating. I can show you documents to prove that these are considerably *within* my supplies for the year in more ways than one; but I do not like to tell the Greeks exactly what I *could* or would advance on an emergency, because otherwise they will double and triple their demands (a disposition that they have already sufficiently shown): and though I am willing to do all I can *when* necessary, yet I do not see why they should not help a little; for they are not quite so bare as they pretend to be by some accounts.

“February 7, 1824.

“I have been interrupted by the arrival of Parry, and afterwards by the return of Hesketh, who has not brought an answer to my epistles, which rather surprises me. You will write soon, I suppose. Parry seems a fine rough subject, but will hardly be ready for the field these three weeks; he and I will (I think) be able to draw together,—at least, *I* will not interfere with or contradict him in his own department. He complains grievously of the mercantile and *enthusymusy* part of the Committee, but greatly praises Gordon and Hume. Gordon *would* have given three or four thousand pounds and come out *himself*, but Kennedy or somebody else disgusted him, and thus they have spoiled part of their subscription and cramped their operations. Barry says B—— is a humbug, to which I say nothing. He sorely laments the printing and civilising expenses, and wishes that there was not a Sunday-school in the world, or *any* school *here* at present, save and except always an academy for artilleryship.

“He complained also of the cold, a little to my surprise; firstly, because, there being no chimneys, I have used myself to do without other warmth than the animal heat and one's cloak, in these parts; and, secondly, because I should as soon have expected to hear a volcano sneeze, as a

firemaster (who is to burn a whole fleet) exclaim against the atmosphere. I fully expected that his very approach would have scorched up the town like the burning-glasses of Archimedes.

“Well, it seems that I am to be Commander-in-Chief, and the post is by no means a sinecure, for we are not what Major Sturgeon calls ‘a set of the most amicable officers.’ Whether we shall have ‘a boxing bout between Captain Sheers and the Colonel,’ I cannot tell; but, between Suliote chiefs, German barons, English volunteers, and adventurers of all nations, we are likely to form as goodly an allied army as ever quarrelled beneath the same banner.

“February 8, 1824.

“Interrupted again by business yesterday, and it is time to conclude my letter. I drew some time since on Mr. Barff for a thousand dollars, to complete some money wanted by the Government. The said Government got cash on that bill *here*, and at a profit; but the very same fellow who gave it to them, after proposing to give me money for other bills on Barff to the amount of thirteen hundred dollars, either could not, or thought better of it. I had written to Barff advising him, but had afterwards to write to tell him of the fellow’s having not come up to time. You must really send me the balance soon. I have the artillerists and my Suliotes to pay, and Heaven knows what besides; and as everything depends upon punctuality, all our operations will be at a stand-still unless you use despatch. I shall send to Mr. Barff or to you further bills on England for three thousand pounds, to be negotiated as speedily as you can. I have already stated here and formerly the sums I can command at home within the year,—without including my credits, or the bills already negotiated or negotiating, as Corgialegno’s balance of Mr. Webb’s letter,—and my letters from my friends (received by Mr. Parry’s vessel) confirm what I have already stated. How much I may require in the course of the year I can’t

tell, but I will take care that it shall not exceed the means to supply it.

“Yours ever, “N. B.

“P.S.—I have had, by desire of a Mr. *Jerostati*, to draw on Demetrius Delladecima (is it our friend in ultima analyse?) to pay the Committee expenses. I really do not understand what the Committee mean by some of their freedoms. Parry and I get on very well *hitherto*: how long this may last, Heaven knows, but I hope it will, for a good deal for the Greek service depends upon it; but he has already had some *miffs* with Colonel S., and I do all I can to keep the peace amongst them. However, Parry is a fine fellow, extremely active, and of strong, sound, practical talents, by all accounts. Enclosed are bills for three thousand pounds, drawn in the mode directed (*i.e.*, parcelled out in smaller bills). A good opportunity occurring for Cephalonia to send letters on, I avail myself of it. Remember me to Stevens and to all friends. Also my compliments and everything kind to the colonels and officers.”

TO HIS HIGHNESS YUSSUFF PACHA.

“Missolonghi, January 23, 1824.

“Highness!

“A vessel, in which a friend and some domestics of mine were embarked, was detained a few days ago, and released by order of your Highness. I have now to thank you; not for liberating the vessel, which, as carrying a neutral flag, and being under British protection, no one had a right to detain; but for having treated my friends with so much kindness while they were in your hands.

“In the hope, therefore, that it may not be altogether displeasing to your Highness, I have requested the governor of this place to release four Turkish prisoners, and he has humanely consented to do so. I lose no time, therefore, in sending them back, in order to make as early a return as I

could for your courtesy on the late occasion. These prisoners are liberated without any conditions : but should the circumstance find a place in your recollection, I venture to beg, that your Highness will treat such Greeks as may henceforth fall into your hands with humanity ; more especially since the horrors of war are sufficiently great in themselves, without being aggravated by wanton cruelties on either side.

"NOEL BYRON."

TO LONDO.

"Dear Friend,—The sight of your handwriting gave me the greatest pleasure. Greece has ever been for me, as it must be for all men of any feeling or education, the promised land of valour, of the arts, and of liberty ; nor did the time I passed in my youth in travelling among her ruins at all chill my affection for the birthplace of heroes. In addition to this, I am bound to yourself by ties of friendship and gratitude for the hospitality which I experienced from you during my stay in that country, of which you are now become one of the first defenders and ornaments. To see myself serving, by your side and under your eyes, in the cause of Greece, will be to me one of the happiest events of my life. In the meantime, with the hope of our again meeting,

"I am, as ever, etc."

TO MR BARFF.

"February 21.

"I am a good deal better, though of course weakly ; the leeches took too much blood from my temples the day after, and there was some difficulty in stopping it, but I have since been up daily, and out in boats or on horseback. To-day I have taken a warm bath, and live as temperately as can well be, without any liquid but water, and without animal food.

“ Besides the four Turks sent to Patras, I have obtained the release of four-and-twenty women and children, and sent them at my own expense to Prevesa, that the English Consul-General may consign them to their relations. I did this by their own desire. Matters here are a little embroiled with the Suliotes and foreigners, etc., but I still hope better things, and will stand by the cause as long as my health and circumstances will permit me to be supposed useful.*

“ I am obliged to support the Government here for the present.”

TO MR. MAYER.

“ Sir,—Coming to Greece, one of my principal objects was to alleviate as much as possible the miseries incident to a warfare so cruel as the present. When the dictates of humanity are in question, I know no difference between Turks and Greeks. It is enough that those who want assistance are men, in order to claim the pity and protection of the meanest pretender to humane feelings. I have found here twenty-four Turks, including women and children, who have long pined in distress, far from the means of support and the consolations of their home. The Government has consigned them to me; I transmit them to Prevesa, whither they desire to be sent. I hope you will not object to take care that they may be restored to a place of safety, and that the Governor of your town may accept of my present. The best recompense I can hope for would be to find that I had inspired the Ottoman commanders with the same sentiments towards those unhappy Greeks who may hereafter fall into their hands.

“ I beg you to believe me, etc.”

* In a letter to the same gentleman, dated January 27, he had already said, “ I hope that things here will go on well some time or other. I will stick by the cause as long as a cause exists—first or second.”

TO THE HONOURABLE DOUGLAS KINNAIRD.

“Missolonghi, February 21, 1824.

“I have received yours of the 2nd of November. It is essential that the money should be paid, as I have drawn for it all, and more too, to help the Greeks. Parry is here, and he and I agree very well; and all is going on hopefully for the present, considering circumstances.

“We shall have work this year, for the Turks are coming down in force; and, as for me, I must stand by the cause. I shall shortly march (according to orders) against Lepanto, with two thousand men. I have been here some time, after some narrow escapes from the Turks, and also from being shipwrecked. We were twice upon the rocks; but this you will have heard, truly or falsely, through other channels, and I do not wish to bore you with a long story.

“So far I have succeeded in supporting the Government of Western Greece, which would otherwise have been dissolved. If you have received the eleven thousand and odd pounds, these, with what I have in hand, and my income for the current year, to say nothing of contingencies, will, or might, enable me to keep the ‘sinews of war’ properly strung. If the deputies be honest fellows, and obtain the loan, they will repay the £4000 as agreed upon; and even then I shall save little, or indeed less than little, since I am maintaining nearly the whole machine—in this place, at least—at my own cost. But let the Greeks only succeed, and I don’t care for myself.

“I have been very seriously unwell, but am getting better, and can ride about again; so pray quiet our friends on that score.

“It is not true that I ever *did, will, would, could,* or *should* write a satire against Gifford, or a hair of his head. I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his ‘prodigal son;’ and if I have allowed his ‘fatted calf’ to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal. “Yours, etc.”

TO HIS SISTER.

“ Missolonghi, February 23, 1824.

“ My dearest Augusta,—I received a few days ago your and Lady B.'s report of Ada's health, with other letters from England ; for which I ought to be, and am (I hope) sufficiently thankful, as they are of great comfort, and I wanted some, having been recently unwell—but am now much better, so that you must not be alarmed. You will have heard of our journeys and escapes, and so forth, perhaps with some exaggeration ; but it is all very well now, and I have been some time in Greece, which is in as good a state as could be expected, considering circumstances. But I will not plague you with politics, wars, or earthquakes, though we have had a rather smart one three nights ago, which produced a scene ridiculous enough, as no damage was done except to those who stuck fast in the scuffle to get first out of the doors or windows, amongst whom some recent importations from England, who had been used to quieter elements, were rather squeezed in the press for precedence.

“ I have been obtaining the release of about nine-and-twenty Turkish prisoners—men, women, and children—and have sent them, at my own expense, home to their friends ; but one pretty little girl of nine years of age, named Hato or Hatagée, has expressed a strong wish to remain with me or under my care ; and I have nearly determined to adopt her, if I thought Lady B. would let her come to England as a companion to Ada (they are about the same age), and we could easily provide for her—if not, I can send her to Italy for education. She is very lively and quick, and with great black, Oriental eyes and Asiatic features. All her brothers were killed in the revolution. Her mother wishes to return to her husband, who is at Prevesa ; but says that she would rather entrust the child to me in the present state of the country. Her extreme youth and sex have hitherto saved her life, but there is no saying what might happen in the course of the

war (and of such a war). I shall probably commit her to the care of some English lady in the Islands for the present. The child herself has the same wish, and seems to have a decided character for her age. You can mention this matter, if you think it worth while. I merely wish her to be respectably educated and treated; and if my years and all things be considered, I presume it would be difficult to conceive me to have any other views.

“With regard to Ada’s health, I am glad to hear that she is so much better; but I think it right that Lady B. should be informed (and guard against it accordingly) that her description of much of her disposition and tendencies very nearly resemble that of my own at a similar age,—except that I was much more impetuous. Her preference of *prose* (strange as it may now seem) *was*, and indeed still *is* mine (for I hate reading verse—and always did); and I never invented anything but ‘boats and ships,’ and generally something relative to the ocean. I showed the report to Colonel Stanhope, who was struck with the resemblance of parts of it to the paternal line, even now. . . . But it is also fit, though unpleasant, that I should mention that my recent attack, and a very severe one, had a strong appearance of epilepsy; why, I know not—for it is late in life, its first appearance at thirty-six, and, so far as I know, it is not hereditary; and it is that it may not *become* so that you should tell Lady B. to take some precautions in the case of Ada. My attack has not returned, and I am fighting it off with abstinence and exercise, and thus far with success; if merely casual, it is all very well.”

TO MR. MURRAY.

“Missolonghi, February 25, 1824.

“I have heard from Mr. Douglas Kinnaird that you state ‘a report of a satire on Mr. Gifford having arrived from Italy, *said* to be written by *me*! but that *you* do not believe it.’ I dare say you do not, nor anybody else, I should think. Whoever asserts that I am the author

or abettor of anything of the kind on Gifford lies in his throat. I always regarded him as my literary father, and myself as his prodigal son ; if any such composition exists, it is none of mine. *You* know as well as anybody upon whom I have or have not written ; and *you* also know whether they do or did not deserve that same. And so much for such matters.

“ You will perhaps be anxious to hear some news from this part of Greece (which is the most liable to invasion ; but you will hear enough through public and private channels. I will, however, give you the events of a week, mingling my own private peculiar with the public ; for we are here jumbled a little together at present.

“ On Sunday (the 15th, I believe) I had a strong and sudden convulsive attack, which left me speechless, though not motionless—for some strong men could not hold me ; but whether it was epilepsy, catalepsy, cachexy, or apoplexy, or what other *exy* or *epsy*, the doctors have not decided ; or whether it was spasmodic or nervous, etc. ; but it was very unpleasant, and nearly carried me off, and all that. On Monday, they put leeches to my temples, but the blood could not be stopped till eleven at night (they had gone too near the temporal artery for my temporal safety), and neither styptic nor caustic would cauterise the orifice till after a hundred attempts.

“ On Tuesday, a Turkish brig of war ran on shore. On Wednesday, great preparations being made to attack her, though protected by her consorts, the Turks burned her and retired to Patras. On Thursday a quarrel ensued between the Suliotes and the Frank guard at the arsenal : a Swedish officer was killed, and a Suliote severely wounded, and a general fight expected, and with some difficulty prevented. On Friday, the officer was buried ; and Captain Parry's English artificers mutinied, under pretence that their lives were in danger, and are for quitting the country :—they may.

“ On Saturday we had the smartest shock of an earthquake which I remember (and I have felt thirty, slight or

smart, at different periods; they are common in the Mediterranean), and the whole army discharged their arms, upon the same principle that savages beat drums, or howl, during an eclipse of the moon:—it was a rare scene altogether—if you had but seen the English Johnnies, who had never been out of a cockney workshop before!—or will again, if they can help it—and on Sunday we heard that the Vizier is come down to Larissa, with one hundred and odd thousand men.

“In coming here I had two escapes—one from the Turks (*one* of my vessels was taken, but afterwards released), and the other from shipwreck. We drove twice on the rocks near the Scrofes (islands near the coast).

“I have obtained from the Greeks the release of eight-and-twenty Turkish prisoners—men, women, and children—and sent them to Patras and Prevesa at my own charges. One little girl of nine years old, who prefers remaining with me, I shall (if I live) send, with her mother, probably, to Italy, or to England, and adopt her. Her name is Hato, or Hatagée. She is a very pretty, lively child. All her brothers were killed by the Greeks, and she herself and her mother merely spared by special favour and owing to her extreme youth, she being then but five or six years old.

“My health is now better, and I ride about again. My office here is no sinecure, so many parties and difficulties of every kind; but I will do what I can. Prince Mavrocordato is an excellent person, and does all in his power; but his situation is perplexing in the extreme. Still we have great hopes of the success of the contest. You will hear, however, more of public news from plenty of quarters, for I have little time to write.

“Believe me, yours, etc., etc.,

“N. BN.”

TO MR. MOORE.

“Missolonghi, Western Greece, March 4, 1824.

“My dear Moore,—Your reproach is unfounded—I have received two letters from you, and answered both previous

to leaving Cephalonia. I have not been 'quiet' in an Ionian island, but much occupied with business, as the Greek deputies (if arrived) can tell you. Neither have I continued 'Don Juan,' nor any other poem. You go, as usual, I presume, by some newspaper report or other.

"When the proper moment to be of some use arrived, I came here; and am told that my arrival (with some other circumstances) *has* been of, at least, temporary advantage to the cause. I had a narrow escape from the Turks, and another from shipwreck, on my passage. On the 15th (or 16th) of February I had an attack of apoplexy, or epilepsy, —the physicians have not exactly decided which, but the alternative is agreeable. My constitution, therefore, remains between the two opinions, like Mahomet's sarcophagus between the magnets. All that I can say is, that they nearly bled me to death, by placing the leeches too near the temporal artery, so that the blood could with difficulty be stopped, even with caustic. I am supposed to be getting better, slowly, however. But my homilies will, I presume, for the future, be like the Archbishop of Grenada's—in this case, 'I order you a hundred ducats from my treasurer, and wish you a little more taste.'

"For public matters I refer you to Colonel Stanhope's and Captain Parry's reports,—and to all other reports whatsoever. There is plenty to do—war without and tumult within—they 'kill a man a week,' like Bob Acres in the country. Parry's artificers have gone away in alarm, on account of a dispute in which some of the natives and foreigners were engaged, and a Swede was killed and a Suliote wounded. In the middle of their fright there was a strong shock of an earthquake; so, between that and the sword, they boomed off in a hurry, in despite of all dissuasions to the contrary.

"You, I presume, are either publishing or meditating that same. Let me hear from and of you, and believe me, in all events,

"Ever and affectionately yours,

"N. B."

TO DR. KENNEDY.

“Missolonghi, March 4, 1824.

“My dear Doctor,—I have to thank you for your two very kind letters, both received at the same time, and one long after its date. I am not unaware of the precarious state of my health, nor am, nor have been, deceived on that subject. But it is proper that I should remain in Greece; and it were better to die doing something than nothing. My presence here has been supposed so far useful as to have prevented confusion from becoming worse confounded, at least for the present. Should I become, or be deemed useless or superfluous, I am ready to retire; but in the interim I am not to consider personal consequences; the rest is in the hands of Providence,—as indeed are all things. I shall, however, observe your instructions, and indeed did so, as far as regards abstinence, for some time past.

“Besides the tracts, etc., which you have sent for distribution, one of the English artificers (light Brownbill, a tinman) left to my charge a number of Greek Testaments, which I will endeavour to distribute properly. The Greeks complain that the translation is not correct, nor in *good* Romainic: Bambas can decide on that point. I am trying to reconcile the clergy to the distribution, which (without due regard to their hierarchy) they might contrive to impede or neutralise in the effect, from their power over their people. Mr. Brownbill has gone to the Islands, having some apprehension for his life (not from the priests, however), and apparently preferring rather to be a saint than a martyr, although his apprehensions of becoming the latter were probably unfounded. All the English artificers accompanied him, thinking themselves in danger on account of some troubles here, which have apparently subsided.

“I have been interrupted by a visit from Prince Mavrocordato and others since I began this letter, and must close it hastily, for the boat is announced as ready to sail. Your future convert, Hato, or Hatagée, appears to me lively, and intelligent, and promising, and possesses an

interesting countenance. With regard to her disposition I can say little, but Millingen, who has the mother (who is a middle-aged woman of good character) in his house as a domestic (although their family was in good worldly circumstances previous to the Revolution), speaks well of both, and he is to be relied on. As far as I know, I have only seen the child a few times with her mother, and what I have seen is favourable, or I should not take so much interest in her behalf. If she turns out well, my idea would be to send her to my daughter in England (if not, to respectable persons in Italy), and so to provide for her as to enable her to live with reputation either singly or in marriage, if she arrive at maturity. I will make proper arrangements about her expenses through Messrs. Barff and Hancock, and the rest I leave to your discretion and to Mrs. K.'s, with a great sense of obligation for your kindness in undertaking her temporary superintendence.

"Of public matters here, I have little to add to what you will already have heard. We are going on as well as we can, and with the hope and the endeavour to do better. Believe me,

"Ever and truly, etc. "N. B."

TO SR. PARRUCA.

"March 10, 1824.

"Sir,—I have the honour of answering your letter. My first wish has always been to bring the Greeks to agree amongst themselves. I came here by the invitation of the Greek Government, and I do not think that I ought to abandon Roumelia for the Peloponnesus until that Government shall desire it; and the more so, as this part is exposed in a greater degree to the enemy. Nevertheless, if my presence can really be of any assistance in uniting two or more parties, I am ready to go anywhere, either as a mediator, or, if necessary, as a hostage. In these affairs I have neither private views, nor private dislike of any individual, but the sincere wish of deserving the name of the friend of your country, and of her patriots.

"I have the honour, etc."

TO MR. BARFF.

April 7.

“The Greeks here of the Government have been boring me for more money. As I have the brigade to maintain, and the campaign is apparently now to open, and as I have already spent 30,000 dollars in three months upon them in one way or another, and more especially as their public loan has succeeded, so that they ought not to draw from individuals at that rate, I have given them a refusal, and—as they would not take *that—another* refusal in terms of considerable sincerity.

“They wish now to try in the Islands for a few thousand dollars on the ensuing Loan. If you can serve them, perhaps you will (in the way of information, at any rate), and I will see that you have fair-play; but still I do not *advise* you, except to act as you please. Almost everything depends upon the arrival, and the speedy arrival, of a portion of the Loan to keep peace among themselves. If they can but have the sense to do this, I think that they will be a match and better for any force that can be brought against them for the present. We are all doing as well as we can.”



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